Liberty

OCT. 13, 1945

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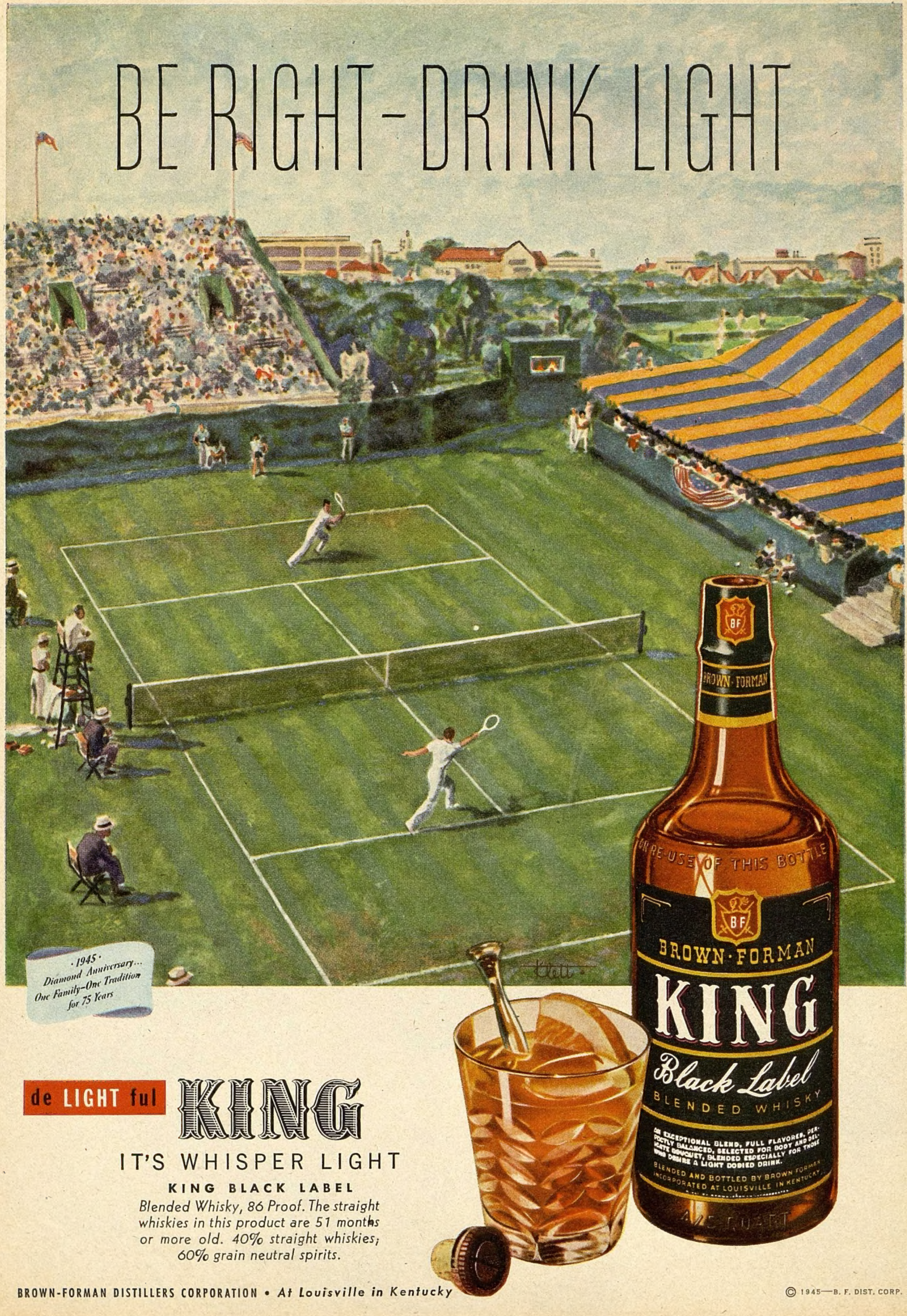
TO RULE GERMANY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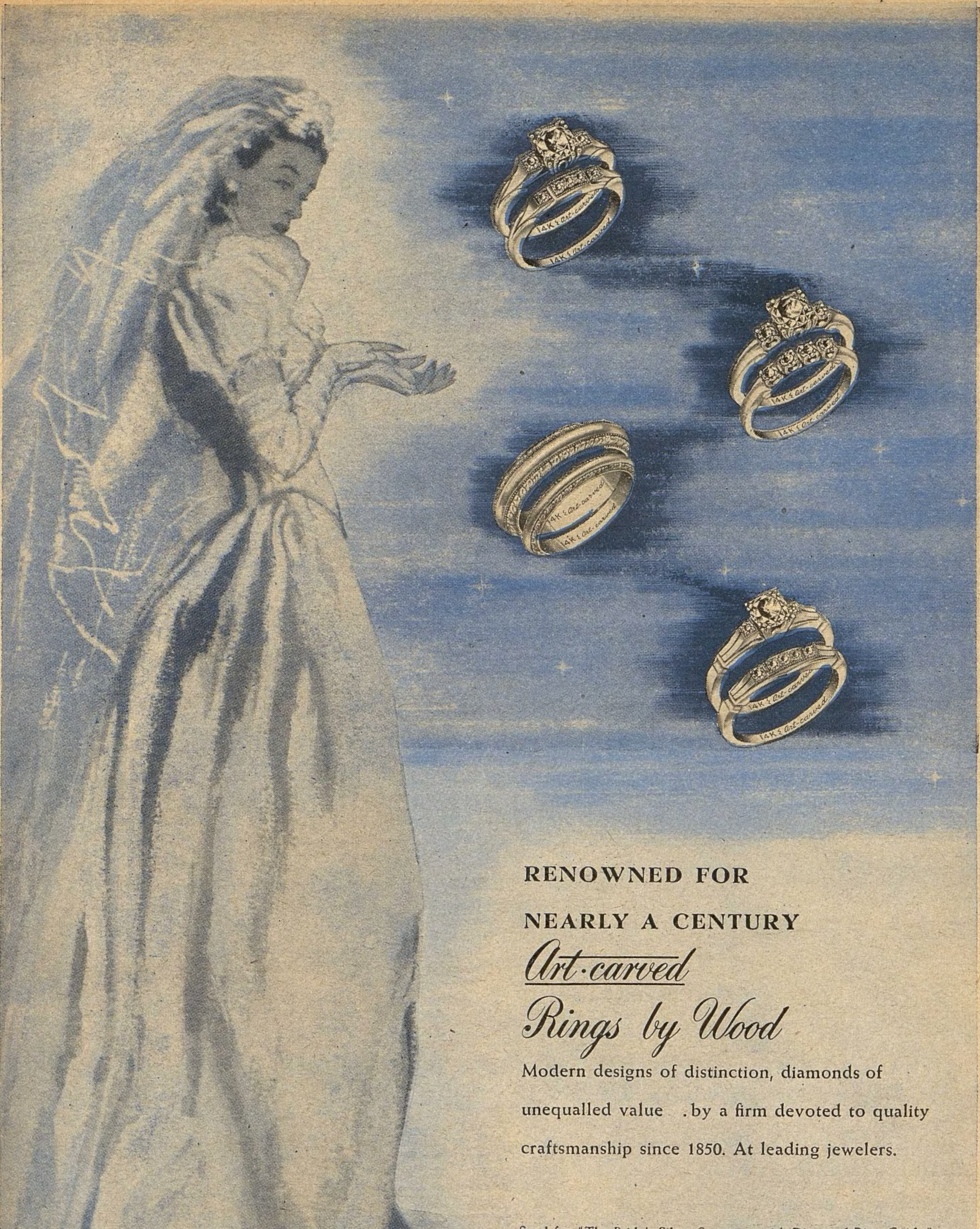

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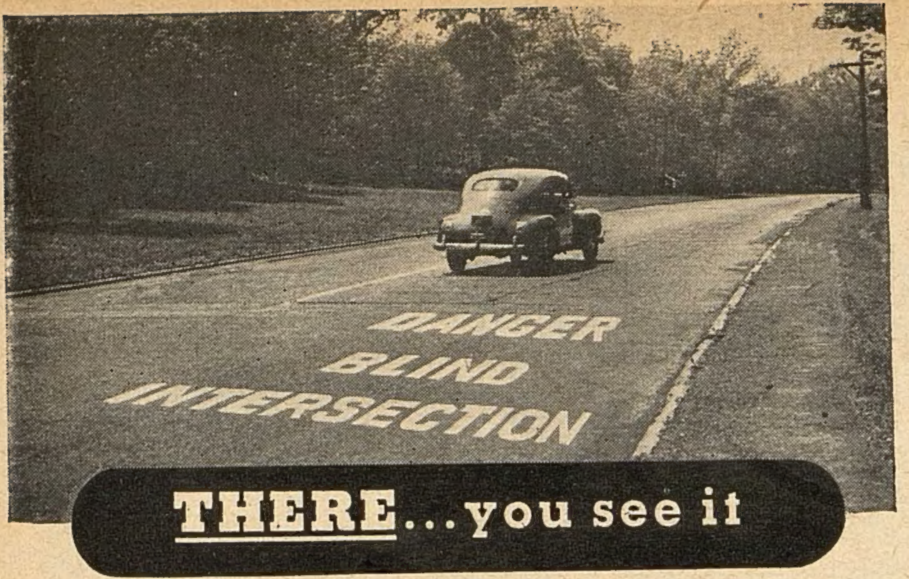

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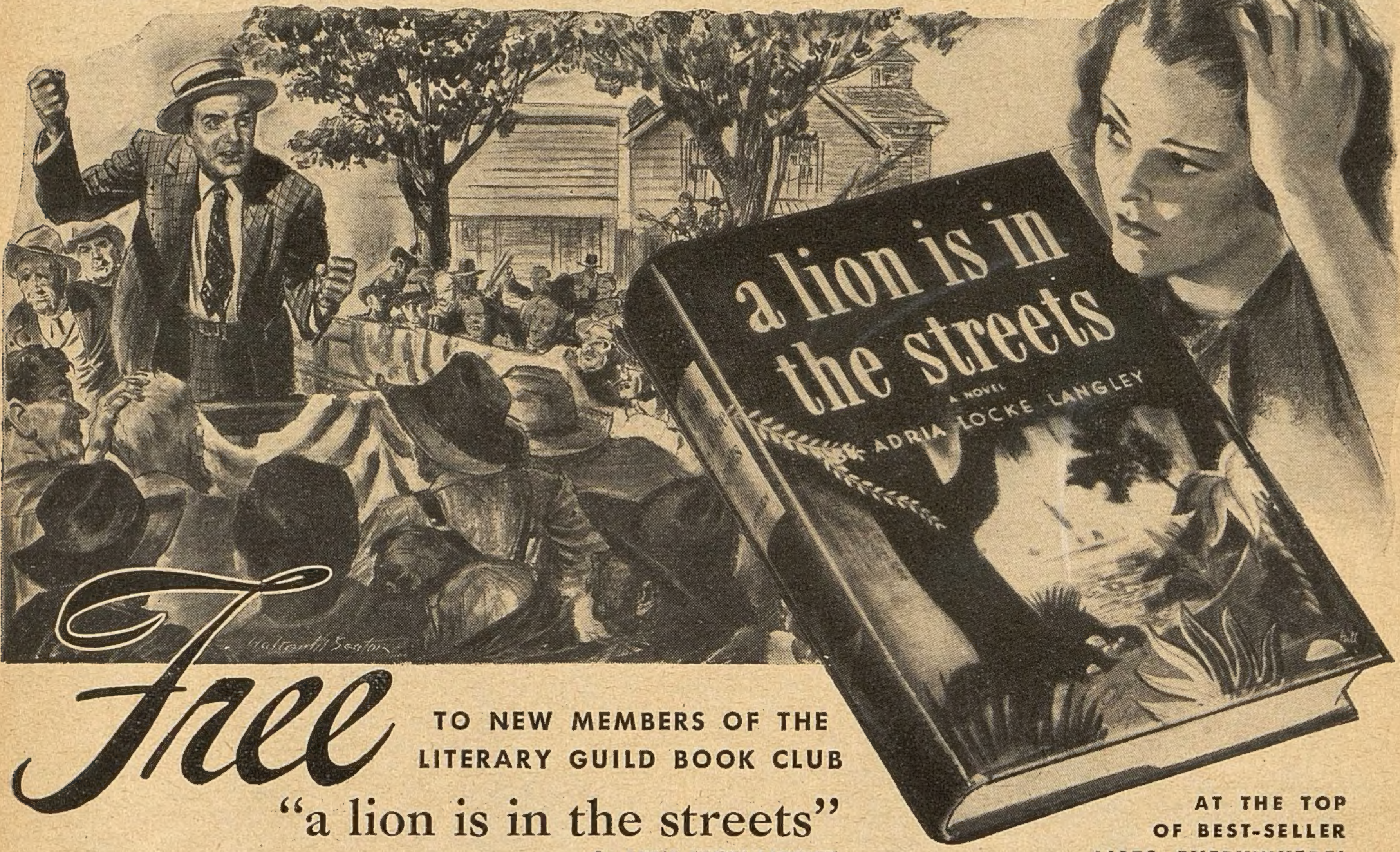
His heart cried out to the Poor While his hand went out to the Rich!

Hank Martin was a lowly peddler of pots and pans—but he had the "kindlin' power." Burning with righteous wrath, the heat of his words set the poor, the ignorant, and the down-trodden aflame. They followed him, cheered him—and supported him with their fiercely earned dollars. Steadily, craftily, he rose to power—but somewhere on the way up he became a Judas instead of the Messiah his friends worshipped. . . . Even "Sweetface" the schoolteacher who was swept off her feet by this same "kindlin' power" —who was consumed by his great love—finally realized that she had been betrayed—sacrificed on the altar of a greater lust. . . .

Here is the story of a man who missed greatness—of a woman who achieved it. . . . "A Lion Is In The Streets" is more than a novel—more than a beautiful love story. It is strong medicine for jaded literary appetites. No wonder it quickly reached the top of practically every best-seller list in the country—and has remained there ever since! Priced at $3.00 in the publisher's edition, you may now have a copy absolutely FREE as an advance bonus for joining the Literary Guild Book Club. Mail coupon below.



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VOX POP

“The Voice of the People”

WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO JUVENILE DELINQUENTS, ANYWAY?

BENTON, ARK.—I have just finished reading the August 11 Liberty. To my surprise—and might I add happiness?—I found not one article concerning “juvenile deliquency” or condemning the youth of today. May I thank you, not only for myself but for the hundreds of others who have been affected by these recent articles concerning us.—*Jessie Shauer.*

TALKING BACK TO THE VICE-ADMIRAL

SAVANNAH, GA.—I was much interested in the very informative article by Vice-Admiral Fitch in your issue of August 18. However, on page 23 there is one statement with which I cannot agree, as follows:

“There has been a lot of discussion lately as to the sailor's uniform. Every sailor that I have known, and I've known a lot, has been proud of his uniform. It is characteristic of his service, and has a long history and a wealth of tradition, all of which he knows.”

Of course, any sailor, if interrogated by an admiral will say that he is proud of his uniform, and he is, but not of the cut of it. The plain fact is that it is outdated and outmoded and, as stated by inference, was designed long ago. It is loose where it ought to be tight and tight where it ought to be loose. There is one pocket high up on the left breast which makes the sailor wear his battle ribbons, if he has any, away up on his shoulder instead of where they belong. He has no pockets for his coin purse, pocketbook, fountain pen, pencil, handkerchief, glasses case, if he wears glasses, knife, or any of the gear that every man carries in these more modern days. Not a word can be said in its favor as a matter of practical use.

It is still the same uniform, of which we can be proud, if cut in accordance with modern standards. If the men were questioned by an outsider, the vast majority would want to get rid of the monstrosity.

Please withhold my name.— —— ——, *U. S. Coast Guard.*

POSTWAR JOB

c/o PM, NEW YORK, N. Y.—I suggest, for a project for a library or museum—no doubt it could be made into a money-making proposition—a “talking dictionary.” You dial a word; some sort of record is brought into play; it pronounces the word a time or two, defines it, maybe gives a history of its derivation, then uses it in a typical sentence. This could be made a part of telephone service in big cities like New York. It would be compiled by foremost authorities of English diction.—*T/ Lloyd T. Davis.*

WRITER'S IMPROVEMENT SOCIETY —LOCAL CHAPTER

BEVERLY HILLS, CALIF.—Somebody just slapped a copy of Liberty, issue of September 1, in my face, and in it I find a condensation of my novel, STALLION ROAD. I don't usually care for digest novels, but I just have to sit down and write out how swell a job I think you have done.

Frankly, if I had known it could have been done I would not have written it so long. It is a much better story the way you tell it.—*Stephen Longstreet.*

CALLING ALL WEALTHY BUSINESS MEN

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Your condensations are certainly splendid! Stallion Road was wonderful. Wish I could go out to a ranch like that right now! Cities are awful! And very stupid! Why don't some wealthy business men stage a tour for poverty-stricken salesladies, etc., so they could see how they would react when turned loose out in wide-open spaces?—*Hazel Marie Cramer.*

INSIDE DOPE

INDIANAPOLIS, IND.—In your book condensation, The Best from Yank (July 28), I was amused by Pvt. Irwin Shaw's dispatch, Palestine Express, in which he told about the Egyptian peddlers whose merchandising was carried on in “hurried shrill yells, like a girls' dormitory after lights out.”

GELS ONLY
F C

I would like to know how Pvt. Shaw knows anything about a girls' dormitory *after* lights out.

Give, Pvt. Shaw!—*Mrs. R. Woodworth (A dorm housemother).*

TIGHT FISTS

ST. LOUIS, MO.—The article by Stanley Frank, Open Hands or Tight Fists for G. I.s? (Sept. 1) is an insult to the intelligence of the G. I.s. The subject of the G. I. Bill was discussed, explained, and taken apart in every place where soldiers live. We had it explained to us thoroughly in the very heart of Germany. If there is

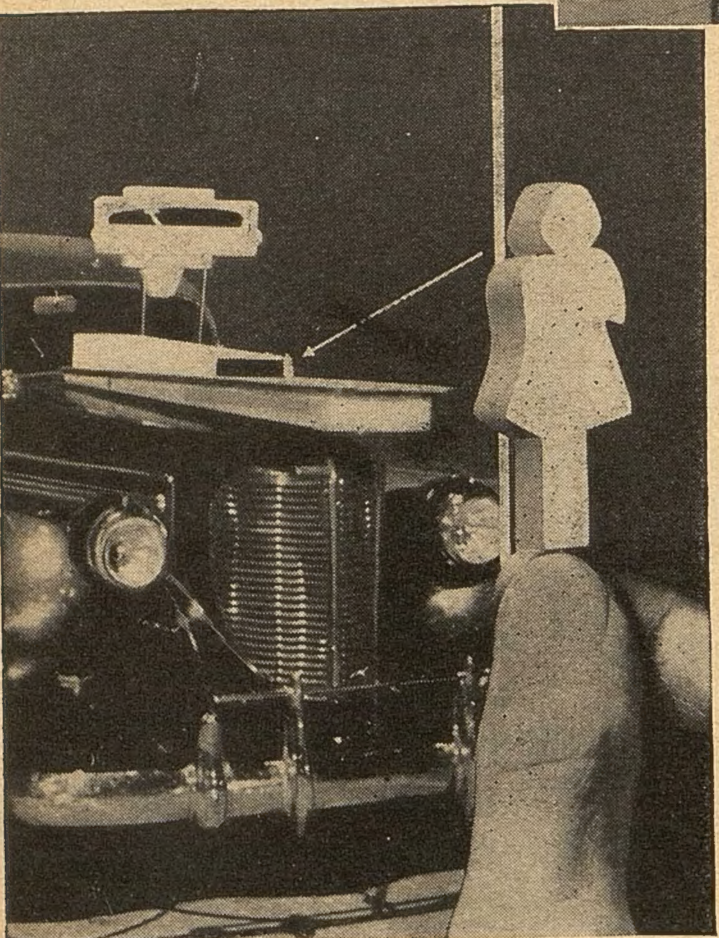
(*Continued on page 8*)

So you'll be safer

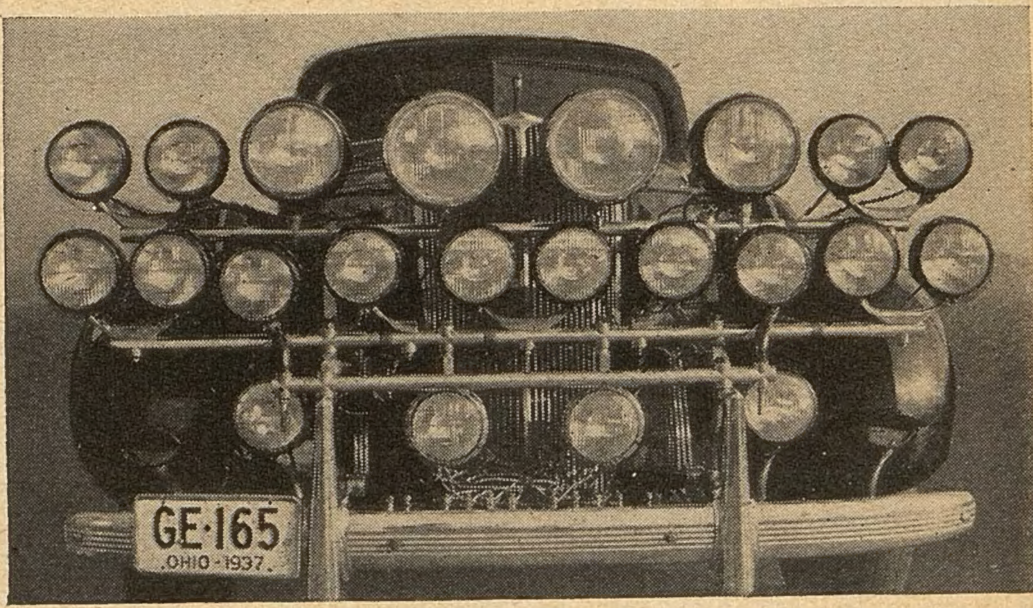
Radar is only one field in which General Electric science has worked for your protection. Among many other G-E achievements are better street lighting, which reduced night traffic accidents in one city 93 per cent in ten months . . . powerful x-ray units used to detect dangerous flaws in metal . . . a way to help prevent disastrous fires on farms by means of a new hay-drying system.

G-E engineers and research scientists are helping to make life safer for everybody. *General Electric Company, Schenectady, N. Y.*

Radar prevents collision. This actual photograph taken on the bridge of the "American Mariner," U. S. Maritime Service Training Ship, shows General Electric's new peacetime Radar Electronic Navigator helping plot a safe course. The officer is looking at the G-E Navigator's radar screen which shows him the position of the ship and the objects around it. On ships or planes, in fog or darkness, radar will warn pilots of unseen hazards.



2-inch doll saves lives. Central character of an ingenious apparatus to test street lighting is a tiny doll that represents the average pedestrian as seen at a distance. The complicated device measures visibility and glare. It was devised by General Electric engineers to help make streets and highways safer for night driving.



Bug-eyed auto was the car used in development of G-E Sealed Beam headlights adopted by the automobile industry. The Sealed Beam headlamps give more and safer light. Tests show that the average G-E Sealed Beam lamp gives 99 per cent as much light near the end of its life as it did when brand new. About 45 lamps of Sealed Beam type have been developed by General Electric for the Army and Navy.

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(*Continued from page 6*)

any who thinks the $2,000 loan is his for the asking, then he is too dumb to deserve a loan.

All the articles I have read in connection with this bill have had a tendency to create dissatisfaction in the mind of the veteran. Writers seem to have the impression we are looking for something for nothing. This is not the case. All we want is an even break, and please keep that in mind. We're not looking for charity, neither do we wish an advantage over our fellow citizens. Of course you will find an occasional chiseler who wants the White House served on a silver platter. This type was a chiseler before he entered the service.

Leave the vet alone. Let him find himself a job, keep the ceiling on rent until he gets definitely located and until supply meets demand for houses, and he will manage to keep abreast of his neighbors. That's all he wants.—*A. E. Hanlon.*

TAMPA, FLA.—Thanks for your article, Open Hands or Tight Fists for G. I.s?

In my own case I found that I could borrow less than when I left for the service three years ago. Banks turn up their nose at the mere mention of G. I. loans, and as far as this town is concerned you have to be on the "ins" to get loans at all.

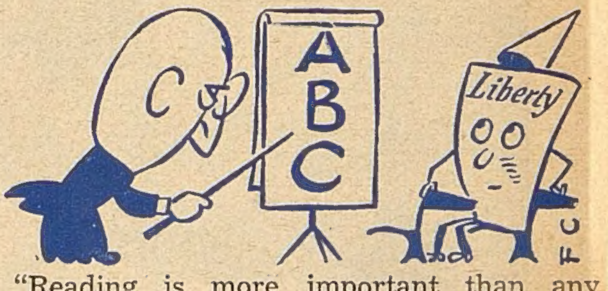
As for banking on a personal basis and putting a value on a man's word—you can't borrow a dime except on gilt-edged collateral at any bank nowadays.

I know a lot of fellows coming home soon from Germany and other points who will be sick when they learn the truth about how this G. I. loan is proving out. Your help will be appreciated.

The solution is simple—take the whole thing away from bankers and put it in the hands of some really interested local group for processing and closing—otherwise throw it in the ashcan.—*J. N. Bryan, Jr.*

TEACHER KNOWS BEST

BOSTON, GA.—I enjoyed the article on How Well Do You Read? in the August 25 Liberty. I have had twenty years' experience in the schoolroom and always considered reading one of the most important subjects taught. I have one slight criticism to make on your article. I quote:



"Reading is more important than any school subject." Incorrect.

"Reading is more important than any other school subject." Correct.

As the question stands in Liberty, Reading is more important than its own self, which is impossible.—*A. W. Riley.*

NO NEWS

TAUNTON, MASS.—Could you please tell me if any of the August issues of Liberty carried articles or any new items on Alan Ladd? Due to the bus strike here in Taunton, I was unable to go downtown for my Liberty. Thanks so much.—*Mary Henricks.*

You didn't miss a thing, Mary.—VOX POP EDITOR.

His name is Al Schmid, and he lives in Philadelphia.

He's 26 years old—and since his discharge from the Marine Corps, he has married and had a baby boy.

He's a swell guy.

* * *

I met Al in his home town a few months ago. I'd been anxious to meet him, for two reasons:

One, I remembered the newspaper accounts of the heroism that won Al the Navy Cross.

Two, Warner Bros. had assigned me to play the part of Al Schmid in a picture. Naturally, I wanted to find out what the *real* Al Schmid was like.

Well, I found out. And then I knew why Warner Bros. was so concerned with making this picture one of the finest entertainments ever filmed.

Now the picture's finished and released. I hope you'll see it, if you haven't already. Because I think it's pretty important.

* * *

You see, Al got kind of knocked around that night on Guadalcanal. It did something to him. Inside and outside both.

And when you see PRIDE OF THE MARINES, I think it will help you to understand what the boys who go through that experience are up against when they come home—and how you can help them find the happiness they've earned.

I think you'll know, too, why Warner Bros. is known as the company that combines "*good picture-making with good citizenship*" . . . and why I'm glad to be part of that company.

John Garfield

I want you
to meet
a friend of mine

PRIDE OF THE MARINES

JOHN GARFIELD

ELEANOR PARKER · DANE CLARK

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Screen Play by Albert Maltz • Adaptation by Marvin Borowsky • From a Book by Roger Butterfield • Music by Franz Waxman

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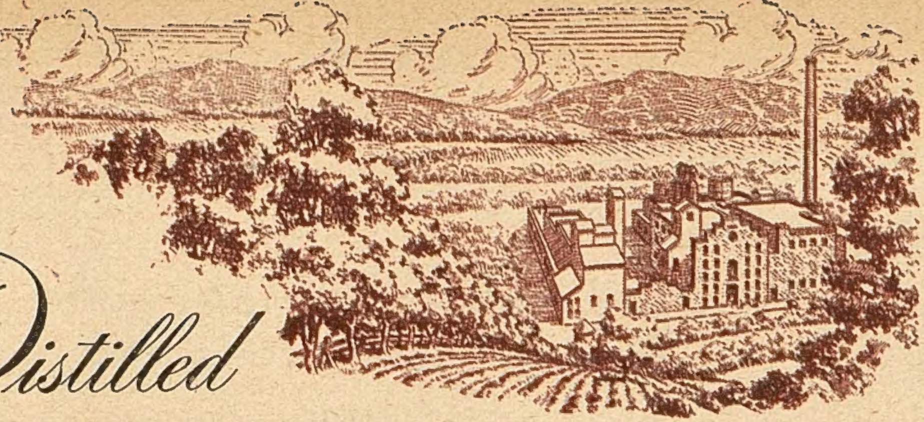

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POLITICAL PROPHET

An active anti-Nazi and celebrated political prophet during Hitler's rise and fall, Joachim Joesten is a native of Cologne. He left Germany in 1933, served as correspondent for French, British, and American newspapers in Scandinavia, reached the United States in 1941 by way of concentration camp, Russia, and Japan. Assistant editor of Newsweek from 1942-45, he's free-lancing now. Here's what he has to say about STALIN'S CHOICE TO RULE GERMANY.

MILLAR'S MURDER MYSTERIES

While studying at Toronto University, Margaret Millar picked up an interest in abnormal psychology which is reflected in her books. Her third best seller, THE IRON GATES—to be a movie, with Lauren Bacall and Humphrey Bogart—is condensed in this week's issue of Liberty.

LT. RICHARD CARLSON

Richard Carlson is a multiple-threat guy. Before the war he was a successful Hollywood actor. Now he's in the production end of the film business—in the Navy's Photographic Division. And he's been a successful writer since his college (University of Minnesota) days. For evidence, see his story, Never Anywhere, on page 36.

NEXT WEEK

To everyone who's looking for a new job, a car, or a pair of nylons, this man is Very Important People. Meet the Missourian who stepped into America's toughest job: JOHN SNYDER ON THE RECONVERSION HOT SEAT. . . . The lure of deep water and swelling sails is a siren song for many a landlubber. Read how a down-East skipper cashed in on this longing and invented a new kind of vacation in DOWN TO THE SEA IN SLACKS. . . . Guy Howard, the WALKIN' PREACHER OF THE OZARKS tells his story in Liberty's Book Condensation.

...But *Jeepers,* Dad, it's hard to hear what Teacher says!

I LISTEN HARD . . . harder, I bet, than the other kids. But I can't hear teacher very good. An' when I ask questions, she says she talked about that, an' 'why don't I pay attention?' It makes me feel funny. The kids tease me, too—they say I'm 'dopey' just because they have to repeat things to me. Gosh, Dad—does a fellow really *have* to go to school?

* * *

If you suspect that impaired hearing is handicapping your child—consult an ear specialist. If he recommends a hearing aid, bring the child to your nearest Zenith dispenser to try a new Zenith Radionic Hearing Aid. No complicated tests. The child's own ears decide from three models, priced at $40 and $50, including the new Zenith Neutral-Color Earphone and Cord that are *so inconspicuous.* Remember—Zenith has always stood for quality. Mail coupon for *free* literature, today. Zenith Radio Corporation, Chicago 39, Illinois.

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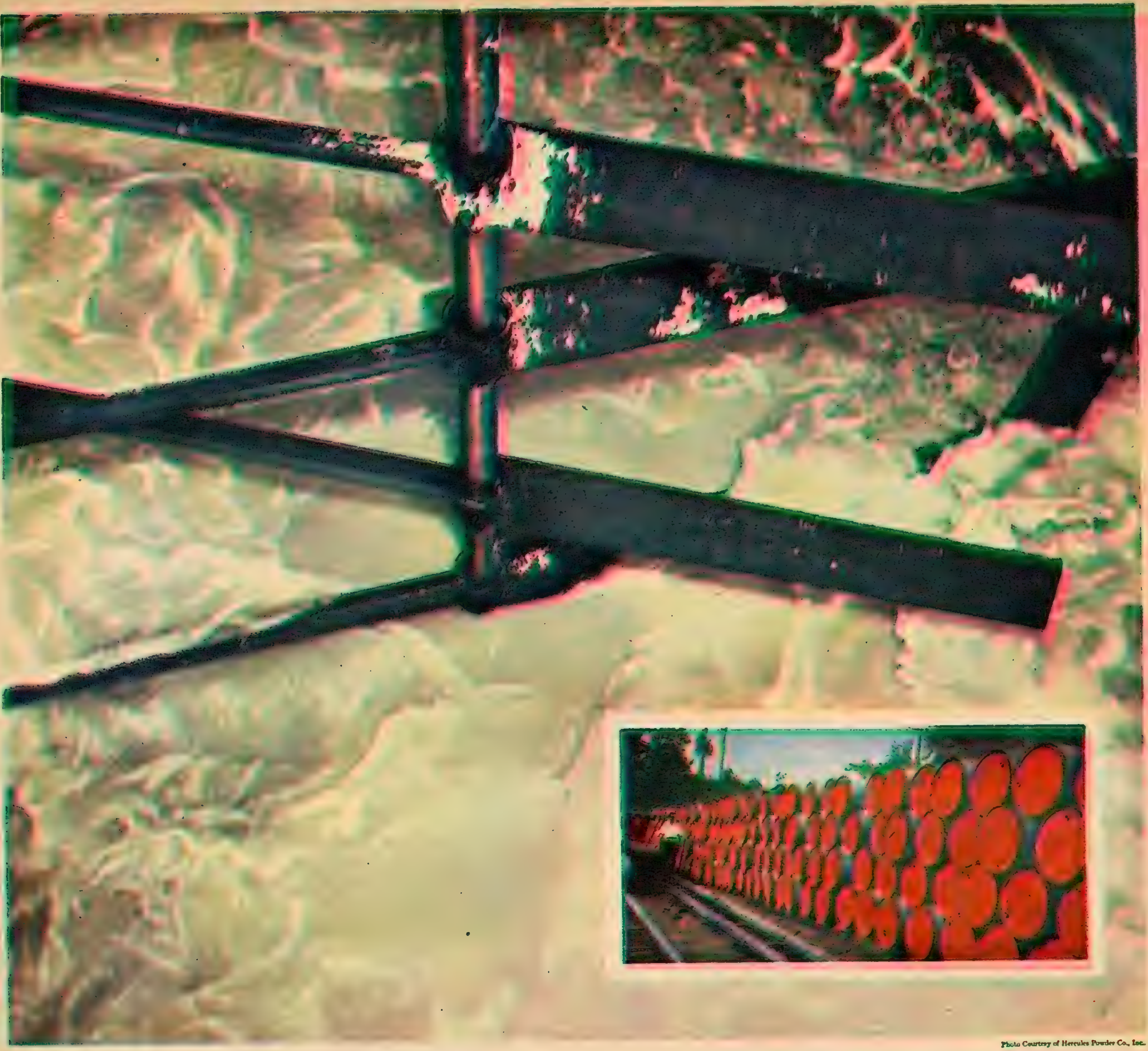


Photo Courtesy of Hercules Powder Co., Inc.

Soap from pine trees helps make better tires

Another example of "building for today, testing for tomorrow"

IN THE large vat above, and in the barrels awaiting shipment, is more soap than most people will use in a lifetime. But nobody is going to bathe with it. It will be used in making synthetic rubber for tires—a new kind of synthetic rubber developed by B. F. Goodrich.

Some sort of soap is used in making all types of synthetic rubber. Until recently it was soap derived from animal fats. The new soap shown here is made from rosin that comes from pine stumps. This different soap makes a definite improvement in rubber.

Tires made from the new rubber give more wear than tires made from ordinary synthetic. They run cooler . . . and this is important, because heat destroys rubber. It's doubly important in big truck tires that often get as hot as boiling water.

The new rubber was developed several months ago, and made in plants operated for the government by B. F. Goodrich. It was used in military tires, and was kept a military secret. Then it was released for use in heavy truck tires. Now it is going into passenger car tires made by B. F. Goodrich.

This is only one of dozens of improvements that B. F. Goodrich has made since offering the first tires containing synthetic rubber ever sold to motorists in America—in June, 1940. All these improvements are indications of the kind of extra value, extra wear, and extra safety you get whenever you buy a B. F. Goodrich tire. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, O.*

More miles with

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

INT. NEWS PHOTO

Anything to get home!—and these vets are home, or at least at Bradley Field, thanks to the "Green Project" and B-17s and Liberators used as shuttle planes.

ON THE BEAM

Hats off to the Army's ATC! It's flying the vets home from Europe, 50,000 a month . . . Transcontinental air mail's silver wedding

BY WAYNE PARRISH

ONE of the most dramatic stories of the war is the "Green Project," the movement by air of veterans from the European and Mediterranean theaters to the United States. Never before in the history of the airplane has there been anything like it. No fewer than 600,000 men are being flown across the Atlantic during the year which began early in May.

I had a good opportunity to see some of the workings of this gigantic aerial movement when I returned from Europe with a group of aviation writers. One cannot help but express open admiration of the Army's Air Transport Command for the superb manner in which the vets are being flown safely from their bases in Europe and North Africa to redeployment centers in the United States. Top credit must go to Lieutenant General Harold L. George, commanding general of ATC, for undertaking this project in addition to directing the world-wide transport operations for which the ATC was formed.

Here in brief is the broad picture:

Fifty thousand men a month are being flown across the Atlantic. Forty thousand of these are departing from Casablanca, French Morocco, North Africa, bound homeward either by way of the Azores and Newfoundland or by way of Dakar, Natal (Brazil), and Trinidad, British West Indies. The other 10,000 a month are being flown from Paris or Prestwick, Scotland, via Newfoundland.

The ATC estimates that a transport airplane is leaving one side or the other of the Atlantic every six minutes. You can figure out for yourself whether transatlantic air transportation has arrived!

By all odds the most exciting part of this troop movement centers on Casablanca. Our A. A. F. took over the original French airport and has enlarged it into one of the finest airports in the world. The ATC maintains a large and excellent terminal, complete with a twenty-four-hour restaurant and capable of handling the 1,300 vets a day who arrive from Marseille or Naples with their luggage and souvenirs and depart on big Douglas C-54 Skymasters for the U. S. A.

From the air Casablanca is a beautiful white city. From the ground it loses its romantic atmosphere except in one French residential area of fine homes. Arabs are everywhere and are in need of food. A black market exists in everything from food and cigarettes to clothing. An unarmed lone American doesn't dare to walk the streets of the city at night, and there have been no few beatings, robberies, and even killings. All the mystery and intrigue for which North Africa is traditionally famed are present in Casablanca, but the military area around the airport is as American as it can be, save for the Arab employees.

Naples and Marseille are the two points through which vets funnel on their way to Casablanca, and they don't leave those points until their passage across the Atlantic is made certain. Thus there is no bottleneck and no substantial backlog at Casablanca waiting for plane space.

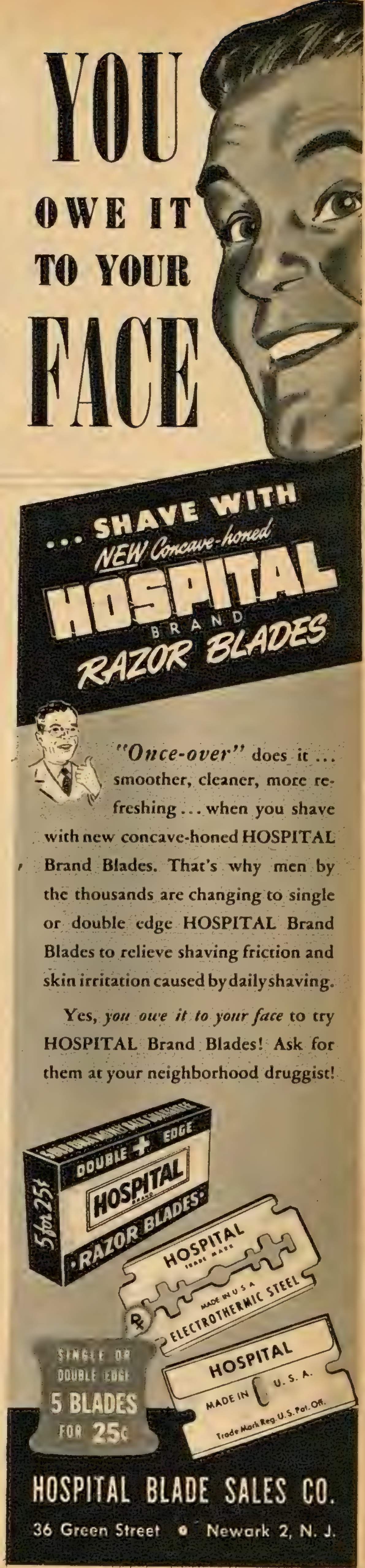
One of the most interesting parts of the aerial movement is the route between Marseille and Casablanca, which follows the Spanish coast as far as Gibraltar. Boeing B-17 Flying Fortresses are used as shuttle planes instead of regular transports. Lieutenant Colonel Paul S. Winslow, commanding officer of the Marignan Airport at Marseille, described the operation to me and showed me a B-17 stripped of its armament and equipped with bench seats to accommodate thirty vets at a time.

Every morning Casablanca wires Marseille how many men to send. The men are then placed in the B-17s, not very comfortably, and flown the 975 miles over water (but in sight of land) in four and a half hours. Four passengers actually sit in the nose of the bomber, getting a front-seat view of the scenery. An average of 550 are flown by the bombers every day—and it's not a luxury trip. But no vet complains about this. It's anything to get back home!

From Naples the men fly in C-47 transports and the trip is considerably longer—about nine hours.

During the summer both Marseille and Naples were hot as blazes and very dusty. Droughts made both areas very dry. Mar-

(Continued on page 16)



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Yes, *you owe it to your face* to try HOSPITAL Brand Blades! Ask for them at your neighborhood druggist!

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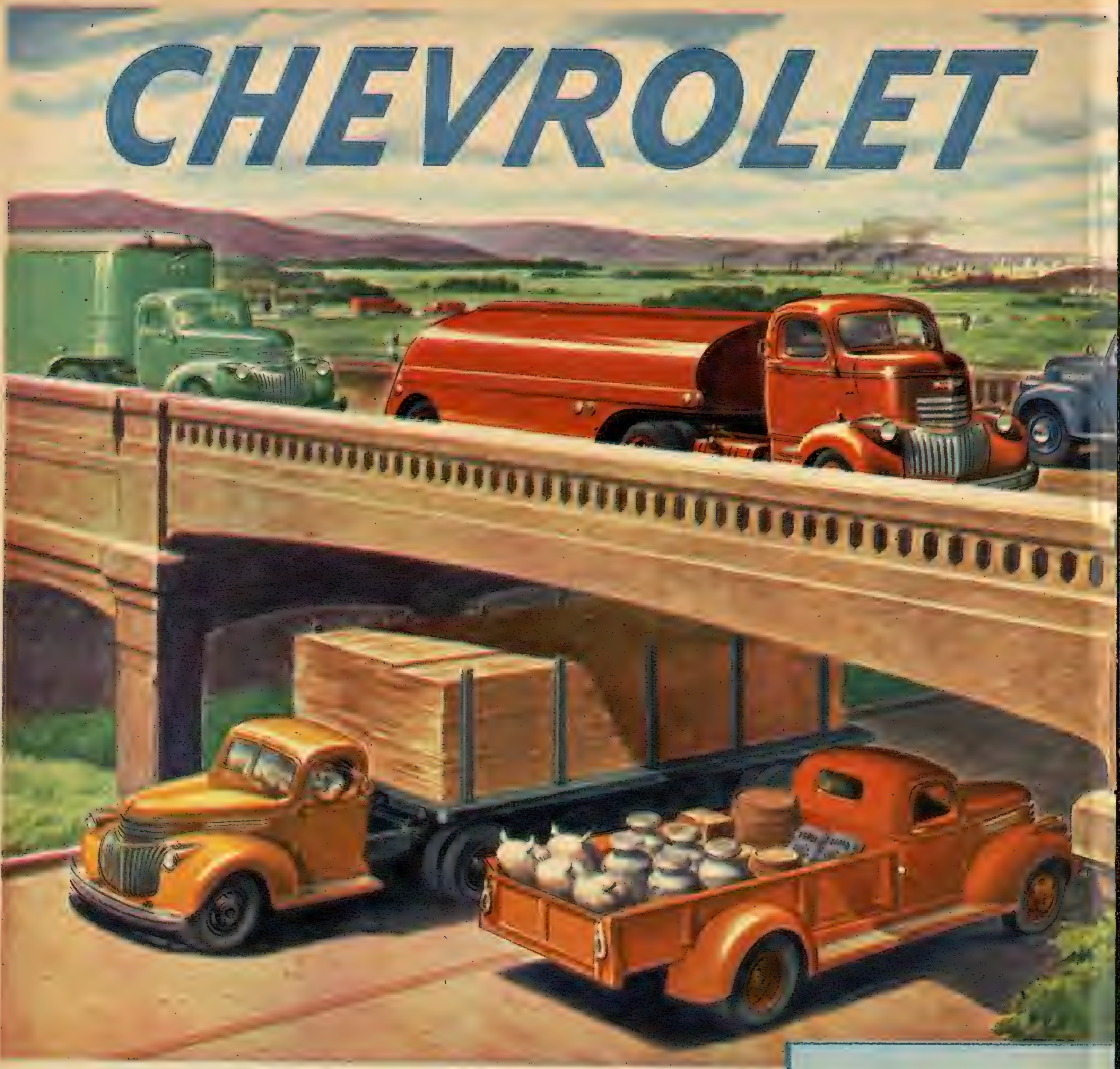

More and More, America Is Realizing

"TRUCKS PROMOTE PROGRESS— PROGRESS DEMANDS TRUCKS!"

Trucks have moved 65% of incoming freight and 69% of outgoing freight for 741 war plants.

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Trucks have actually become a part of our national assembly line itself, extending from factory to factory, connecting sources of supply and semi-finished products and even raw materials.

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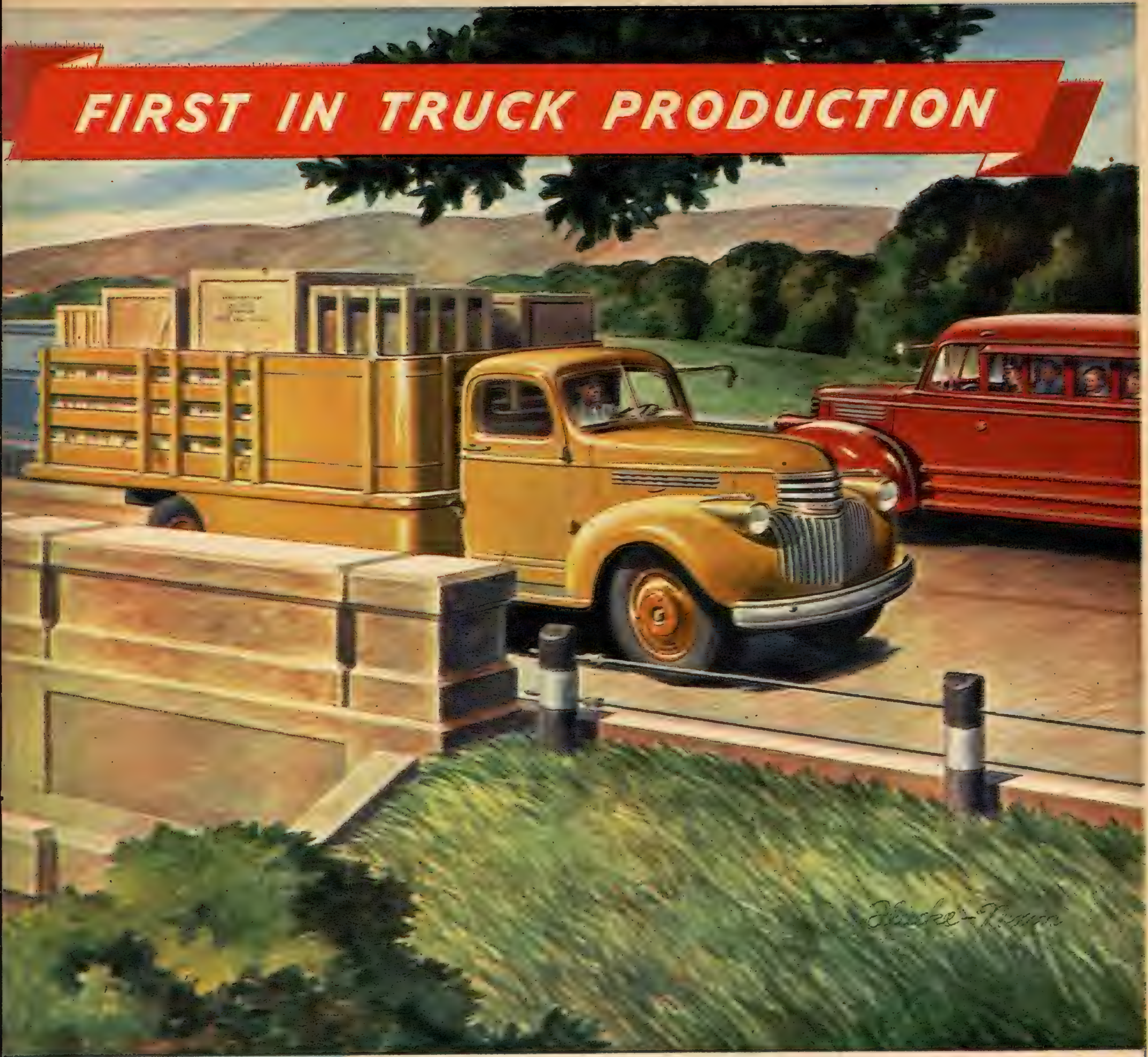
54,000 U. S. communities depend entirely on motor transport



for many vital supplies and services.

★ ★ ★

Trucks haul 58.3% of cattle—64.8% of calves—66.6% of hog receipts at public stockyards.

★ ★ ★

Trucks haul more than 75% of live poultry and more than 50% of egg receipts at important markets.

★ ★ ★

98% of farm products leaving farms move by truck.

All facts and figures compiled from Motor Truck Facts, official publication of Automobile Manufacturers Association.

. . . And yet fully one-half of all the trucks in use in America today are nine years old or older—and one out of every eight trucks was made prior to 1931.

"TRUCKS PROMOTE PROGRESS—PROGRESS DEMANDS TRUCKS!"

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, *General Motors Corporation*, DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

1 OUT OF EVERY 3 TRUCKS IS A CHEVROLET

HIGH QUALITY CHEVROLET LOW COST

KEEP ON BUYING VICTORY BONDS

NEW- . . . a shave cream made **especially**

FOR SENSITIVE SKIN

Bringing "SOLID COMFORT" shaves to men who've "tried everything"

Here's a shaving cream that contains a special "skin conditioner" for men with sensitive faces . . . even sensitive faces with tough beards. This great Fitch's No Brush Cream with its soothing, lubricating effect prepares the tenderest face for a "solid comfort" shave.

And when you start shaving, you'll actually FEEL the difference. For even against the grain, the razor glides along, giving you a closer, cooler shave. It leaves your skin feeling soft, cool and refreshed. No special after-shaving lotion is required. So—Fitch's No Brush SUPPLIES ALL 3 SHAVING NEEDS . . . and tests show razor blades last longer!

BRUSH USERS! *Ask for Fitch's Brush Shaving Cream. It also contains this special "skin conditioner" and gives an abundance of lather.*

BIG 25c AND 50c HANDY SIZES
Fitch's
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
NO BRUSH SHAVING CREAM
Fitch's
BRUSH SHAVING CREAM

Fitch's TRADE MARK **NO BRUSH SHAVING CREAM and Fitch's Brush Shaving Cream**

The F. W. FITCH CO., Des Moines 6, Iowa • Bayonne, N. J. • Los Angeles 21, Calif. • Toronto 2, Canada

(*Continued from page 13*)

seille was especially unsavory, for the war damage had wrecked the sewerage system and the city water system was declared to be unsafe. Neither port was exactly a pleasant point of departure from Europe. But anything to get home!

The men flying from Casablanca to the Azores and Newfoundland (forty to a plane) have a quick journey. It's only five hours or so to the Azores, where a stop is made for fueling and a meal at the excellent ATC terminal. Then it's a long hop to Newfoundland, about nine hours; or perhaps, depending on fuel, the plane continues on to a base in Maine. This is the fastest and best return to the States.

Those going to Dakar see more of Africa, and make the Atlantic hop from there to Natal, where they are transferred to twin-engined transports and flown north to Florida. It's a longer and hotter trip through the tropics.

The vets don't travel in plush-seat airplanes, but most of them would prefer the cargo planes anyway. When night comes they roll up on the floor in light mattresses or blankets and sleep reasonably well. The seats are the so-called "bucket" seats which line each side of the cabin. They get pretty hard after a while, but the vets who have been through combat or have had a lot of jeep, tank, or truck riding certainly aren't concerned about bucket seats.

The ATC crews are good, and the safety record has been 100 per cent, which is remarkable when one considers that a plane is arriving or departing every fifteen minutes around the clock at Casablanca. A crew of six handles the B-17 shuttle from Marseille, and the transatlantic crews consist of five.

In addition to the Green Project, there is also the White Project, which is redeployment of aircraft. Many thousands of combat aircraft capable of spanning the ocean or island hops are being flown back with their crews and as many passengers as can be accommodated. ATC briefs and services these planes, which fly by a variety of routes.

Air Mail in 1920—and Today

With hundreds of thousands of trained pilots and new aviation feats being performed every day, it is difficult to recall that only twenty-five years ago, on September 8, 1920, the first transcontinental air mail was flown from New York to San Francisco in eighty-two and two thirds hours. When the new postwar air transport service comes into being, United Air Lines will be flying that same route in ten hours and less.

Four pilots flew that first air mail, the first from New York to Chicago, the second from Chicago to Salt Lake City, the third from Salt Lake City to Lovelock, Nevada, and the fourth on into San Francisco. Small single-engined open-cockpit planes were used, and farmers had to light bonfires to serve as beacons.

Of the four pilots, only one is still living. He is James P. Murray, vice-president of Boeing Aircraft Company, with offices in Washington, D. C. Jimmy Murray used to study his schoolbooks while flying those open cockpit planes in the Far West. He remained with the industry and has been one of the leading executives in aircraft manufacturing for many years.

Ordinarily a twenty-fifth anniversary is a noteworthy milestone, but to aviation this anniversary is much more than just that. Astounding indeed is the progress that has been made in the art and science of flight since 1920! Today a flight of eighty-two hours will take you anywhere in the world—and then some.

AIR POWER

We've Got It—Shall We Keep It?

Air power proved the deciding factor in defeating Germany, admits the captured German general Von Rundstedt. It has played perhaps an even bigger part in the crushing of Japan. There is no question that air power is vital to the future security of the nation.

These facts arouse searching questions among thoughtful Americans:

* * *

Q Now that we have achieved air supremacy, is it going to be easy to retain it in the future?

A No. We can lose our air edge unless new and better aircraft equipment is constantly being designed and produced. This requires a complex development cycle of many steps, all taking time, skill and effort.

•

Q What are the steps?

A Army and Navy outline requirements. The aircraft industry, applying the results of continuing research, designs prototypes. Army and Navy test and prove them. Industry makes further refinements. Then follows a production run in sufficient numbers to permit of adequate testing by tactical units, with further refinements to follow. Only then is the equipment proven, ready for mass production in an emergency.

•

Q How much time does this involve?

A At least five years.

•

Q Does that mean that the first-line equipment with which we won air superiority was actually under development before the war began?

A Yes. As typical examples, the Hamilton Standard Hydromatic propeller was conceived in 1935, the Pratt & Whitney Double Wasp engine in 1937, the Vought Corsair fighter in 1938, the original Sikorsky helicopter in 1938.

Q How much of the aircraft job was done by the basic aircraft industry itself?

A All the designing and developing. Up to 1942, all the production of airframes and propellers and 98% of engines. Since then, over nine-tenths of the airframes and about half of the propellers and engines. The rest were built by auxiliary producers.

•

Q How quickly did the auxiliary producers get into full production?

A Eighteen months to two years.

•

Q With our accumulated knowledge and experience, could we, in case of future emergency, shorten that development and production cycle?

A Possibly, but as performance goes up, it takes more engineering skill, more time, more money than ever.

•

Q What is the American aircraft industry doing to keep ahead?

A It is well along in the development of radically advanced equipment.

•

Q What are foreign countries doing?

A Exactly the same thing.

•

Q Who will command the air in 1950?

A The nation with the strongest and most technically competent aircraft industry, the most effective air force, the most efficient air line system, the most air-wise public.

* * *

UNITED AIRCRAFT CORPORATION

EAST HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT, U. S. A.

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SHE CAN NOW TELL YOU . . .

"We have turned the corner"

She is a telephone service representative and from now on her story is more cheerful.

In August the Bell System had about 2,100,000 held orders for telephones. That was the peak. More orders come in every day but since then we have been getting more telephones than orders.

Western Electric, our manufacturing company, is setting up every machine it has that will make telephone equipment.

We will receive 645,000 telephones in the last six months of 1945 and 700,000 in the first three months of 1946, and quantities of cables and switchboards.

She cannot promise just when all orders will be filled. There are places where we have complicated switchboards to install, even places where we must build new buildings for the new switchboards.

But she can say that the Bell System is now free to tackle civilian needs. It is turning to home service as fast as it turned to the instant needs of war.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF
A FREE PEOPLE

Stalin's Choice to Rule Germany

BY JOACHIM JOESTEN

WATCH Wilhelm Pieck.

The name means nothing to you? Small wonder, for its owner is no headliner. He shuns publicity, yet is one of the greatest wire-pullers of our time. He's a man with brains and guts, and patience enough to wait fifty years for his hour. Now it has arrived.

Wilhelm Pieck is the man who is going to run Germany—at least the eastern, Russian-occupied part of it—in the months and perhaps years ahead. He is Stalin's foremost adviser on German affairs.

Ostensibly, Marshal Gregory K. Zhukoff may remain in charge as Soviet commander in chief and Stalin's representative on the Allied Control Council in Berlin; other Russians and Germans may come to the fore in various administrative capacities; but the man who's really going to run the show is Pieck.

He is the leader of the German Communist Party which, even as Hitler established his dictatorship, was the third strongest in the Reich, with more than 5,000,000 followers. It is the only German party that succeeded in preserving its cadres intact through twelve years of Gestapo rule.

The Communists' remarkable facility for camouflage is known the world over. Under conditions of illegality and terror it flourishes. In Nazi Germany all organizations from the Hitler Youth to the SS. were shot through with Communist agents—a fact attested by many popular stories and jokes.

It was said, for example, that Göring, on a visit to the Krupp works, once asked the manager about the political views of his men. The manager scratched his head. "Sixty per cent, I guess, are Communists. Another thirty per cent are Social Democrats, and the remaining ten per cent are mostly Catholics."

> German Communism survived Gestapo rule through the efforts of the same firebrand who is to rule Russian-occupied Germany. The democracies will do well to know more about him. Here he is

"What, no Nazis here?" Göring exclaimed indignantly.

"But of course, *Herr Reichsmarshal,*" the manager reassured him, "they all are Nazis."

Another story had it that a Nazi Storm Trooper, incensed at the Communist slogans which night after night appeared on the walls of an industrial section in Berlin, scribbled under one of these inscriptions: "Why don't you do this in broad daylight, you Red cowards?"

The following night he read the answer: "Sorry, but in the daytime we are too busy parading with you guys."

True or not, these stories reflected a factual situation. The Communists, by infiltrating the Nazi Party's innermost circles and all its armed organizations, managed to survive the fiercest persecutions and to lay the groundwork for a comeback.

When Hitler's regime collapsed, a surprising number of Communist big shots popped up, very much alive. Some had been in Moscow, others stepped out of Nazi uniforms or emerged from hiding, while still others were released from prisons and concentration camps.

Among those who did not make it was the party's top leader, Ernst Thaelmann. Arrested in March, 1933, he was held captive for more than eleven years, only to be murdered by the Gestapo in the closing phase of the Nazi regime. The Germans officially announced his death on September 14, 1944, claiming that he had been killed in an Allied air raid on the Buchenwalde concentration camp. No such air raid took place at the time, and Thaelmann wasn't at the camp anyway, inmates of Buchenwalde have since revealed. How Thaelmann met his fate is still unknown, but German Communist leaders have accepted his death as a fact.

With Thaelmann's death, Wilhelm Pieck became party boss in name as well as in fact. He had long been—literally as well as figuratively—the "white-haired boy" of German Communism. He was one of the founders of the German Communist Party in 1919; he was also the friend and long-time associate of the party's most honored dead, Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg.

Pieck's faculty for survival is almost miraculous. He came unscathed through the *Fehme* terror of 1919-23; he eluded Hitler's Storm

(Continued on page 78)

L. to r: Major Karl Hetz, Erich Weinert, Count Heinrich von Einsiedel, and Wilhelm Pieck at meeting where the "Free Germany" committee was formed.

THE WILD BUNCH

Mr. Daniels was in hot water and he knew it. By marrying a dashing redheaded widow he became stepfather to an appalling set of children—each an individualist and each a problem Mr. Daniels had to solve in his own way

BY GORDON MALHERBE HILLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT

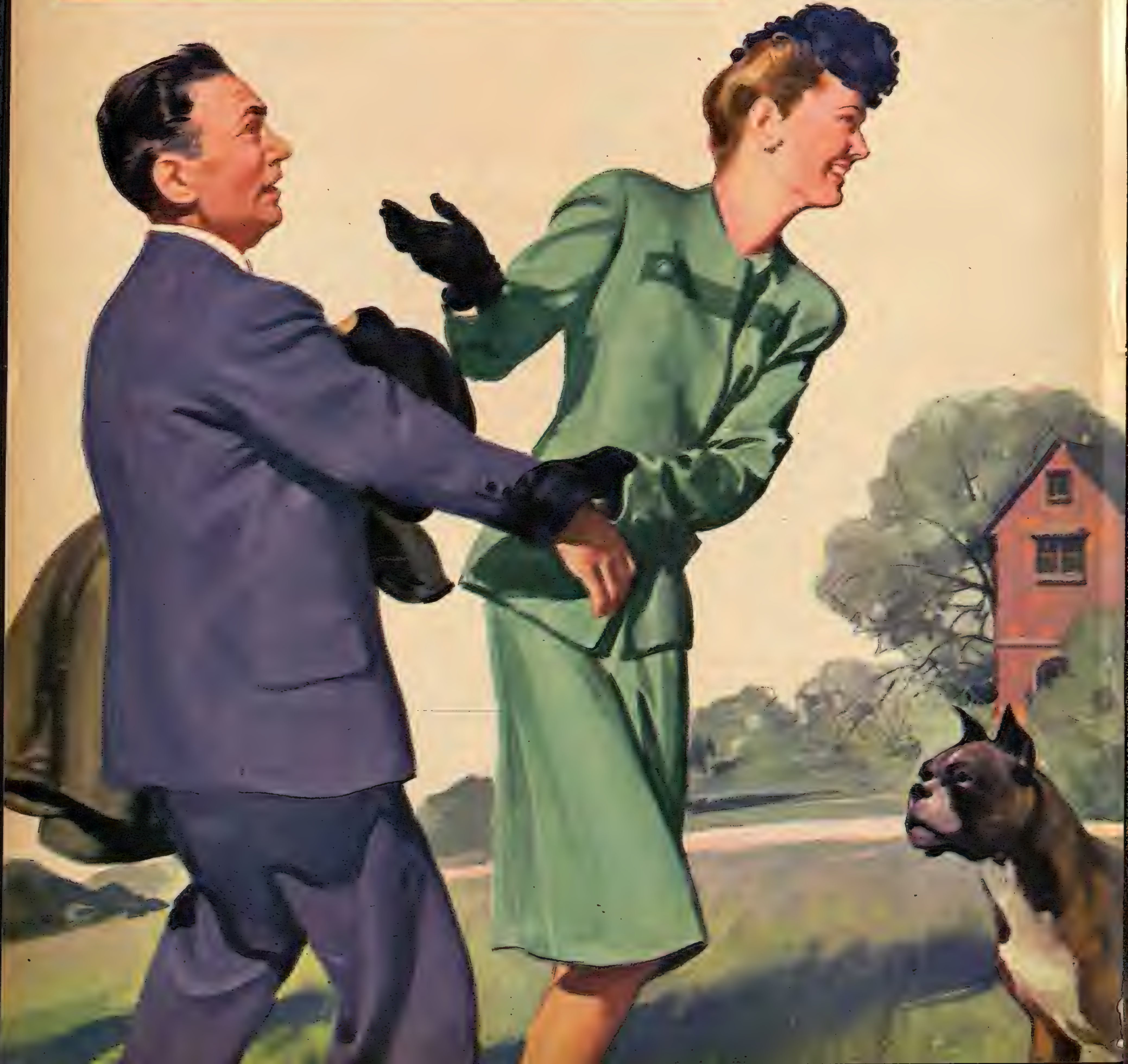
"THEY'LL just love you, Georgie," said Leonora and shamelessly held her husband's hand.

Mr. Daniels flushed, for he was still a little surprised that he was actually married to such a beauty. He sat back in the taxi and took comfort in Leonora's flood of copper-colored hair, in her red, red cheeks, in her dark eyes that were enormous. For the fact was that he was a trifle frightened.

When you are a neat, quiet bachelor, growing a little precise, it is exciting enough to have married a dashing redheaded widow without having wed yourself to her family and her enormous country house besides.

Mr. Daniels had done just that and was desperately trying to recall what his new family were like. There were three children, two girls and a boy, and since they had been away at school during the sudden storm of his courtship of Leonora, he had seen them only once, at the wedding.

And then he and Leonora had gone dashing away on their honeymoon, leaving



them with an angular governess named Miss Hyde.

"They'll simply adore you, Georgie," said Leonora, and he heartily hoped they would.

They would certainly find him somewhat different from their deceased father, Major Alec Drew, who seemed to have been a gentleman rider in steeplechases, a tennis champion, and a notable hand with small boats.

Mr. Daniels, who was quite tired, sunned himself in the radiance of his wife, who never seemed to tire at all, and allowed himself to think of her house, which would now be his. He had never seen it, since, when he had met, wooed, and married Leonora, she had been living in a friend's apartment in New York.

His wife thrust her head out the taxi window. "Here's Connemara! Here it is. Welcome home, Georgie!"

With superb indifference to what the taxi driver might think, she gave him a soft warm kiss.

Mr. Daniels tried to see what his estate was like and couldn't because his wife was in the way. He had an impression of a long driveway through a tangled wilderness, and then the taxi stopped by the front steps.

There was the house and it was enormous: a huge dark red pile, whose upper tiers broke out into an astounding rash of turrets and towers and gables. He had very little time to look at it because Leonora was leaping from the taxi and tugging him by the hand.

Mr. Daniels was now about to meet his new family in a hurry.

The first was a huge yellow object, identifiable as a boxer dog, which glared at him and growled.

And those persons, those quite large and alarming persons who were so thoroughly hugging and kissing Leonora were undoubtedly his new children. They were making a great deal of noise.

Mr. Daniels, lost and alone, looked upward. On the steps he beheld an enormous colored woman, billowing in an apron, and a lean, tall, doleful colored man—dressed all in black—who sorrowfully descended to collect the bags.

His lips moved as he did, and Mr. Daniels had the astounding idea he was saying, "Sodom and Gomorrah."

Whether this were true or not, he didn't know, for Leonora suddenly snatched him into his family circle.

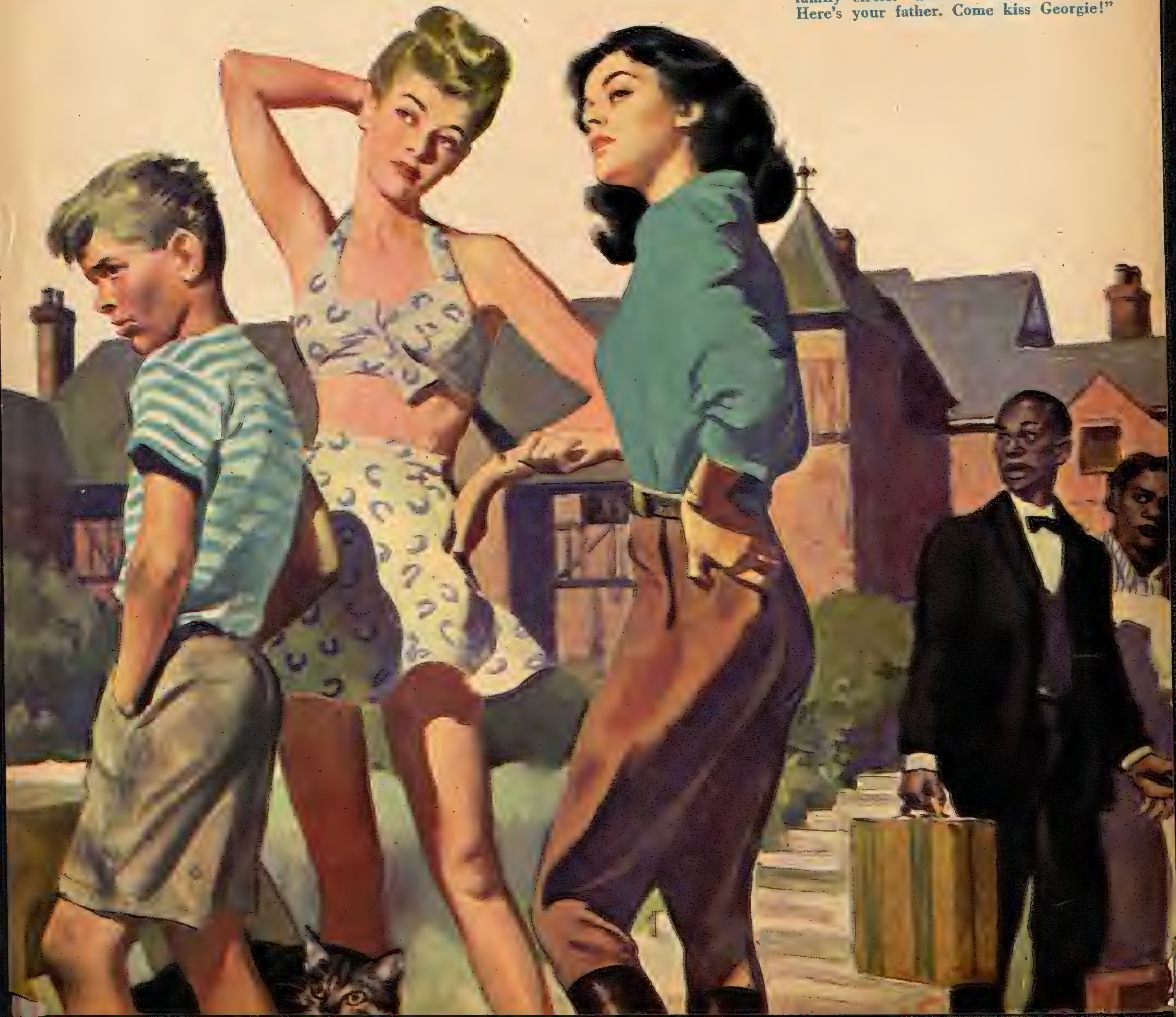
"David! Carlotta! Louise! Here's your father. Come kiss Georgie!"

Mr. Daniels, now infinitely alarmed, saw a small boy with straw-colored hair, clad in a filthy pair of shorts, who seemed to be followed about by a large gray-and-black-striped cat. He beheld a dark leggy girl in riding breeches, and another—a blonde one—in as little of a sun suit as he had ever seen.

They all stared at him and scowled.

Mr. Daniels did wish his wife wouldn't be so overpowering, and he hastily said, "Of course they don't want to be kissed. Why should they?"

(Continued on page 88)



Leonora suddenly snatched him into his family circle. "David! Carlotta! Louise! Here's your father. Come kiss Georgie!"

Peace Among the Tailormen

BY MORRIS MARKEY

Employers don't walk, they run to sign contracts with Mr. Hillman's union, which has even put up the cash to keep a manufacturer in business. A challenging study of how the Amalgamated Clothing Workers stay peaceful

THE organization of working people who make men's suits and coats in this country seems to come pretty close to an ideal example of trade-unionism at work. With about 300,000 members, it is by no means the biggest union or the most powerful. But certainly it combines nearly all the virtues of unionism, and has avoided nearly all the pitfalls. The Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America is at peace within itself and with the employers. It is immensely prosperous. It has accomplished good works in abundance, both for itself and for the society in which it exists.

Faced with the task of making millions ot uniforms in addition to the usual supply of men's clothing, it has not had a single strike since the war began. Nor, for that matter, for fifteen years.

This is Sidney Hillman's union. He built it from nothing whatever. From the day it was founded, in 1914, he has been its president. Indeed, it has never occurred to anybody to oppose him for that office. Since the Amalgamated is the lengthened shadow of Hillman himself, to understand the union one must understand the man who controls it.

Hillman is the antithesis of a labor czar. He believes passionately in organized democracy, and is convinced that democracy unorganized becomes a futile mob. While preserving democracy within his union, he has clearly proved the statesmanlike quality of his leadership.

Born of Jewish parents in Lithuania (then a part of Russia) in 1887, he battled for an education against great odds imposed by the Czarist regime. At the age of twenty he made his lone way to Chicago. He got a job with Hart, Schaffner & Marx, using his earnings to advance his education. At that time, working conditions in the viciously competitive clothing industry were almost fantastic. Men's clothes were made in sweatshops and bleak garrets by men and women who worked sixty-seven hours a week for ten dollars.

Hillman didn't rebel—he was glad enough to get the money. And he certainly had no hand in starting the 1910 strike of clothing workers in Chicago. That strike was a spontaneous walkout by people who had reached the end of their endurance. There was no union organization to guide them; they simply revolted against an intolerable way of life.

The strike produced a singularly good and wise man, Joseph Schaffner, president of the company. He felt genuine sympathy for his employees, and sought out some one of their number competent to voice their complaints. He found Hillman, and was impressed by his sincerity, his freedom from rabble-rousing tendencies, the instinct for decent arbitration and honest compromise in this youngster of twenty-three.

As Hillman set the pattern for the workers, Schaffner set it for the employers. The strike ended upon the decision of these two men to seek impartial arbitration of their disputes—the employment of a public arbitrator acceptable to both. That was a new way in American labor relations, and has been the way of the clothing industry ever since.

The Amalgamated was not established until four years later, and Hillman didn't have a great deal to do with organizing it. But he was the only man considered for the presidency.

Today the standard work week in the men's clothing industry is not sixty-seven hours but thirty-six. The wage is not ten dollars a week but a dollar an hour, with the usual overtime pay.

No more clothing work in sweatshops—witness these members of Hillman's Amalgamated at work in a typical present-day factory.

INT. NEWS PHOTO

Far from being a labor czar, Sidney Hillman is statesmanlike. He believes in organized democracy, maintains it in his union.

Have these victories of labor distressed the clothing manufacturers? Quite the contrary. Until the union was formed, the fierce competition and the seasonal nature of the trade had kept the industry in chaos. Hillman's union took the heart out of the manufacturers' traditional tactics of fighting to get the cheapest possible labor and cutting every possible corner in production. It also brought order to the problem of seasonal lay-offs. The manufacturers say, in these days, that they would be lost without the union. They are eager to sign the contracts that will give them enough skilled labor for the feverish peak periods.

More than thirty-five manufacturers have applied for and received contracts during the last year. This is not because Amalgamated wields a club, but because the union knows more about making men's clothing than do many of the manufacturers themselves. Amalgamated employs experts who serve as consultants on production problems. Their technical counsel has saved many a firm by improving its methods. And, furthermore, the union will even lend money to keep a factory alive during critical times.

This strange maneuver was first performed in the last depression, when a manufacturer told Hillman his firm was going out of business. There were plenty of orders ahead, but costs had become ruinous. Banks were calling loans. There was nothing to do but liquidate.

Hillman knew that the company was essentially sound and simply had been caught in a bad market. He also knew that shutting down the factory would cost hundreds of Amalgamated workers their jobs. He said, "If we lend you one hundred thousand dollars from the union treasury, can you keep going?"

When the manufacturer put this offer to his bankers, they were aghast. "Your troubles have gone to your head," they said. "You're giving these revolutionaries a chance to get control of your business."

But finally they were convinced. The union treasury loaned the money. It has been paid back now, and the company is doing a highly profitable business.

THIS illustrates, as many other examples might, the attitude of Hillman's Amalgamated toward employers: "Labor is a part of industry and can prosper only as industry prospers. The welfare of the worker is bound up in the health of the industry. The industry owes responsibility to the people who work in it, and the workers in turn owe responsibility to the industry. Nobody's rights can be realized unless this mutual responsibility is recognized and practiced."

Tackling the problem of seasonal employment, the Amalgamated was the first union to set up a national employment exchange. Through this bureau all union members may apply for jobs. Their records are kept, so that the man longest out of work gets the first job that opens up. Thus the union spreads employment during slack seasons and provides a working force during rush seasons.

Out of this innovation came the first unemployment-insurance plan ever practiced to any extent in the country. Union contracts were expiring and the workers were due for a wage increase. Amalgamated told the employers: "We will forgo the pay rise if you will contribute two per cent of your payrolls to an unemployment-insurance plan." This was agreed upon and was practiced successfully until the federal government set up its own unemployment-insurance system, when the payroll levy was diverted to another channel: the establishment of the Amalgamated Life & Health Insurance Company. This union-owned company gets its capital from the employers and protects union members, without cost to themselves, against hospital, medical, maternity, and death emergencies. It's a tip-off on the relations between union and manufacturers that Raymond H. Reiss, president of the Clothing Manufacturers' Association, sits on the board of the insurance company and is chairman of the advisory committee for administration of the union fund.

Amalgamated also owns two banks, separate corporations in New York and Chicago with assets of $15,000,000, founded to make small cash loans available to union members at low interest rates.

The union is affiliated with C. I. O. Indeed, Hillman was one of the founders of C. I. O. and until recently was one of its vice-presidents. He is chairman of the C. I. O. Political Action Committee and is C. I. O. delegate to the World Federation of Trade Unions. But the cost of C. I. O.

These Amalgamated members are listening to Hillman's V-J Day address in the union's joint board headquarters in New York City.

affiliation is not high. Out of all its millions of resources, Amalgamated turned over to C. I. O. last year something less than $110,000.

The union's organization plan has an interesting flexibility and a high degree of local autonomy. The men's clothing industry has centers in thirty-six states, although most of the factories are in New York City, upper New York State, Chicago, Boston, and Baltimore. The Amalgamated needed its unique form to cover this wide distribution and to work effectively in both the great mass-production factories and the small establishments which dot the country.

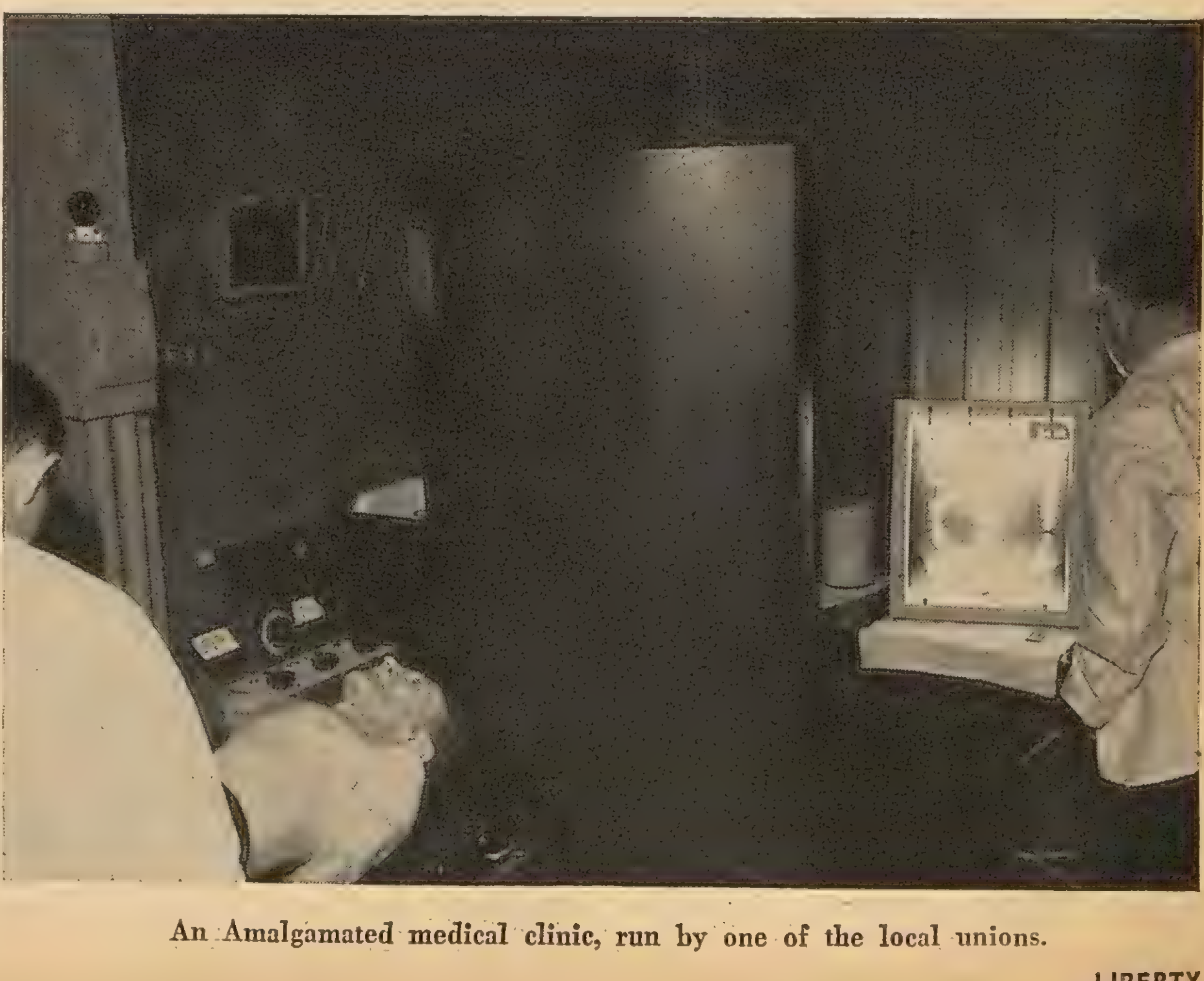
In any plant, large or small, as few as seven workers may get together and form a local which may be based upon their nationality, sex, or craft. Many of the great factories encompass several locals. They may establish their own initiation fee and rate of dues, elect their own officers, and elect their own delegates to the national convention, which meets every two years and is the final governing body of the union. They must agree before they are chartered to abide by the general constitution—a thoroughly democratic document —and ordinarily must affiliate themselves with an institution called the joint board.

These joint boards are really the key to Amalgamated's smooth and efficient administration of the Amalgamated. They are set up in all the main centers of clothing manufacture. Each one, so to speak, is a union of unions—controlling all the important activities of every local chapter within its jurisdiction.

Most unions deal with employers through local chapters and shop committees. But in Amalgamated, all powers of negotiation lie with the joint board. If disputes arise, the manufacturer goes to joint board headquarters for the city or the area. If the disagreements can't be settled there, the inevitable practice of Amalgamated is invoked: a disinterested arbitrator, chosen by employers and workmen alike, is called.

In short, all the real business of the union for a given area is centered in the joint board, whose officers are elected by popular vote of the entire membership in the area. And oftentimes candidates are required to take fitness examinations similar to those offered by civil service.

Under the joint board is a large staff of deputies and organizers who co-ordinate the activities of the shop locals in the various factories. But by no means does the board confine its functions to shop problems—to wages and hours and working conditions. It also interests itself in



An Amalgamated medical clinic, run by one of the local unions.

the social and cultural life of its members. And it has business of its own: making profits with the funds lying in its treasury, by shrewd investment in the open markets of capital and real estate.

In Chicago, for example, a retroactive pay increase was negotiated with the manufacturers. The members voted to contribute their back pay toward building a new joint board headquarters. With this nest egg, the joint board officials started real-estate deals which soon built the fund up to $1,000,000. So a $1,000,000 building was erected at very slight cost to the members themselves.

It has a gymnasium and recreation rooms, a restaurant, and an auditorium for concerts, lectures, and other entertainment. Educational classes are held in a number of subjects. Sociologists and other sympathetic scientists will listen to the troubles of any union member and try to do something about them. And there is a low-cost dental clinic.

As a matter of fact, most of the joint boards are far more impressive institutions than the general office itself. The latter, Hillman's headquarters, occupies a fairly large suite of offices in a union-owned New York building. Furnishings are bare almost to harshness. The general office exercises only the mildest possible check and supervision over the joint boards. Indeed, the whole administration is almost perfunctory. Hillman himself was able to be absent altogether from his regular duties for several years as he served in various posts under Roosevelt: first with the National Labor Advisory Board, then in the Office of Production Management, and finally in the War Production Board.

His political activities under the Roosevelt regime, particularly his organization of the Political Action Committee of C. I. O., have brought charges of Communist tendencies, but his past history does not justify that accusation. On one occasion, for example, a radical group within the union insisted that he place a series of inflammatory demands upon the employers. He rebuked them:

"You must remember that this is a trade-union and it exists to benefit its members by dealing with employers. The utmost gains that you can win by that method I will try to get for you. But if you want to abolish employers and set up something to take the place of the capitalistic system, the union is not trying to do that for you."

Democratically, each Amalgamated local may fix its own dues, subject to general approval by the joint boards and the general office. These vary quite sharply. Whatever they may be, a per capita payment of seventy cents a month must be made to the general office. Local dues now average about $2.15 a month. The initiation fee may not exceed ten dollars, and one dollar of it must be sent to the general office.

From these payments, from occasional assessments for specific purposes, and from its own investments, the general office has prospered. Its financial statements are open to the public. At the end of last December it had something more than $5,000,000 in assets and less than $300,000 of liabilities. Hillman's personal salary is fixed by the constitution at $15,000 a year, and he may hold no other remunerative office.

Amalgamated took the war seriously. Of course its members prospered from the overtime work required to produce military clothing. But they have not profiteered. To be specific:

Contracts with employers called for a thirty-six-hour work week, but when war began, the union voluntarily amended this contract to a forty-hour basic work week—agreed to work four more hours at base pay before collecting overtime.

The general office, the joint boards, and the local chapters have bought more than $10,000,000 in war bonds out of union funds. Individual members, often exceeding the accepted quota of 10-per-cent deductions, have bought more than $100,000,000 worth. The organization has contributed about $500,000 to the Red Cross, a similar amount to community chests, and about $150,000 to USO.

And it is worth remembering that this union has never struck nor slowed down when clothing our Army and Navy was a prime essential. Perhaps this is the proper place to quote former Chief Justice of the United States Charles E. Hughes in a decision which really had nothing to do with Amalgamated:

"Today the Amalgamated has collective agreements with clothing manufacturers and contractors employing the greater number of clothing workers in the United States. These collective agreements have brought peace to the industry that has entered into such agreements."

Later in the same decision, Mr. Justice Hughes quoted the president of the New York Clothing Manufacturers' Exchange: "The Amalgamated Clothing Workers has been perhaps the largest single factor to the lasting peace and harmony that have characterized those clothing markets where the Amalgamated was the other contracting party to the collective agreement."

Today the union is not large, even though its membership includes not only the actual makers of men's clothing but also the workers on men's neckwear and gloves, the journeymen tailors, cleaners and dyers, and certain laundry workers. But its influence spreads far beyond its own organization. Hillman and the Amalgamated believe so fervently in trade unionism that they have distributed millions of dollars toward the organization of other unions.

Some of these benefits have been in the form of loans, like the $300,000 to organizers of the United Mine Workers and the International Ladies' Garment Workers Union. Others have been outright gifts like the $500,000 to the Textile Workers Organizing Committee.

Potentially, this is the biggest of all unions; its 1,300,000 workers constitute the largest single labor group in the land. When the work of organizing had gained enough momentum, the Textile Workers Union of America was formed and Hillman retired from the scene.

Amalgamated provided similar funds for the Union of Department Store Workers, the Steelworkers, and the Wholesale and Retail Workers, in their hours of travail.

Watching these developments, observers have expressed the hope that these fledgling unions will fit into the American scene as peacefully as the Amalgamated has managed to do.

THE END

AMALGAMATED BANK
SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES
TRAVEL DEPARTMENT

The Amalgamated Bank in New York City.

A cultural activity: the Laundry Workers' joint board relaxes in a rehearsal.

PHOTOS BY F. L. G.

Now You See Him—*Now You Don't*

BY EDDY DRESSEN

Snaring the wily bullfrog is hilarious sport. If you're hankering for a delicacy like frogs' legs, all you need is a keen eye and a sure hand

NOT having six dollars to spend on a meal, we plebeians rarely gorge ourselves on caviar, pâté de foie gras, and similar tidbits. But it takes only the will to go out and get 'em in order to regale your palate with frogs' legs, the tastiest delicacy that ever provoked a "yum-yum!"

Bullfrogs, largest of all American frogs, are native to practically every stream and pond and to a great many lakes in the eastern and midwestern United States. They exist as immigrants in the Far West. Two pairs of legs from big frogs—mature bullfrogs weigh up to seven pounds—will provide a full-size and memorable meal for a full-size and hard-working man. And, though nobody has yet related a hair-raising tale of being charged by a roaring-mad frog, hunting them can be good sport.

Frogs may be taken with a gun, with an ordinary fishing rod, or even a stick with a line attached, and—at night—by means of a spear and light. If nothing else is available, your bare hands will suffice. An expensive boat is by no means essential, and in some places is a handicap. Frog hunting is usually regulated by state laws, and it's always best to familiarize yourself with them before you start.

Most frog-hunting expeditions involve getting soaked from head to toes, so your old clothes and an old pair of shoes are the appropriate costume. Otherwise wear a bathing suit and something to protect your feet. You won't be cold, because you hunt frogs only in warm weather.

Like most others of their kind—and there are about twenty species of frogs in the United States—bullfrogs spend the cold weather hibernating deep in the mud on the bottom of some pond or stream. Of course they breathe air, and on land they breathe much as we do, except that they have neither ribs nor diaphragm and must "swallow" the air. But the same exchange of gases goes on: oxygen is taken into the lungs to be distributed by the blood, and carbon dioxide is exhaled. However, frogs also breathe through their skins, which serve as accessory lungs. In hibernation, when all life processes are slowed by cold, this skin breathing is sufficient. They get what oxygen they need from the water and mud.

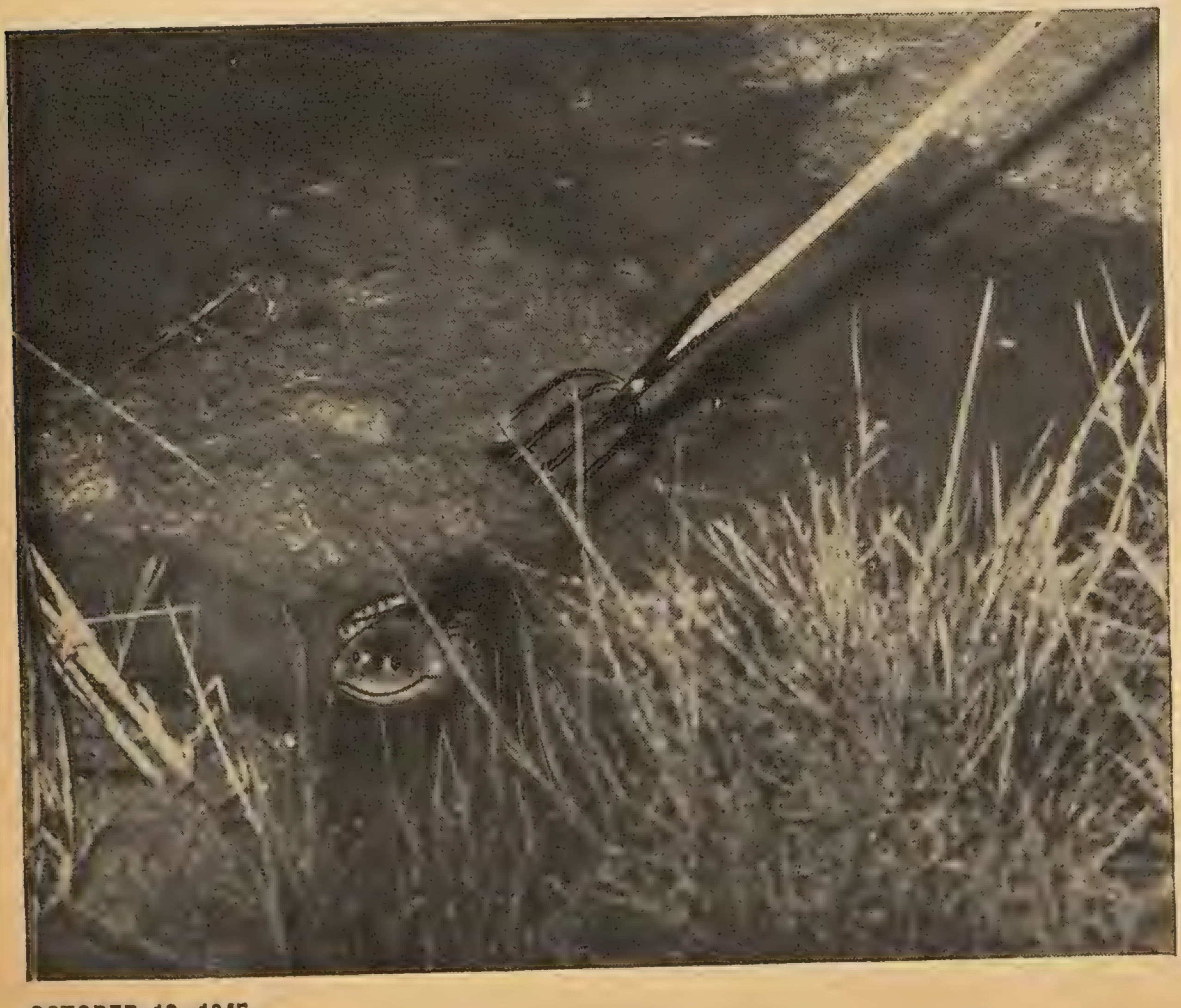
Bullfrogs are very responsive to changes in both humidity and temperature. About the first of May, depending on the temperature of the water, they emerge from hibernation. You won't need a nature guide to tell you whether any are living in a particular stream or pond. They begin bellowing as soon as they've crawled out of their winter beds, and once you've heard their voices you can't mistake them for anything else. It's a deep bass, something like the bawl of a cow, and you can hear it if you're within half a mile.

But in the frog world—they spawn as soon as they emerge from hibernation—all this roaring is the sweetest story ever told. The girl frogs bellow at the boys, and the boys respond with the equivalent of a frog wolf call. By-and-by a female frog approaches a male, or vice versa, and after some little interval they consider themselves legally wedded. The mating always takes place at night and in the water. But frogs have no constancy in their souls. After the spawning, he and his gal go separate ways.

In the spawning season bullfrogs sometimes bellow all day and all night, and occasionally maintain their chorus throughout the day, even in hot weather. But usually during the warmest months they don't tune up their barbershop ballads until just before twilight. Wherever you hear them is a good place to hunt.

If the law in your locality lets you shoot frogs, an ordinary .22 rifle and a pocketful of short cartridges, or a straight-shooting air gun, is the ideal weapon. And don't pay too much attention to local ex-

It took two hours to catch this batch of bullfrogs—a fine meal for the epicure. The light-and-spear method, shown below, needs skill, but once mastered it's good sport—and good hunting.



perts who assure you that bullfrogs inhabit only sloughs and ponds. Once, when starting out, I was assured that I'd find them only in the backwaters and weedy runs. After searching there for half a day, I went out on a clear-running stream and bagged the limit in two hours. Frogs, once you've discovered their general locality, are where you find 'em.

A boat is a handicap on most small streams, because dragging it up every summer-shallow riffle is hard, time-consuming work. If you're going to hunt on a small stream, a creek no more than forty feet wide, the best method is to walk right up the center. You'll get wet, but what of it? Being in the center affords you a fine view of both banks, and you are better able to pick out the places where frogs are hiding. You can always skirt the edges of deep pools if you don't care to swim. Of course your gun should not get wet. But if you have to go in up to your neck, you can hold the gun above your head. Wetting doesn't seem to hurt bullets. I've carried .22 shorts in my pocket all day, soaking them repeatedly, and still found them usable.

Walking in the center of a stream, you won't see many frogs. Though they're amphibious, they can't stay out of water very long or the protecting membrane on their skin dries and they die. Probably they couldn't endure the direct rays of a hot sun for more than a few minutes. For this reason, and because they are the legitimate prey of cranes, herons, various hawks, raccoons, etc., they seldom lie where they may be easily seen. But their hiding places can be spotted. That's easier than it sounds. After hunting an hour or so, and finding your first couple of frogs, you'll have no trouble finding others.

They conceal themselves according to the water in which they happen to be and the natural places of shade and concealment around that water. Once, walking up the center of a shallow rock-edged pool, I heard frogs bellowing, though none was in sight. Stooping, I looked into a little cave and saw three side by side. Farther up, in a mud-banked pool, they were lying under the willows that overhung the water. In still a third pool they were hiding in weeds.

Frequently you'll have to get close to where you think they are. For instance, if they're under the branches of overhanging trees, you'll have to part those branches and look in. Walk slowly, leaving as few ripples and making as few splashes as possible. Frogs are unpredictable creatures, and it is seldom that two act exactly alike.

One might remain, solemnly watching, until you're almost on top of him; another might jump into the water at the slightest ripple. Once I hunted all summer for a huge bellower that lived beside a shallow weed-flanked slough. Always, when I was about 100 feet away, one hop landed him in the center of the slough and another took him across. Then he disappeared in the tangled weeds where even a bloodhound couldn't have found him. I got one flying shot as he jumped into the slough, sometimes a second when he jumped out, and I always missed. Incidentally, bullfrogs are no travelers. One big croaker, marked with a tag, was never seen more than six feet from the same lily pad all summer. However, if frogs had to locate new food supplies, they'd probably travel the length of two or three pools.

Because they're unpredictable, shoot when you see one. Even though he looks asleep, rest assured that he isn't. A frog can disappear while you're putting your

(Continued on page 97)

Twice Cautious

BY GEORGES CAROUSSO

Game Warden Brown held that a city girl and a country boy are like oil and water—they just don't mix. But when Jane put on a demonstration for his benefit, he had to admit that perhaps there are exceptions

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWELL DODD

CHIEF Game Warden Brown tapped his forefinger on the steering wheel of the car to add emphasis to his words. "Oil and water don't mix," he punctuated severely. He liked proverbs. They had a way of hitting the nail on the head, and they gave the other person something to think about while he got the problem straight in his own mind. He slanted his eyes toward his assistant Clarry Hawkes and nodded with satisfaction. Clarry was thinking it over, all right. He was hunched down dejectedly in the corner of the seat, his forehead puckered, chewing unhappily at his lips. Well, better a bit of unhappiness for him now than a whole lifetime of it. That was the trouble with young ones. They didn't think of tomorrow. They didn't have the experience to look at the whole picture—length, breadth, and depth. And when they were in love, sometimes they didn't even take a good look at the surface.

It wasn't only that he was Clarry's chief. If it had been just that, he would have kept his mouth shut over this business. It was that he had practically fathered Clarry ever since his folks had died, had brought him up and helped him get into the warden service. That's why he was going with Clarry to visit this girl Jane. Because love is so blind.

"She's city folks and you're country folks," the Chief warned him.

"But she's different!" Clarry defended quickly, and the Chief snorted.

"This here girl is the grass that's greener in the other pasture. But this is your pasture, Clarry." He encompassed the mountains that surrounded them with a wave of his arm. "It's hard country, but you love it because you belong to it. She don't belong. She won't be happy."

"But she does belong!" Clarry sat up and twisted around in his seat. "Look, Chief. It isn't where you were born that makes you belong. You've got to love a place to belong to it. You've got to feel it deep inside of you. And Jane does feel it. She's a demonstrator and she makes good money. She has a fancy apartment and lots of friends. But what does she do in her spare time? Stick around the city? Not Jane! She comes up here because there's something here that she belongs to. She even had this cabin built up on the Knolls so she can heat it in the wintertime and use it."

"A fad!" the Chief said. "Here today and gone tomorrow. I've seen plenty of log cabins built in my time by city folks. Fancy ones, too. And I've seen them rot away in the forest."

"Not Jane. She likes it here. She's crazy about fishing. Fact is, I first met her this spring trout fishing over by Split Rock Pool."

"Seems like I remember you mentioning it to me. Gal had three fish, one measuring kind of short of the limit—"

"Just a fraction," Clarry said quickly. "Could have shrunk that much in her creel."

"Bah!" the Chief snorted. "City folks are poachers at heart. I got no use for poachers. You give her a summons?"

Clarry's jaw tightened. "I've got no use for poachers either," he said. "But I didn't give her a summons. You yourself said that sometimes a bit of educating in game laws and conservation is a long sight better. A stitch in time saves nine—remember?"

"It works on some folks," the Chief admitted grudgingly.

"It worked on Jane," Clarry said. "She understands about conservation because she belongs to the country. Why shouldn't she? Her great-granddaddy was a scout in the Indian country years ago. It's in her blood. Why, she even took out a deer-hunting license last week! I issued it to her myself. She's a great girl, Chief. Wait till you meet her!"

The Chief said nothing. It sure was hard to take that blindness out of a young fellow's eyes.

They drove up before the log cabin which was fancy enough to be called a lodge. The Chief had to admit to himself that it looked well built on a spot that was well chosen. It was on a high knoll to keep the dampness from settling, and it had a rise of the mountain in back to ward off some of the north wind. It faced a small clearing. There was smoke coming from the field stone chimney as the Chief got out of the car stiffly and walked toward the porch steps. He stopped for a moment at the kindling pile and yanked the light double-edged ax out of the splitting log and looked at its edge. It was rough and jagged.

"Chops her own kindling, I see," he commented dryly.

He lifted his head and sniffed the air and the smoke of burned food. He was ready to comment on the obvious fact that she did her own cooking when his eyes fell on a deer hanging head down from the eaves on the shady side of the porch. Clarry saw the deer too.

"Jane got her buck!" he exclaimed happily.

The cabin door swung open, letting out a cloud of smoke and the girl, who stood in the doorway quickly drying her hands on a towel. She was slim and not very tall, but she looked trim in her hunting breeches and boots and dark red-and-black-checkered shirt. Her blonde hair was close-cropped and boyish, but she was a woman. Very much a woman. A city-slick woman, at that. Why, even her finger nails were painted a bright red. She held out her hand to the Chief.

"Clarry promised that he was going to bring you up some time," she said brightly. "I'm so glad you came! I can't ask you in yet. I'm still so excited about shooting my first buck that I burned supper to a crisp. The place is reeking with burned liver."

"Sort of got a whiff of it," said the Chief. "Smelled like your mink coat was on fire."

He felt the girl stiffen and turn toward Clarry, but he ignored them both and walked over to the deer. It was a nice buck, an eight-pointer. He pulled up the head by one of the horns, and the horn felt loose in his hand. The deer had been shot in the forehead between and just above the eyes. He heard Clarry behind him take a deep sharp breath. "That's mighty nice shootin'," the Chief said politely. "How far would you say the deer was when you shot, miss?"

"Now, Chief," Clarry protested. Their eyes met and Clarry's were the first to drop. He looked kind of pale around the gills and sick angry, but he didn't say another word. It was no wonder. Both of them had seen plenty of deer shot like that. Deer that had been illegally jacked, killed at night with a jack light shining up their eyes, blinding them so that a hunter could walk almost up to them and shoot them in the forehead. There was nothing dirtier in poaching than jack-lighting deer. It was tough on Clarry.

The girl leaned back against the log wall as if to steady herself. She lit a cigarette slowly. The match between her fingers was steady, but a thin mask had settled over her face.

"That deer was about a hundred and twenty yards away," she said evenly.

"Ho!" snorted the Chief. "That's a powerful long ways in the woods. Couldn't have been right out here in the clearing, could it?"

"Now Chief—" Clarry tried to interrupt.

"It so happens that it was," Jane said. "How did you guess that?"

"Maybe you ain't so good at judging distances," the Chief parried.

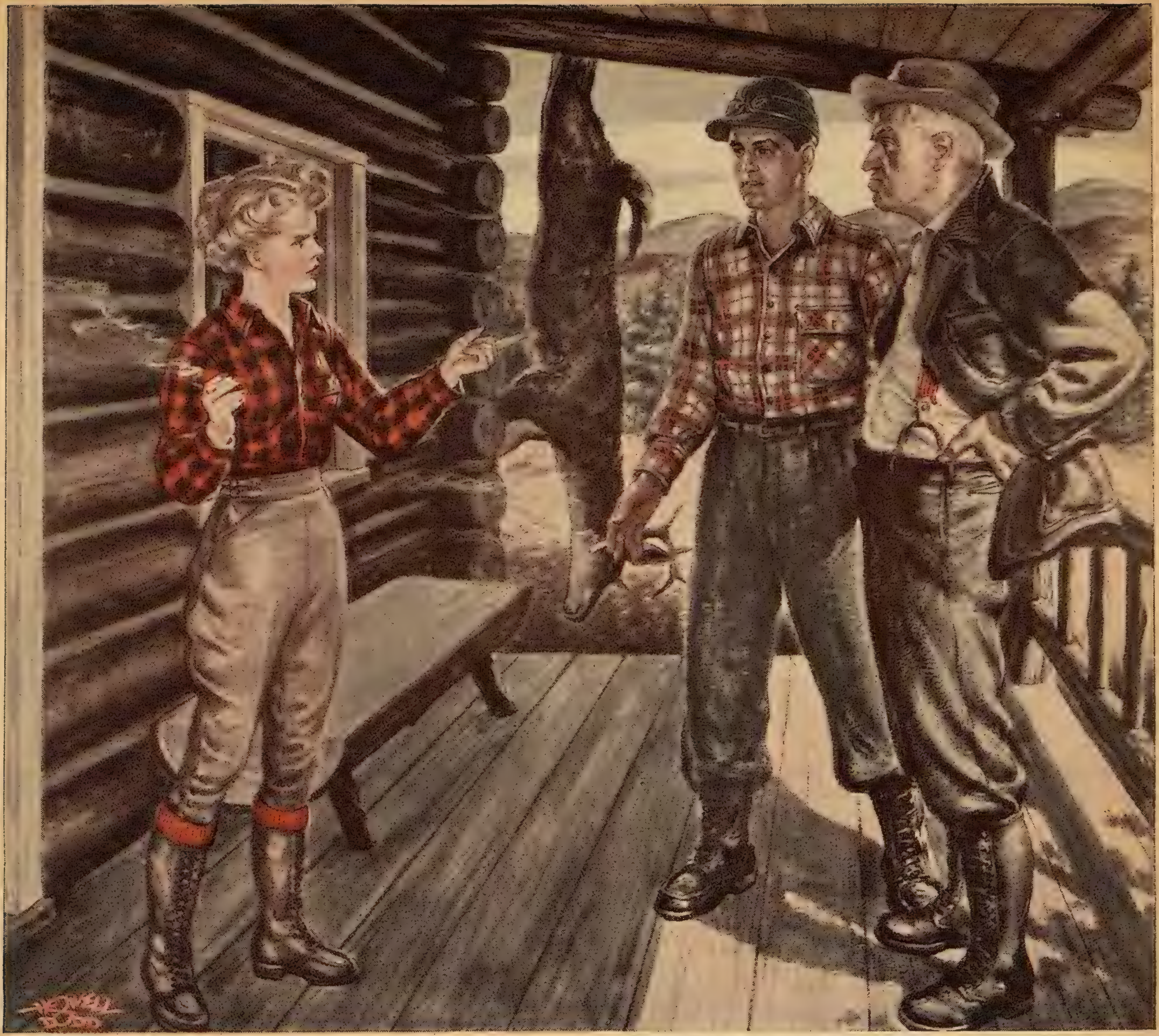
"Well, I ought to be!" the girl snapped. "You see that big oak there at the edge of the clearing? Well, I was just coming out this morning and I saw the buck in the clearing. He ran toward the woods, but stopped at that oak to look back. I shot him from right here on the porch. One hundred and twenty yards!"

The Chief shook his head. "Mighty long shot," he insisted.

The girl spun on him, and she was no longer trying to hold her anger back.

"You're insinuating that I jacked that deer, aren't you?" she demanded. "You're trying to make Clarry believe that I'm a poacher!"

"Look, Chief, you don't understand—" Clarry started, but the old man cut him off. There was no backing down with them now. It was hard on the young ones, but better now than later. The girl had spunk. But the buck had a slug between the eyes and that meant that he had been jacked.



"You're insinuating that I jacked that deer, aren't you?" she demanded. "You're trying to make Clarry believe that I'm a poacher."

And that kind of poaching didn't belong in this country no more than the girl belonged here.

"All I'm sayin', ma'am, is that we don't exactly cater to poachers hereabouts. And that's a mighty long shot. Mighty long! Why, the target wouldn't have been much bigger than my watch." He pulled out his watch and dangled it before her eyes. It was a railroad watch, presented to him on his thirtieth anniversary as a warden. "Hardly bigger than this," he repeated. He saw the girl's eyes flicker before his steady glance.

"Would you be willing to hang your watch on that tree and let me shoot at it?" she asked.

"As many times as you want," the Chief said. She was cocky, all right, but he knew her kind. Give a calf enough rope and he'll hang himself. He'd give her enough rope, all right.

"Look, Chief, you don't understand—" Clarry started, but the Chief cut him off.

"I understand better than you do, Clarry! Hang the watch on that tree for the lady. And then get out of the way!"

Clarry shrugged, looked at Jane, and shrugged again. He took the watch and walked off across the clearing. The girl walked into the cabin through the veil of smoke that met her at the door and came out again quickly with a rifle and one shell. She looked up at the smoke drifting out at an angle across the porch, and toyed with the sight on the gun.

"Better wait till Clarry gets away out of the way before you shoot," the Chief said softly. "He's all I got left."

The girl turned and a fleeting smile crossed her face.

"I don't think you'll ever get to like me," she said.

CLARRY had the watch hanging by its chain from the rough bark. It was just a small white spot in the distance against the dark background of the tree trunk. The girl waited patiently until Clarry walked back to the porch. His face was drawn and pale, and for a moment the Chief almost weakened. Then, unconsciously, he shook his head. Once burned, twice cautious. Clarry would be more careful when he fell in love the next time.

The girl snapped back the bolt on the gun, shoved in the one shell, slipped her arm through the gun sling and lifted the rifle to her shoulder. The shot rang out sharply. Far across the clearing the small white speck exploded into smithereens. The Chief staggered back and shut his eyes. "My watch!" he whispered.

"Look, Chief, I tried to tell you," Clarry's voice came from far away, "but you wouldn't listen. Jane is an arms demonstrator for a gun manufacturer. She does exhibition shooting. It's like I told you—it's in her blood. Her great-granddaddy was a scout in the Indian—"

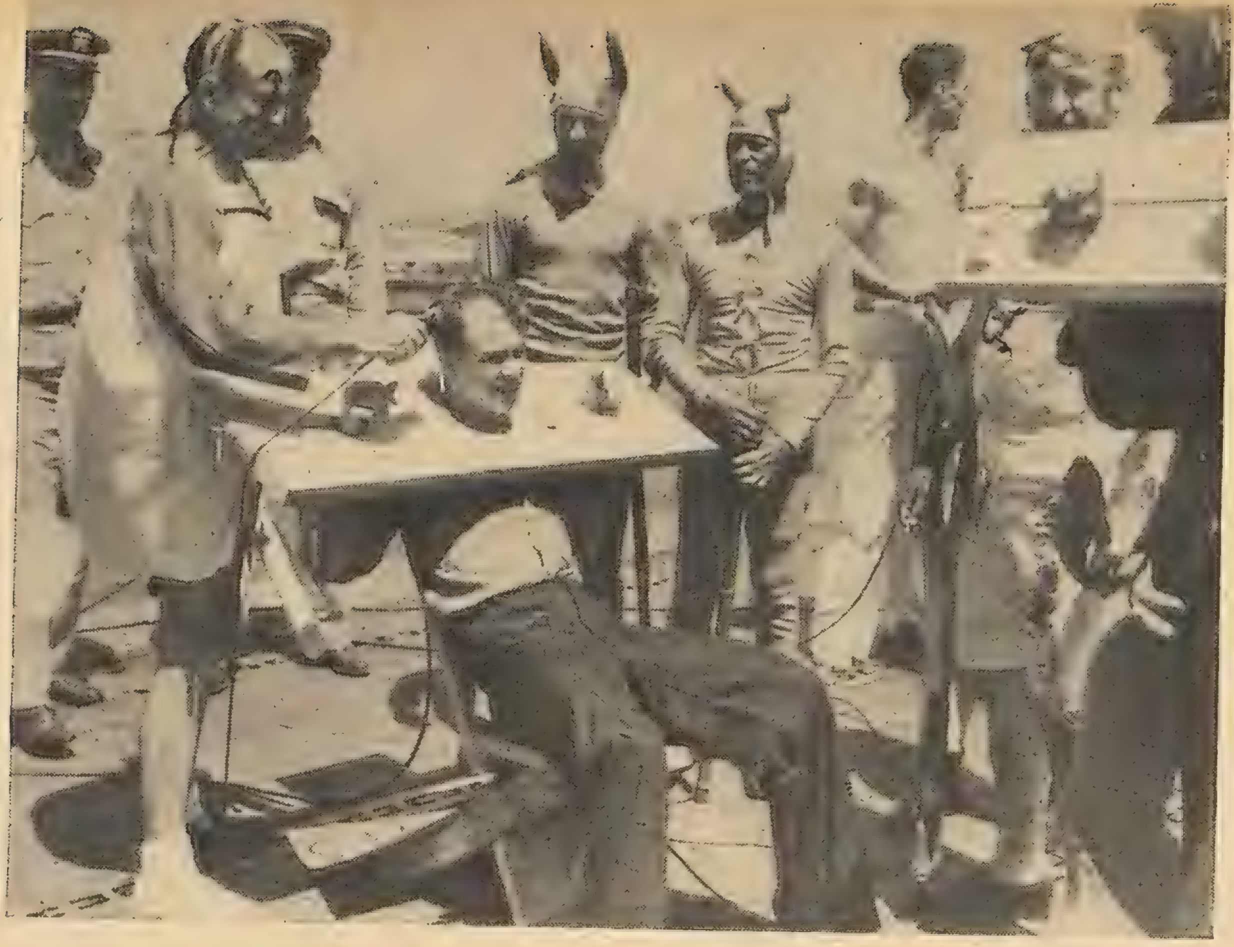
"Shut up!" said the Chief.

"I'm sorry," said the girl, "but you didn't like me anyhow. And I might just as well have the game as the name. I guess now you never will get to like me."

The Chief opened his eyes and looked from one to the other, scared, stubborn young ones, holding their ground against him.

"You never can tell," he said gruffly, trying to hide the grin that twitched his mouth. "After all, there's no fool like an old fool, you know."

THE END



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTOS

Part of the crossing-the-line initiation is a "butch" in King Neptune's barbershop. If the polliwog's had a haircut lately, they clip off his eyebrows.

I Was a Slimy Polliwog

BY ENS. PERRY J. GRANT, U.S.N.R.

The first time a sailor crosses the equator, the Navy invokes certain formalities that make a fraternity initiation look like a Ladies' Aid lawn party. Here's how one man lived through them

THERE I was, half naked, seated on the blistering deck of a Navy transport in tropical waters. My hair was cut off, I was covered with grease and paint, but, brother, I was laughing. It isn't all hell on the high seas in wartime. A man who spends months at sea has to relieve the tension somehow. That's why my condition wasn't as bad as it looked, because it was the result of combining a barrel of fun with one of the Navy's oldest traditions.

Such is the ceremony that takes place when men first cross the equator. Here indeed is a humorus hell on high water, for seaman and admiral alike. When they first pass his watery border line, old Neptune is on hand to denounce them as "slimy polliwogs" until they prove themselves worthy to enter his domain. I know, because I was a slimy polliwog.

Maybe I'd better explain. A polliwog is a guy that's never been across the equator. If you live to get across, you attain the dignity of an "honorable shellback," one of Neptune's aides. But don't kid yourself. It's not simply a matter of steaming past the zero latitude. At least, not on my ship it wasn't.

I was an ensign, fresh out of midshipmen school, green as they come. The most salt I'd ever seen was what spilled on my breakfast eggs. Orders came to report to a Navy transport for sea duty. As soon as I came aboard, I was kidded about not having been across the equator. Scarcely had we left the States when the officers began telling me about all the travail they went through to become shellbacks. My men began pointing at my long hair and laughing among themselves. It was amply clear that they were going to enjoy seeing their division officer suffer the wrath of His Majesty's court.

I wasn't alone in my suffering. Three of my brother officers were polliwogs. So were various new men in the crew and a few hundred G. I. passengers.

About three days north of the equator we got the first word of our impending fate. The loud-speaker clicked on, a bo's'n's pipe shrilled attention, and the skipper's harsh voice boomed out:

"Attention, please. I have a message of greatest importance for all of you. In my hand I have a wireless message from His Royal Majesty, King Neptunus Rex, Ruler of the Seas. It reads as follows: 'Dear Captain: It has come to my attention that you are bringing a cargo of lowly polliwogs into my royal domain. I trust that you will prepare these filthy scum for what is in store for them. Be careful, though, for I would hate to see my royal water soiled with their unworthy blood.' Signed, King Neptunus Rex."

The next day we polliwogs were left severely alone. No one seemed to care to speak to us beyond the line of duty. I became suspicious of men staring at my hair and decided to beat them to the punch. I'd get a crew cut, so they wouldn't have anything to work on. I got my precautionary "butch" all right, but I wished later that I hadn't.

The festivities started that night. As I sat down to my evening meal in the wardroom, I found a piece of paper folded on my plate. Covered with pictures of mermaids, tridents, and fish, it was a subpoena ordering me to appear before the royal court on the day we were to cross the equator. I was accused of having too much "sack duty" (sleeping too much), conspiring against the shellbacks, and cheating the royal barber by getting my hair cut beforehand. For such conspicuous crimes against Neptune's henchmen I was designated for a "special punishment." To my relief, I found out later that all the polliwogs were on the special-punishment list.

At about noon on the day before we were to cross the equator, 1,300 men began to appear dressed in skivvy shirts with red skulls and crossbones painted on them. These were shellbacks, and they began beating the decks with wooden paddles and making a terrific racket. Then a voice over the amplifiers announced: "We are expecting a visit from His Majesty's Royal Ambassador, Admiral Davy Jones. All lowly polliwogs will lay below to their quarters and dress in the polliwog uniform of the day." We had previously been told what to wear. Officers were to wear their full uniform backward with merely a hat cover on their heads. Sailors were to wear their undress blue backward with a neckerchief, and soldiers their woolen G. I.s backward.

I felt like a fool when I crept up topside wearing such a ridiculous outfit, but I had plenty of company. Half the deck was covered with inversely clad men, and the other half with ominous-looking shellbacks brandishing their paddles. It seemed that Davy Jones wasn't to arrive for three hours, so the shellbacks had set aside the intervening time for "games," to get us in the spirit of things. Things—including myself—began to warm up plenty fast. I was wandering along the super deck when I received a resounding whack on my stern. I turned, to face two burly shellbacks, paddles in hand.

"Hey, polliwog," one said, "what are you?"

"I'm a slimy polliwog," I returned.

"Louder!"

"I'm a slimy polliwog."

"Ya don't say? Now how the hell do ya expect Neptune to hear ya when ya purr like that? *Louder!*"

"I'm a slimy polliwog!" I screamed, my lungs bursting.

"That's better," the bigger one replied. "Now, are ya dressed like a polliwog should be?"

"Of course." I had taken special pains to get my clothes on backward. But they seemed to doubt me.

"It seems to me that a polliwog would have his shorts on backward," one said to the other. Then, to me, "Let's see."

Leave it to me to forget something like that. It was no use fighting. Off came my pants, and by the time I got my shorts on backward I was ready to hit somebody, but I cooled off when I saw a colonel next to me doing the same thing.

ABOUT this time I heard someone yell, "The line has not been sighted yet!" Up in the bow were two fellow sufferers dressed in overcoats in the tropical sun. They were scanning the sea with a hose and a pair of soft-drink bottles which served as telescope and binoculars, respectively. These men were looking for the equator. It was their duty to turn to the bridge every five minutes and yell, "The line has not been sighted yet!"

The ship was a bedlam. A sailor came walking by yelling, "I'm a seaman second class!" He had a rope around the neck of an ensign who had to yell, "And I'm his orderly!" About twenty men came by straddling brooms like kids playing horse. They were screaming, "Gangway for the mine sweepers!" The ship was echoing to the whacks of shellbacks' paddles, and this was only the day before we crossed the equator. I found myself on my hands and knees scrubbing the deck with a toothbrush, while over me were marching men doing the manual of arms with brooms and mops.

Just as I was ready to drop, the bugle blew and the bo's'n's pipe shrilled again. They were piping Admiral Davy Jones aboard. We were ordered to fall in at our lifeboat stations so the admiral could review us. There came Davy strutting down the main deck, escorted by Peg-Leg Pete and the Sea Hag, fictional characters of the deep. Peg-Leg's wooden leg kept falling off. Admiral Jones was an old chief boatswain with a cotton beard and an admiral's hat. His chest was covered with wooden medals, and about six turns of electrician's tubing were wound around his shoulder boards. At his side was a huge wooden sword. As he began his tour of the decks, shellbacks kept running in front of him yelling, "Bow down, ye scum, bow down for the royal admiral!"

Ol' Davy didn't say much. He just strutted around grunting and looking im-

"A polliwog's life is a dog's life!" this polliwog was rash enough to tell Neptune's barber. As punishment, he has to lap up, dog fashion, peaches and cream.

The waterspout from a hose helps shellbacks propel a polliwog through their "Tunnel of Love" and the muck in it. If he gets stuck, they'll paddle him.

Then he's blindfolded, seated in "what feels like a chair," and asked if he can swim—and before he can answer, he's dumped into a pool of mucky water.

portant, except when he saw some poor polliwog who didn't bow down low enough. Then he would turn to the royal sheriff, draw his sword and bellow, "Put that man in the brig!"

Pretty soon he came to my group. It was all a gag, but my heart was beating in my throat. We were scraping our noses on the deck when we were told to come to attention and salute. This was to be a special polliwog salute with our left thumb stuck in our left ear. I gave my snappiest salute, but I guess it wasn't as good as the rest, because the admiral looked me up and down, stuck his sword in my stomach and roared, "Put this Gestapo sailor in irons!"

Down I went to the ship's brig along with about twenty other confused polliwogs. We yelled and threatened revenge, but all we got for our trouble was the horse laugh and a pan of bread and water to console us. Three hours later they let me out, only because I had to stand a watch on the bridge. That was the end of the first day's activity, but it was the next day, when we were to go before King Neptune's court, that was worrying me.

All this may seem no way to act on the high seas in time of war, but while many men were taking part in these shenanigans, just as many were on duty all over the ship. Those of us in the ceremony were on our free time or were being relieved by men who had already participated.

THE next morning was the big day, all right. About 0900, the siren shrilled, whistles blew, and the Jolly Roger was hoisted to the starboard yardarm. This was it! We were entering the Southern Hemisphere. Right away King Neptune came aboard carrying his pitchfork. He was accompanied by the Queen, Davy Jones, Peg-Leg, the Sea Hag, the Royal Baby, and dozens of royal barbers, doctors, photographers, and henchmen, all dressed like pirates or old salts. The King climbed upon his throne and rubbed his hands in glee.

I was one of the first to go through the mill. Dressed in nothing but my life belt, I was dragged up to a big desk where the royal lawyers were sitting. On the desk was a huge red light with GUILTY painted on it. Beside it was a tiny flashlight bulb with NOT GUILTY by it. I started to plead my innocence, but the big bulb flashed on, bells clanged, and the lawyers shouted, "Take him away!"

Thrown before King Neptune, I was salaaming for all I was worth when I was prodded in the seat with an electric pitchfork. The royal messenger knelt before His Majesty and said, "This man is guilty of being a polliwog, Your Highness."

"Give 'im de woiks!" roared Neptune.

"De woiks" consisted of about three fraternity initiations all in one. First I had to kiss the Royal Baby's stomach. He was the fattest shellback on the ship, and was clad only in a diaper. As I started to obey, he poured a bottle of mustard oil over his bay window. All the while I was being paddled—a process that continued merrily throughout the initiation.

They kept insisting that I should have my picture taken for the royal morgue, so they hauled me before His Majesty's photographer, who sat me in a chair just like they do in a States-side studio. Just as I managed the happy grin they demanded, the camera opened up and flour paste squirted all over my face. I couldn't see a darned thing, but they paddled me onward to Neptune's barbershop. Ha-ha, here's where I'm one up on them, I thought. They couldn't cut my hair because it had already been cut.

"What's this?" the barber said, flashing a pair of shears the size of hedge clippers. "This is one of those guys who thought he could cheat the barber out of a haircut, huh? Well, boys, we know what to do with him. Clip off his eyebrows."

Oh, brother, why did I have to be so darned smart? Out came the clippers. Snip, snip, and I went around looking like a boiled egg for a month.

This performance had just ended when —*wham!*—a big handful of axle grease was splattered on my chopped-up head. It was no use to fight back. Four men were standing over me at all times.

"This man looks sick!" a shellback yelled. "Take him to the royal doctor." The doctor was the pharmacist's mate who had given me my shots when I first came aboard. They would pick him! He was dressed in white and had a bedpan hanging around his neck. They threw me on a fake operating table, and "doc" began hacking at my leg with a saw which, to my relief, had no teeth. Then he broke a few stale eggs in my mouth, and his assistants began painting me with blue and red paint. I didn't get that off for a week. Nor did I lose the taste of the quinine cookies that were given me for quick relief. Sawbones began giving me a too vigorous rubdown, not with alcohol, but with an oily substance that smelled to high heaven.

Finally the doctor finished his treatment, and I was rushed onward. I caught a glimpse of some of my fellow polliwogs and, messy as I was, I couldn't help laughing at the sight—grown men painted up like circus baboons.

This wasn't the end. They had rigged up on the fantail an unlovely mess they called the Tunnel of Love, a ventilation chute filled knee-high with muck. But when you had to crawl through it, it completely covered you. I was plenty thin, so I didn't have much trouble, but the man behind me got stuck halfway through, and had to be paddled out.

NO sooner did I worm my way out of this mess than I was sprayed with a ship's hose. When I was sopping wet, a shellback struck me with another one of those electric pitchforks. YEOW! I felt like a short-circuited light bulb. I found out later that the current was off half the time, but boy, oh, boy, the psychological effect was bad enough. It had the polliwogs jumping like grown frogs.

Soon after this I was blindfolded and seated in what felt like a chair. A voice asked me if I could swim, but before I could answer, the chair and I flopped backward into a tank of filthy water. My blindfold came off as I sank. I could feel the grease and muck of the men who had been dunked before me. Strong arms held me down until I was about to explode.

"What are you?" a man with an eyepatch asked when he finally pulled me up.

"I'm a polliwog."

Down I went again. When I came up, the question was repeated.

"—a polliwog," I blubbed. Then I saw the light. "—er, I mean I'm a shellback."

"You're darned right you are, brother shellback." Then he helped me out with a "That's all, fella."

That was enough. But let me tell you, if I find any of those slimy polliwogs on my ship, I'm really going to give 'em hell.

THE END

And here, just come aboard, are King Neptune, his Queen, Davy Jones, and their retinue—all "honorable shellbacks" in costume.

INT. NEWS PHOTO

It is our imports, especially of raw materials such as this coffee from Brazil, that make our exports possible.

Foreign Trade—and Your Job

BY HARRY A. BULLIS

Will heavy imports hurt American employment prospects? A business man discusses a problem every one of us faces right now

THE United States has turned its back on isolation and embarked on a course of co-operation in world affairs. We have ratified overwhelmingly the United Nations Charter. In the economic field we recently passed the Trade Agreements Act, extending for three years the power to reduce tariffs by 50 per cent from present levels; we passed the Bretton Woods international monetary program providing for our participation in a nine-billion-dollar monetary "Fund" to stabilize currencies after the war and also a nine-billion-dollar "Bank" for long-term loans; and we enlarged the available capital of our own Export-Import Bank from less than one to three and one half billion dollars.

Few of our citizens remain unsold on political co-operation with other nations, but many question the wisdom of economic co-operation. They feel it would increase American consumption of foreign goods and thus be harmful to American producers. They do not realize that we can enlarge our sales abroad only by buying more from abroad.

But, many Americans ask, aren't we certain to wreck our industries at home by buying abroad? Cannot American labor produce the things Americans need? Why pay foreigners to do it? Shall we sacrifice our own prosperity in the elusive quest of foreign good will?

On the contrary, the one sure thing about our foreign trade is that other countries will buy from us up to the last dollar they get by selling to us. Therefore, as we *buy abroad* we can *sell abroad,* dollar for dollar.

This is the way better jobs are made possible by exporting. When we export more, the larger volume allows us to lower costs. If we were to make only a little of everything—and not get volume—our costs would be high, not low.

We export the products of high-productivity industries. That provides jobs that pay high wages. We also export goods produced by our agriculture, which in many lines has a gross output per farmer often as high as $5,000. Our exports help agriculture, and if we didn't import, we would lose them. The worker in machine trades would fare badly. So would farmers, most of all in the products which they export.

With the war over, we can enlarge their export business because, as we buy more from abroad, we spread our purchases over a great many things. That doesn't hurt us as much as would the loss of our exports. This is because we export huge quantities in fewer classes of goods—especially machinery, vehicles, petroleum, and the very important agricultural products.

One of the best ways to cultivate good will in other nations is to buy their products freely. This is especially true when we know we can sell our own goods. And probably few Americans realize the appeal—the only adequate word for it is movieland's *terrific*—that American products have in the minds of people all over the world. The list includes cigarettes, tractors—both caterpillar and rubber-tired, canned and dried fruits, road-building machinery, dentures, agricultural implements, typewriters, and much more. (Even government stenographers once threatened to strike in Australia if they were to be forced to use non-American machines.) These are some of the things we send abroad. What do we buy to make possible our export of these and many other products?

First and foremost, we buy raw materials which we either do not produce or produce in insufficient quantities for our needs, such as paper and wood pulp, sugar and coffee, antimony and mercury, tea and spices, wool and mohair and furs. In addi-

PHOTO FROM FREDERIC LEWIS

Machines we export—the caterpillar tractor, for one—are badly needed abroad.

tion, we buy a small amount, in most cases of a ten-cent-store variety, of finished and handicraft goods. As to a smaller number of important products of our own, we sell a large share of our great output. In the same way we buy *raw materials*, but, other than these important raw materials, aside from them, we buy only small amounts. This is the total trade we want to build up in large amounts.

When foreign trade is moving at a lively clip, the dollars we pay for imports get back more quickly to our own producers as payment for our exports. The rate of turnover is most important. Every time the dollars turn over means another transaction which benefits both parties. Every time the dollars turn over, whether between Americans themselves or between Americans on one hand and foreigners on the other, there is an all-around gain. That is how the world moves forward.

THE end result of foreign trade is to enlarge the potential markets of all producers. For example, take an American razor manufacturer. He has a potential market of about 65,000,000 American shavers. The English make good razors too, and the American manufacturer may feel that letting them come in duty-free cuts down his potential market. But what actually has happened is that the British now have dollars to spend for American products.

The more effectively our economy is functioning, the cheaper are our products, and the more the foreigners get for their dollars. Hence we help the world prosper by being prosperous ourselves. Statistics show that we buy most abroad when American business is most active.

Individuals or business concerns exchange their products only because each gains by doing so. Experience proves that when each individual specializes in what he can do best, and exchanges his products with other specialists in other fields, all concerned are benefited, and the total supply of goods available for consumption is greatly increased.

As a matter of fact, if each American family were compelled to produce everything it consumed, the nation would rapidly degenerate to a scant subsistence basis. Our standard of living in this country is possible only because individuals specialize in producing articles to exchange with others, instead of each family trying to produce everything it consumes. Does it seem reasonable to think that the application of this principle stops at the country's boundaries? Just as specialization and exchange benefit individuals, so they benefit nations. Restrictions on trade tend to be economically costly. In other words, economic nationalism is expensive to the nation that practices it.

For instance, we in the United States might be able to produce goods to replace all our past imports of a great many raw materials. But to do so for *all* of them would use up many of our own *limited* stocks of such important resources as, for example, coal, petroleum, lead, zinc, and manganese. Moreover, synthetic production and the working of scantier resources is often wasteful of manpower.

We want to keep America the seat of great economic power. To do so, we cannot waste very much of our stock of material or we shall find we are not using our human resources efficiently. Except where strategic factors enter, we can add to our well-being in peace and greatly strengthen our potential in war by trading abroad. In the trade, we should sell goods that we can easily produce in surplus amounts, and sell them for goods in short supply at home.

Increasing imports into this country will not result in large-scale unemployment. It may result in some temporary dislocation of labor, just as the introduction of the automobile caused some temporary unemployment among carriage makers and blacksmiths. But no one questions that the automobile brought increased employment and greatly increased prosperity to the entire country. Importing goods which foreign countries can produce better or more cheaply than we can will enable Americans to specialize on what they can do best and provide a wider market for the output of their labor.

As an example, take the gunny sack—a very cheap and durable wrapping that makes for easy handling of a wide variety of products. It is made of burlap, a fabric made from jute, which is produced almost entirely in India, with a large amount of labor and very little machinery. India has the large labor supply that is almost necessary if we are to have burlap at all. Wages paid in its production are not high. Before the war, gunny sacks used to cost six to eight cents apiece in this country. Without foreign trade with India, we might substitute cotton sacks for gunny sacks, but they would serve many uses no better and would cost a great deal more.

A VERY little of our machinery-reinforced labor pays for a great deal of burlap from India. We pay high wages at home, and we get low-cost material for sacks from abroad. In exchange for burlap, India gets from us machinery that will help her to produce more, so that her skilled labor can have higher wages. In addition, there's a humanitarian factor: the machinery may lessen the endless toil of some of India's teeming millions.

Our machinery—road-building and agricultural machinery, for example—is in great demand in all southeastern Asia. From that area, in peacetime, we obtain not only burlap but also many other raw materials, including manila fiber, tin, vegetable oils, tung oil, rubber, lead, hides and skins, and silk. To that area we sell machinery and manufactured goods of many kinds.

It has been estimated that the goods we normally sell to southeastern Asia are produced by no more than 200,000 American workingmen, and that the goods we normally get from the area are produced by about 20,000,000 workers—certainly an advantageous exchange for us. What we gain from our foreign trade is, then, the advantage arising from specialization.

Much of the rest of the world benefits by supplying the United States with needed raw materials. The workers of the other countries are thus provided with employment and also with the *dollars* to buy some of the fine things made in the United States.

The whole world, which has for years placed heavy restrictions on international trade, needs trade policies much freer than those prevailing in the interwar period. The trade restrictions in effect in the United States are almost exclusively tariffs. The restrictions of other countries include not only tariffs but many other heavy restraints and burdens upon trade. Some of these are: (1) import quotas which specify the limits of permissible imports regardless of tariff rates; (2) milling and mixing requirements which usually specify a high proportion of domestically produced materials and permit only a small proportion of imported materials; (3) clearing agreements by which purchases of foreign goods or imports are restricted to the amount of prior credits given for exports; (4) exchange control, which limits the acquisition of exchange to pay for imports; and (5) classification of permissible imports, which makes it impossible to import any goods not so classified.

The first attempt of Congress to reduce the extent of these restrictions, many of which developed during the great depression, was the Trade Agreements Act of 1934.

This act permitted the President to reduce the tariff rates then prevailing by as much as 50 per cent, provided reductions in the restrictions against U. S. exports were made by the countries with which trade agreements were concluded. This act, initially covering only a three-year period, was extended three times to 1945.

Congress recently provided a further extension for three years. This extension introduces an important change, for it provides that tariff rates may be reduced by 50 per cent from the rates prevailing on January 1, 1945. Thus, if a 50-per-cent reduction had already been made, the additional 50 per cent would result in a maximum reduction of 75 per cent from the rates provided in the 1930 Smoot-Hawley Tariff Act.

THUS the way is opened to America to play her part in breaking down the barriers to world trade. The question now is, "What shall the United States import in larger amounts so as not to harm the American farmer, American industry, or the American workingman?"

Before this question is answered, it must be reiterated that, as our *imports* increase, so also will our *exports*—exports not only of important industrial products (helping to keep wages high), but also of agricultural products (helping to keep farm incomes high).

High incomes for farmers and industrial workers will enable them to buy and consume more of both domestically produced and imported articles. Many of the imported items will be different from any we produce at home. Others, it is to be hoped, will be much cheaper than similar articles now available.

It would be possible, without in any way harming American industry, to increase considerably our imports of goods not produced in the United States. It would also be to our advantage to import more of certain minerals of which our own supplies are scanty, such as magnesium, tungsten, and vanadium; and increased quantities of goods requiring types of craftsmanship not developed in this country, such as hand-made lace and hand-embroidered linens, wearing apparel, and handkerchiefs. More imports of glassware from Sweden and Middle Europe, of woolens from England, of silverware from Denmark, of china from Britain, France, and Denmark, would please us all, especially if we knew our purchases of more of them made it possible for our farmers to sell more wheat, pork, and tobacco.

The total volume of these imported articles would probably not bulk large in *our* total markets, but to the smaller foreign countries producing such goods it would be large enough to improve their economic status.

Americans are probably the world's greatest travelers. And travel in foreign countries has almost the same economic effect as buying goods abroad. The dollars that American tourists spend abroad are just the same as the dollars that American importers pay for foreign goods. They will eventually be spent in the United States to buy the products of American farms and factories.

Since it appears reasonably certain that productivity will increase in the future, it is expected that the level of American incomes will also substantially increase. Such an increase will be a measure of our progress. Let us plan accordingly to enlarge consumption—in other words, to raise our scale of living—by utilizing the varied low-cost goods that can be brought here from all over the world. Once this has been done, the American consumer and the American housewife will ask why this obviously desirable procedure was so long delayed. And the American farmer will ask why we waited so many years to work out with European nations a reduction in their agricultural tariff walls—barriers that had been raised to levels so much higher than our own.

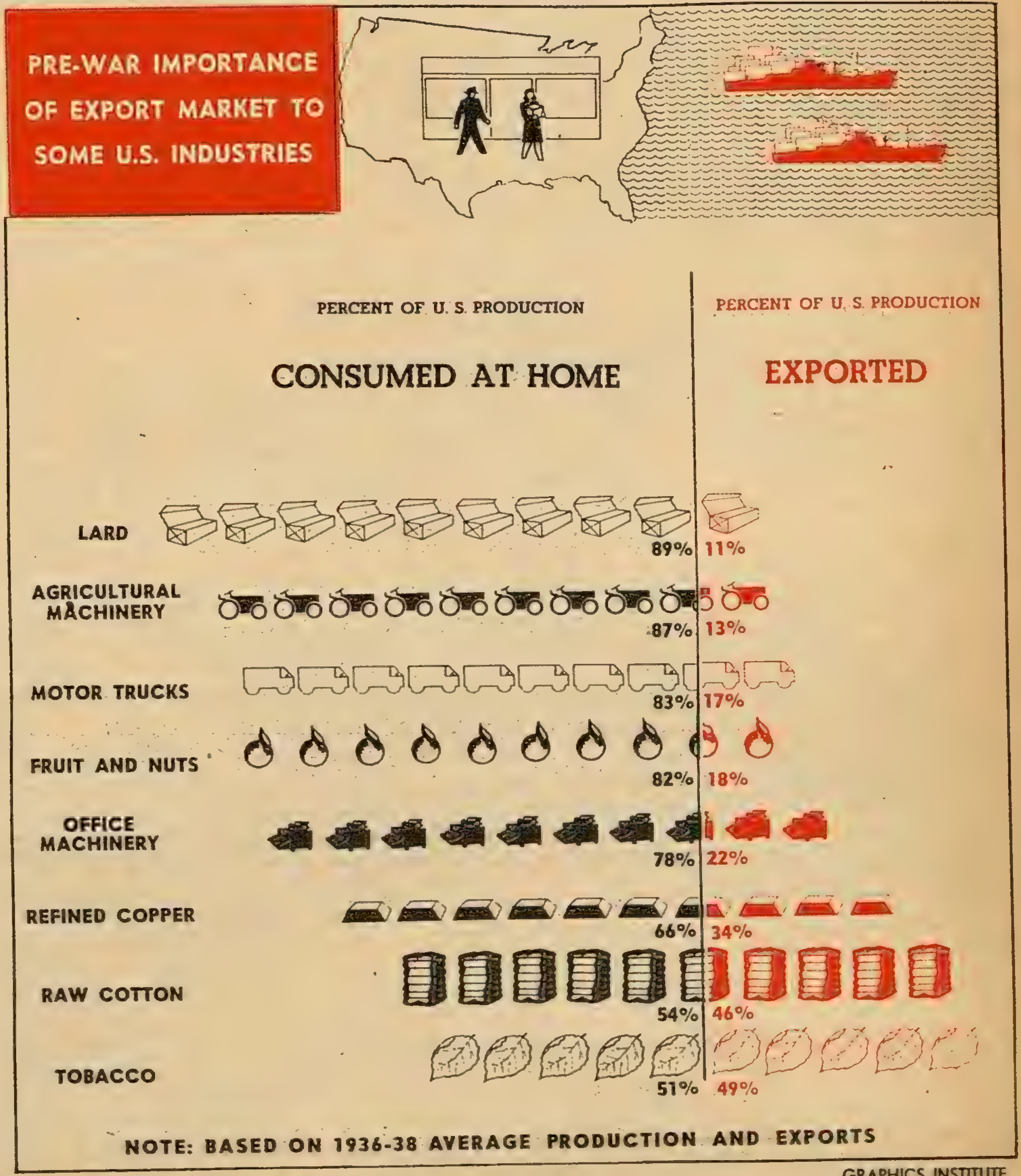
In this connection we should remember that world trade is based on multilateral exchange, not necessarily on direct exchange between countries. In other words, we do not have to buy from the same country to which we sell.

For instance, we in the United States normally buy much more from the Far East (products such as tea, rubber, and tin) than we sell there. The dollars that we pay for imports from the Far East flow to Europe, to pay for manufactured products. The Europeans use them to buy from the United States—chiefly food products, of which the United States produces a surplus and of which Europe does not produce enough for its own needs. This entire process is called triangular trade, the three points of the triangle being the United States, the Far East, and Europe. When many countries are involved, the term multilateral trade is applied.

Importing products *from abroad* is imperative if we wish to sell our products abroad. In order to restore our farmers' sales of wheat, it is much easier to buy and consume a wide variety of European goods than it is to try to consume a surfeit of wheat in this country. Trying to produce every possible item here at home is likely to result in holding too many workingmen in low-paying industries. By increasing our foreign trade, imports and exports alike, the United States can contribute to the economic well-being of the world in general, and can have greater assurance of continuing into the future the amazing rate of progress which has characterized our past.

WE know that we can never "go back to normalcy," as we vainly tried to do after the last war. Nations go forward or go down. We cannot go back, and even if we could, we would not for one moment want to return to the "normal" of the period between the two wars, with its economic chaos, social disturbance, and spiritual frustration. So let us resolutely move forward, profiting by past experience and facing the problems of the times with open minds.

THE END


PRE-WAR IMPORTANCE OF EXPORT MARKET TO SOME U.S. INDUSTRIES

NOTE: BASED ON 1936-38 AVERAGE PRODUCTION AND EXPORTS

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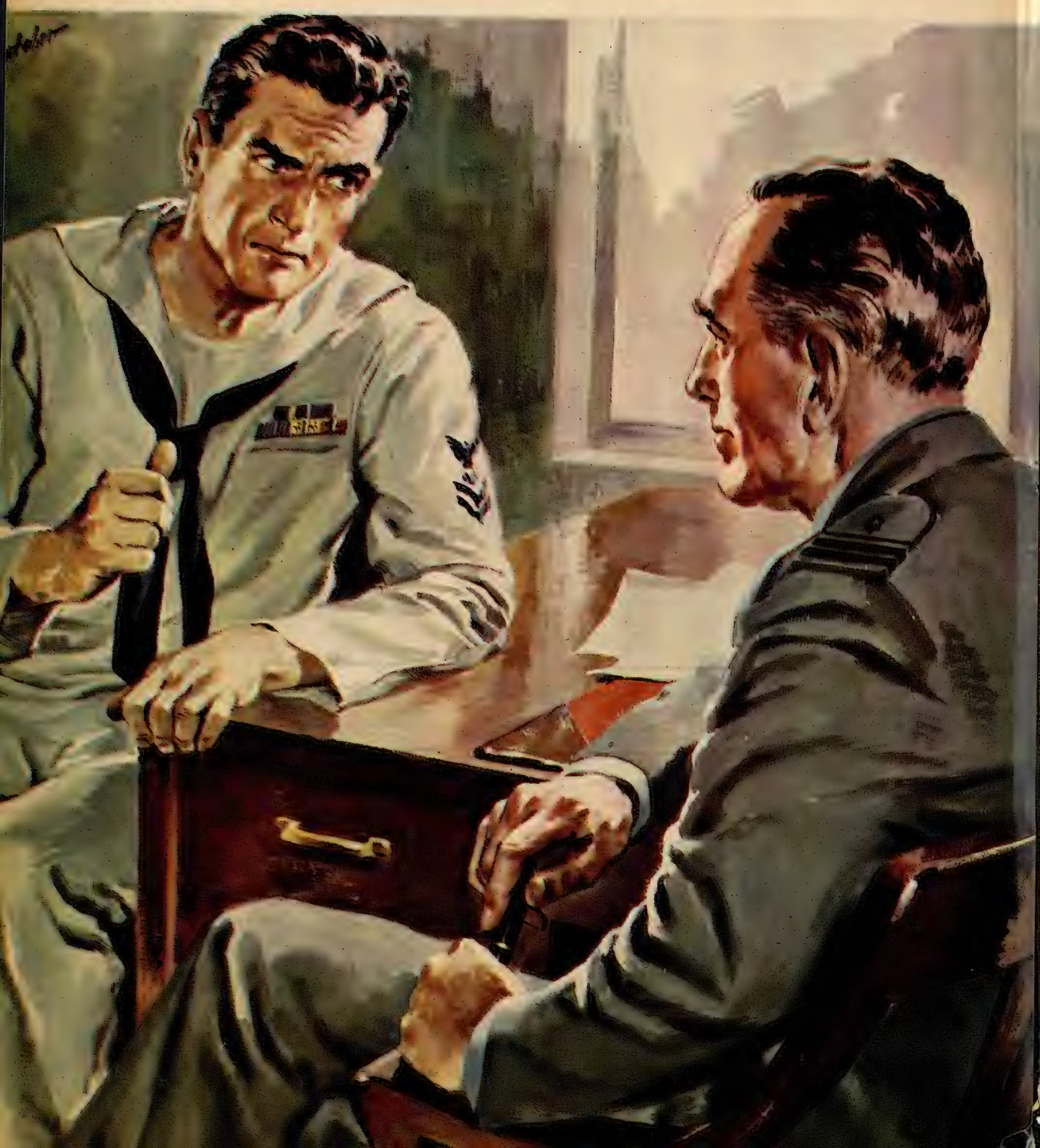


Rossi had fought his war. He'd had it—and now home and Ruth were a day or two away. Could he share with her his memories, his fears, or even his quiet joy that he was leaving the Navy the proud way?

BY LIEUTENANT RICHARD CARLSON, U. S. N. R.

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

A FINE chill rain was blowing in from the water, and the men stamped the damp sand from their feet as they entered the building. The sound on the plank floor was hollow and grating, and the Chief had to raise his voice above it as he directed them to take seats.

There were seventy or eighty folding chairs in the makeshift auditorium. Apparently the building had been used to store beach equipment before the Navy had taken over the hotel.

Rossi surveyed his companions idly, with the cool detachment that experienced sailors employ when they are thrown with an unfamiliar draft of men.

His face was impassive and gave no hint of specific opinion.

"Take off your hats," said the Chief. Rossi watched the group of men across the aisle from him as they complied with the order. They were very young mostly, and wore their nondescript uniforms awkwardly. Then Rossi noticed a peculiar thing, and he smiled a little. The thirty or forty men in the group across the aisle were all seamen, and none of them wore campaign ribbons. On his side there were nine, all rated men, and he hardly needed to look at their decorations to know they'd been out. Without an order, without discussion, and almost unconsciously the two groups had separated themselves with the aisle between. Rossi was content that it should be so, but he nevertheless thought it odd.

"What's the deal here?" he said to the sailor next to him. "How long do they keep us?"

"Three days, I guess. I don't know."

Two lieutenants entered and went to the raised platform at one end of the auditorium. They placed some papers on the rostrum and then one of them spoke to the Chief. Then they both sat down and stared quietly over the heads of the audience.

Presently the Chief moved down the aisle with an armful of cardboard folders. Rossi took two, handing one to his only companion in that row, without looking at him. In his folder he found a red-white-and-blue booklet entitled The G.I. Bill of Rights, and several mimeographed sheets. He ruffled through these until he came upon Station Regulations. Quickly his eyes flicked over them, looking for something, and they found it. "Liberty: The processing of your records at West Beach will take 72 hours. During this time dischargees will be granted no liberty except in the case of a bona fide emergency certified by the Red Cross." He put the papers and the booklet back in the folder and gave his attention to one of the lieutenants who was making some announcements.

"Captain Feltus, who is the C. O. here, likes to see everybody with a neat haircut, so most of you men will want to drop in at the barbershop right away. It's on the first deck of the hotel near the main ladder, and haircuts are free, so there's no excuse. You'll also be expected to keep your compartments and yourselves clean at all times."

"Can't a guy be sorry to leave his ship without having combat fatigue? Can't a guy cry without being a loony?"

Rossi wondered what they were doing on the ship right at this moment. It was a pleasant habit he had fallen into, this remembering of things warm and familiar, a habit he had first developed in the South Pacific. Then, in moments of idleness or boredom or even fright, he would let his mind run back to the ugly old house in the East Seventies where he lived, or to his wife and what she was doing at that moment, or sometimes to girls he had known before he was married.

Now he noticed he had reversed the process. On the long train trip across the country from Bremerton it was the ship that warmed his mind. But the game was complicated by his inability to estimate the exact time on the ship, without which knowledge he couldn't be sure what activities would be occupying the crew at any given moment. He was aware that for every fifteen degrees of longitude there was an hour's time difference. But while he knew that Ulithi was at east longitude 140, he had no idea of the longitude of Bremerton or Omaha or Long Island.

With a conscious effort Rossi brought his mind back to the little auditorium on the beach. The chaplain, a big man with wispy red hair and steel-rimmed glasses, was talking about the difficulties of becoming civilians again. Rossi had read about these difficulties in magazines on the ship, but he had not given them much thought, for the whole idea seemed silly to him.

"You may think," the chaplain was saying, "that good old Main Street hasn't changed at all, or that your friends and family are just the same as when you left them. Well, maybe so. But you may find that your wife has gained fifty pounds while you were away. She may be the same girl, but she's sure going to look an awful lot different."

RUTH. His mind let go of the chaplain's words and he scowled a little. He had sent her a telegram from Bremerton as soon as he arrived, and had telephoned her last night from Penn Station.

"Hello, Ruth. It's George."

He heard her gasp a little. Then, after a pause, she said, "Oh, honey! Where are you?"

"I'm at the station. I called you before, but there was no answer."

"I had to work late. Can you come right home?"

"Not tonight, Ruth. They're taking us out on Long Island somewhere. I've just got a minute."

"Oh, George, are they really letting you out?"

"I guess so, in a few days."

"Are you all right?"

"Sure, Ruth, I'm all right."

"Was it bad, honey?"

His voice hardened a little. "What?"

"When you—got hurt, I mean. Was it bad?"

"No, I'm all right now, Ruth. Look. I've gotta go. I'll call you from Long Island tomorrow."

He had broken off quickly, he didn't know why, and rushed down to the train. He was relieved when it began to move out through the tunnel, and he slouched down on the hard wicker seat and lighted a cigarette. How could he tell her what it was like? How could he tell anybody that hadn't been out there? He couldn't. It was a gulf that couldn't be bridged. Never anywhere.

The chaplain's voice changed pace, and Rossi, aware that a joke was coming, brought his mind back to the auditorium. It was a good joke, saved for the end of the speech, and Rossi laughed with the others. The chaplain sat down and removed his steel-rimmed glasses. He sighted through them carefully, then wiped them with his handkerchief, seemingly unaware of the success of his joke. Then the other lieutenant rose and started making some more announcements.

ROSSI'S leg pulled a little, and he shifted in his chair to ease it, scowling at the unpleasant flash it always brought to his mind. As he turned, his eyes rested, now more thoughtfully, on the callow faces across the aisle, and for the first time he wondered why they were getting out.

Three years ago, in boot camp, he had had to memorize the types of discharge the Navy gives, and now he checked them over against these men. Medical? Not likely. Bad Conduct? No, they hadn't been in long enough for that. Nor did they look tough enough. There was a guy on the ship that got a Bad Conduct. He was really tough. For the Convenience of the Service? No, they usually reserve that for officers that are drunks or queer or something. Inaptitude? Yes, that must be it. Inaptitude. The word carried some sort of stigma in Rossi's mind. Yet at the same time he felt a twinge of pity for these unlikely-looking boys across from him.

One corner of his brain had heard the lieutenant say something about a series of interviews that would acquaint them with their rights and benefits as veterans. He examined the word "veteran" as it hung in the air. It was peculiar. To him it had always had a connotation of older men than himself, men whose clothes bulged a little and who ran garages and went to conventions. Now it applied to him. It was peculiar, but he guessed he better get used to it.

The lieutenant talked on for a while, saying they were all welcome at West Beach. Then the meeting was over. The two officers walked up the aisle and left the building, and the room was noisy again as the men got to their feet.

The Chief took over. "You guys muster right away on the third deck over at the hotel. O. K., let's go."

As Rossi swung into the aisle he noticed that most of the undecorated men across from him were hanging back, deferring to his little group as though they were officers. It was only a momentary thing. It didn't please him particularly, yet when

(*Continued on page 101*)

Bobby-soxers cry for him, pull out his hair, drive him from his house, and write him 49,000 letters a month. Van Johnson would like to be the guy they think he is, but he's just

Every Mother's Son

By ALYCE CANFIELD

IT was the première of Thrill of a Romance at Hollywood's Egyptian Theater. Proceeds were for the war wounded, and admission was stiff. Even so, the house was oversold, and grandstands, erected on both sides of Hollywood Boulevard, had been packed all afternoon with bobby-soxers, mature women, and little old grandmas. They were waiting for Hollywood's smash sensation of the year: the twenty-nine-year-old, six-foot-two, easygoing redhead Van Johnson, whose fan mail at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer tallies a record 49,000 letters a month.

When Johnson stepped out of the car with the luscious Esther Williams on his arm, the fans let out a roar that shook the sidewalks. The master of ceremonies pushed a microphone in Johnson's face.

The tumult ceased. Johnson looked around him, visibly moved.

"Hiya, kids!" he said finally.

"Hi, Van!" they yelled back ecstatically.

"How long have you been here?" he asked.

"Since one o'clock," "Since noon," "Since this morning."

Van said, "Have you had your dinner?"

His fans roared back, "No!"

"Well, neither have I," grinned Van.

There was a low gratified moan from the crowd. Van had done it again. He had established contact, become a part of their world. He was a guy who talked to them, a guy they might possibly meet tomorrow and marry.

"I'm such an average punk I remind them of somebody, I guess," he says. "I've played so many soldiers that everyone thinks of me as the kid in uniform, *their* kid in uniform." Thus he explains a movie career that began as an unknown contract player and in three years hit the Hollywood jackpot.

Even the stars themselves know Van Johnson is different. In a town where celebrities are rarely disturbed—except by an occasional autograph hound—Van's fans literally camp on his doorstep.

He rented a home on a hilltop. He was there just a week when a group of youngsters woke him up one night by throwing pebbles at his window. They wanted a firsthand view of him. Another evening he came home and found his house taken over by a couple of cute bobby-soxers. They had cleaned the place up and wanted to stay and visit. One morning he found a sixteen-year-old on the doorstep along with the milk. She had come all the way from Iowa. When the fan blitz failed to let up after two months, he moved to a hotel.

Even there, things happened. He had put a brand-new top on his weather-beaten Ford convertible. It cost $150, and Van had thought twice before investing the money. He left the car in a parking lot one night, and the next morning the new top was covered with lipstick. Different sizes and shapes of feminine lips were imprinted all over it.

A friend gave him some rather nice handkerchiefs for a present. "The four-dollar kind you never buy for yourself," says Van. The night of the Thrill of a Romance première, he put one in his pocket, along with a flower in his buttonhole. After the picture, his fans grabbed the handkerchief, the flower, and the buttons from his shirt. They snatched at his tie, got a fistful of his hair and left his scalp bleeding. He emerged looking like the runner-up in a commando raid. Van is deeply grateful to his fans, but he doesn't think they have a right to tear him apart.

Van's fans send him gifts. An old farm couple in Iowa ships him butter and eggs. The first carton of eggs had a card: "This is no reflection on your talent!" A girl in West Los Angeles baked him a loaf of bread. A little girl in Chicago sends him candy every month, and mint-flavored gum, which he loves. One bobby-soxer saved her allowance and bought him a beautiful pair of initialed gold cuff links, which he wears.

He occasionally feels guilty about bobby-soxers saving their pennies to buy him presents, but he knows how it is. He was the same way himself at their age. He wrote ardent letters to Claudette Colbert and cried so hard at dinner over her picture, Imitation of Life, that his father remarked caustically, "Look! Could you manage to quit basting that meat in brine?"

He is still an incurable fan. "I had a brush with Ginger Rogers in Weekend at the Waldorf," he will say dreamily. "I didn't have any scenes, but I got to meet her!" Or, "Lana Turner is dynamite. People don't know what a great actress she is. They notice her beauty and don't realize she can act."

PUBLICITY-WISE, with an uncanny talent for remembering names, he is the darling of the writers, but he gives his studio near-apoplexy. Extremely honest, he will admit, "I think my fans like to know I'm human, that I tie one on occasionally," while beads of sweat form on the brow of the publicity representative. He dislikes being presented in articles as the disciple of sweetness and light, and says frankly, "I wish I *could* be like that guy up there on the screen. No kiddin'! I feel like I'm on such a pedestal with some of those kids that I can't do anything human. It's not easy, because I blow up now and then, like everyone else. I like an occasional whisky-and-soda. Everyone in Hollywood is so damned scared all the time. I think it's better to speak the truth."

This abrupt honesty stems from the childhood influence of a God-fearing but tolerant father. Van (Dell) Johnson was four when his parents were divorced. Living with his father and Swedish grandmother, who died when he was twelve, he was closer to his father than most boys are. It was his dad, a real-estate broker in Newport, Rhode Island, who took Van to his first movie (Louise Fazenda and Chester Conklin in The Galloping Goldfish), who taught him to swim, who went hunting and fishing with him, and decorated the tree at Christmas.

It was also his father who looked at him as if he had eight heads when Van announced he wanted to be an actor. For Van had the theater in his blood. At twelve, he was putting on shows in his back yard, and not for pins, either. It had to be cash, fifteen cents per. Van's shows paid off.

The best one was in a neighbor's barn. The grand finale was billed as "The Sensational Slide for Life!" Van had strung a wire from the top of the loft, two stories up, to the bottom—where there was a mattress. He put a leather band attached to a pulley around his head and under his chin, stuck out both his arms and came down fast. "It's a wonder I didn't break my damned neck!" he says.

After two high-school years of adolescent shyness, he made the varsity football team, went to all the school affairs, and fell in love. The girl was blonde and beautiful and Van was serious about her, although he never managed to tell her so. When she married someone else, his dreams collapsed. He carried a torch for years.

Working, later, in his father's real-estate office as a clerk and part-time salesman, he knew he'd never be happy until he tried his luck on Broadway. New York beckoned and Van answered, with little money but much of youth's high optimism. He stayed with his mother in her New York apartment and spent only five dollars in the first two weeks.

His first job was in a small revue at the Cherry Lane theater. He moved into a furnished room in a brownstone front. On five dollars a week he was missing plenty of meals, but he was behind the footlights. Two weeks later the show closed, in the dead of winter.

Unwilling to ask either parent for help, he took a job for twelve dollars a week, touring New England with a troupe of fill-in dancers. When he came back to New York, things really got tough. He'd saved half of his pay, and that was all he had. He paid rent and went hungry, visiting agency after agency, show after show. One day, returning from a dancing tryout that didn't come off, he heard a piano in a theater rehearsal hall, and stepped inside to see what was going on. A man on the stage, seeing Van there with his dancing shoes, thought he had been sent in answer to a call and motioned him on.

Dizzy from hunger, excited, he had the sensation of dancing on and on. "You'll do," said the stage director briefly. That night Van feasted. The show, New Faces, ran for nine months, and Van's salary climbed to forty dollars a week.

HIS career was checkered with short stops. He had a few weeks in the chorus at the Roxy, worked one summer at a Catskills resort, went on tour with Lucille Page and Buster West in a dramatic sketch, and was one of the Eight Men of Manhattan, an act starring Mary Martin. Then, after a season in the chorus of the Broadway musical, Too Many Girls, he got a small part in Pal Joey.

That was when the studios noticed him. Columbia gave him a screen test, but didn't sign him. Pal Joey closed and Van was visiting his father in Newport when Warner Brothers called from Hollywood to offer him a contract.

Van arrived in Hollywood as excited as a schoolboy. This was it—the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow. But there were no brass bands. No one met him at the train. A few weeks later he innocently went into the Green Room on the Warner Brothers lot to get luncheon. "This room is only for the stars and producers!" he was told emphatically. "Stay out!" He didn't know the Hollywood ropes. Asked who his favorite stars were, he said naïvely, "Greta Garbo and Spencer Tracy."

"Don't you think you should name Warner Brothers stars, like Bette Davis or James Cagney?" the clerk suggested gently.

"Me and my big mouth!" says Van today.

He was in only one picture at Warner Brothers, Murder in the Big House, and at the end of six months they dropped him, figuring they were wasting his $300 a week. Disgusted and homesick, Van

(Continued on page 83)

Can bobby-soxers have sent Van these records? They save pennies to buy him presents, and it troubles him.

Not all the fans who mobbed Van and Esther Williams at the Thrill of a Romance premiere were bobby-soxers. Many were more mature, some were males.

Mrs. J. M. O'Leary

The woman "people just won't believe could have done so much"—General Groves' executive assistant, "Jol"—Mrs. Jean O'Leary.

Background of the Bomb

BY OSCAR SCHISGALL

THOUGH 99 may sound strange as a name for a man, hundreds of people throughout the country have learned to accept it quite naturally as the pseudonym of Major General Leslie Richard Groves, chief of the atomic-bomb project. Three years ago, when he began traveling about the country to select sites and supervise construction for the fantastic venture, he was referred to by the code name of "G. G." In New York, however, a near-sighted telegraph operator misread the initials and relayed them as 99. The error caused a day of confusion; but the confusion subsided quickly and the number stuck.

That is perhaps the simplest bit of unconventionality about an enterprise which, from the start, operated in a degree of secrecy never before attempted or maintained, for as long as three years, with such consummate success. In the end the only thing powerful enough to shatter it was the atomic bomb that fell on Hiroshima.

Historians may regard that particular bomb or the one which blasted Nagasaki a few days later as the immediate cause of Japan's surrender. But some fifty men—and one woman—will tell you that the bomb which really defeated Japan exploded on July 16, 1945, in the badlands of New Mexico. That was the day of the first and only test the atomic bomb ever had. For three years some 300,000 people had labored toward this climactic morning, and when it finally came nobody knew whether the bomb would work.

"We had two billion dollars and scores of reputations staked on that moment," General Groves said. We were in his Washington office the day after the Hiroshima blast. He sounded tired. A heavy man, he leaned back in his chair, staring at his desk as if seeing all the events of three years pass in review. "That last day, while we waited for the explosion, brought a good many of our men as close to nervous breakdowns as they'll ever be. I'm not a betting man, but I must say that in a way it was like betting on a horse race when you're not at the track. All you can do is wait at a telephone, without seeing anything, to hear whether your horse has come in."

The general and some fifty of the world's leading scientists—all of them key men in the venture—were gathered on the edge of the badlands twenty miles from the spot where the bomb would or would not explode. The controls for the test were hidden deep in a near-by dugout, with troops everywhere on guard. Overhead, at

They told General Groves, "Here's two billion dollars. Build us an atomic bomb." Here's the amazing story of the deceptively languid man who did the job, and of his little-known right-hand man—a woman

PHOTOS BY J. E. WESTCOTT FOR MANHATTAN ENGINEER DIST.

Here's the man most responsible, "99"—otherwise Major Gen. Leslie R. Groves.

35,000 feet, a B-29 flew out to make aerial observations. Tension had reached its climax—and then, to everyone's dismay, a thunderstorm arrived to delay the test for two interminable hours.

That was the point at which Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, who had been in charge of laboratory work, lost all academic reserve. He began to pace back and forth, nervous, muttering. General Groves put an arm around his shoulder and walked with him, doing his best to calm the scientist. In fact, all who were there agree it was the general—the man with the most to gain or lose in the next two hours—who seemed the calmest of the group.

Sir James Chadwick, Britain's most celebrated nuclear physicist, who won the Nobel prize for proving the neutron's existence, has a reputation for unusual composure. He is austere, cold. But when at last the blast occurred, his austerity deserted him. He became as exuberant as all the others and ran about repeating the cry that came from everyone else: "It works! It works!"

Oddly, those seem to be the only words the witnesses of the blast can recall hearing.

The telephone lines to Washington at once carried the announcement: *"New York Yankees"*—the prearranged code signal to report "Successful beyond expectations." The code had been based on the names of big-league baseball clubs. Had the experiment ended in utter failure, the words "Cincinnati Reds" would have gone to Washington. "Below expectations" would have been "Cleveland Indians." "As expected" would have been "Brooklyn Dodgers."

SITTING with the man most responsible for the triumph, you cannot help marveling at his calm. Those who had worked with him for three years had told me he'd always been calm—even on July 16. "He just *had* to be levelheaded," one of his assistants said. "You spend three years with some of the world's top scientists, trying to referee their conflicting opinions, and if your decisions are to be intelligent, you've got to be calm. Put three experts to work on a problem—a chemist, a mathematician, and a nuclear physicist—and the chances are you'll get not only three different approaches to a solution but even three different solutions. Again and again the general had to make his choice or to compromise among those solutions. He had to get the best out of them all. You can't leave a job like that to a man who tends to become excited."

Major General Groves is a big man with a gray mustache and thick graying hair. As we talked, his voice was low. The movements of his massive figure, especially of his hands, were almost languid. Yet the languor, I knew, must be deceptive. A languid man couldn't have been on an Army football team. A languid man couldn't play tennis the way the general plays it. Even now, at forty-eight, he faces some of America's ranking players in his Sunday games. Tennis is the only recreation for which he has found time in these last three years. And he has made a fine player of his sixteen-year-old daughter, Gwen, who appears destined for major tournaments.

Three years ago Leslie Richard Groves was an Army engineer, with the temporary rank of colonel. He had led his West Point class in engineering and had achieved a reputation in construction down in Nicaragua; he had added to that reputation when the Army brought him back to the States. The atomic-bomb project was going to need a construction expert. Moreover, it was going to need a man who could co-ordinate problems of abstract science, construction, engineering, labor, and industry—one who could talk the language of each group. Not many men in America meet such diverse qualifications.

Groves was summoned to the White House. He went with General Marshall and the Secretary of War. When he left he carried the most stupendous assignment the President could have given any man—to supervise, in all its bewildering ramifications, the creation of an atomic bomb.

Had President Roosevelt believed that the undertaking would succeed?

The late President, General Groves as-

(*Continued on page 68*)

The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing

MORE DISPLACED PERSONS—No more will these sea lions roost contentedly on the float buoys that have supported antisubmarine nets guarding Los Angeles harbor. Here a Navy net tender starts hauling in miles of screening. ▲

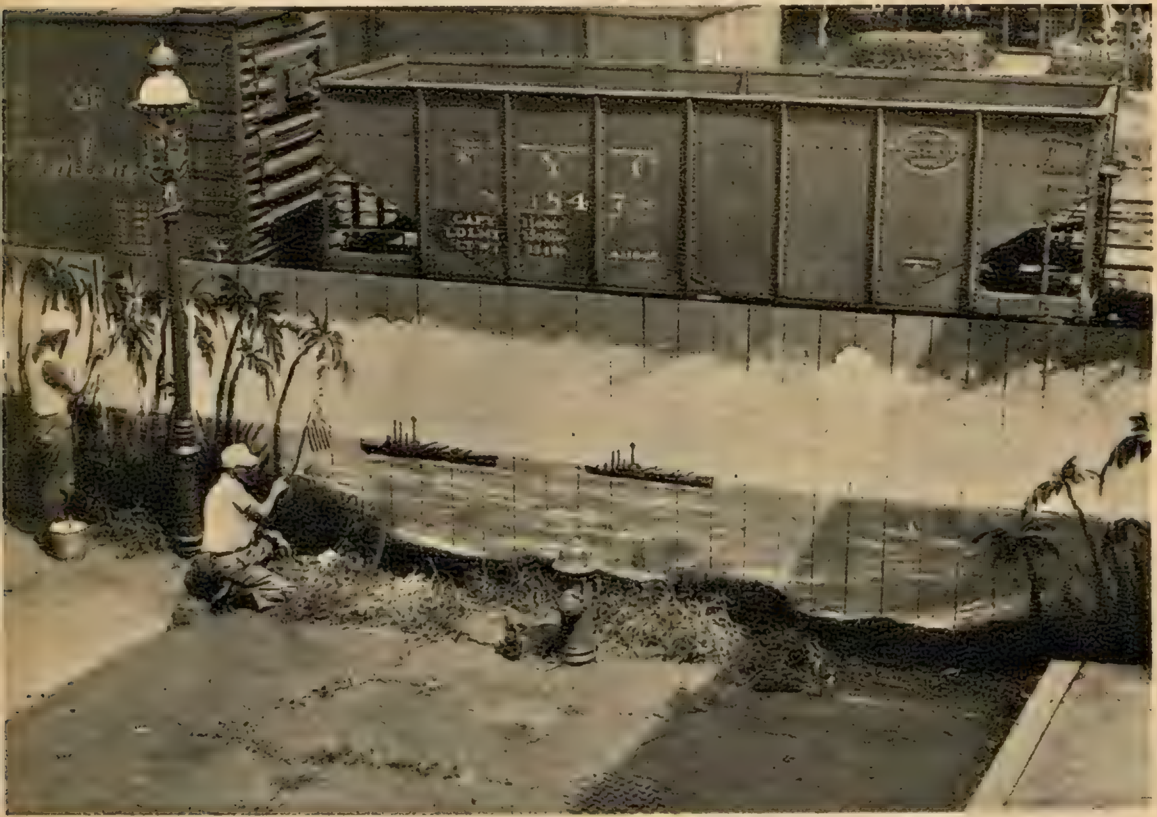
THEY LOSE LESS THIS WAY—For the Filipinos, moving is an all-out operation in which not even the dish towels are mislaid. The moving vans are drawn by water buffaloes—Philippine fluid drive. ▲

BITTER EDUCATION—These pupils of a bomb-shattered school in Ulm, Germany, might hesitate to start an air war when they are grown. They are sorting out bricks for their new non-Nazi schoolhouse. ▼

FIFTH AVENUE SACRILEGE—This was the scene in a swank furshop window after irreverent thieves stole five coats, leaving the mannequins flat as pannikins. ▶

A VIRGINIAN, SUH—Meet Colonel Frank McCarthy, thirty-three, our new Assistant Secretary of State.

VIVE LA BELLE FRANCE!—On leave in the Riviera recreation area, a U. S. Army officer discovers what a magnificent invention the view-finder can be if properly aimed.



HOME-BEAUTIFICATION PROJECT—When a railroad barricaded the end of their street, these two Philadelphia painters relieved a bleakly banal outlook with a tropical seascape. The artists: Cyril Conway and Jim Bailey.

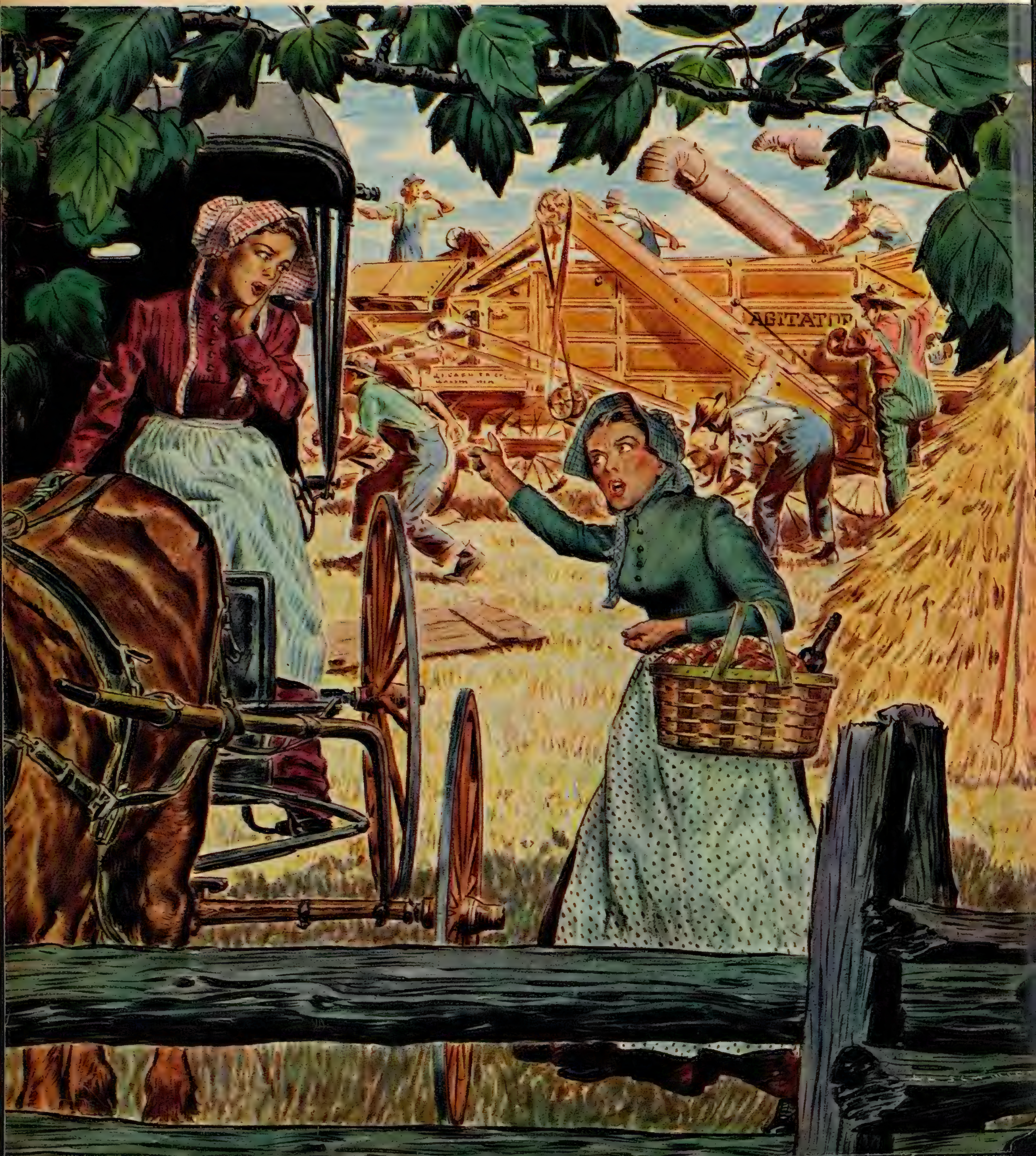
ASSEMBLY LINE FOR PEACE—Here's actual postwar production—2,000 radio sets daily at Plymouth, Indiana.

Threshers

BY WESSEL SMITTER

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

Martha got out of the buggy. "Come on," she said. "Here's where you and I get into this."



for Dinner

Never underestimate the power of two women when they decide to be friends. Here is the story of Lucy and Martha and how they outwitted their menfolks with wily weapons of peace—love, lunch, and a bottle of wine

TOM SNIDERWINE pushed his chair back and got up from the supper table. "You can expect threshers Monday," he told Martha, his wife. "There'll be about fourteen extry for dinner."

"Will they be here for supper?" she asked.

"Don't know yet. Depends on how we get along with the job."

Tom went into the bedroom. Clate, the hired hand, stuck a toothpick in his mouth, put on his old battered felt hat, and went outside. Martha started clearing things from the table.

She heard Tom open the chiffonier, then heard the heavy thump of his work shoes as he took them off and dropped them to the floor. In a moment or two he returned to the kitchen wearing a clean shirt, his next-to-best coat, and Romeo shoes.

"Feel like taking a ride?" he asked.

"Where to?"

"Got to let Ham Mallory and Mort Weller and the others know I'm going to thresh. Thought I'd ask the preacher, too. On the way back I might stop in at Jim Davy's."

Mr. Davy's big farm was on the opposite side of the river. He was a wheat farmer.

"Are you going to do Mr. Davy's threshing?" Martha asked. There was something in her tone of voice that made his shoulders stiffen.

"Why not? I spoke to him a week ago. I told him I'd bought a new threshing rig and that I could do him a first-class job."

"What'd he say?"

"He said, 'When I get ready to thresh, the first man that pulls into my place gets the job.'"

"I'll bet he told Pat Hanaford the same thing."

"What he told Pat Hanaford is none of my business."

"But Pat's always threshed for Mr. Davy. It's his job."

"I figure it's my job as much as his. And I'm out to get it."

"You probably will," she said.

She had been filling the teakettle. Now she hung the tin dipper on the nail and took a chair at the table.

"Oh, Tom," she said, "why do we always have to fight? Why can't we have peace with our neighbors?"

"I asked you," he said, "if you wanted to go for a ride."

"No."

"Want me to ask Ham Mallory's wife to give you a hand Monday?"

"I'll take care of it myself."

"Suit yourself," he said and went out.

She went into the sitting room and stood at the window and looked out across the road to the farm buildings. Clate had already hitched Dolly to the buggy. Tom got into the rig and drove off, but she remained at the window.

It was beginning to grow dusk, but she could see distinctly the bright new threshing machine with its red and yellow paint and the new engine with the high smokestack and long shiny boiler.

For years Pat Hanaford had owned the only threshing machine in the neighborhood. But because of the hard feelings between the two men, Pat had never threshed for Tom, which had made it necessary for Tom to bring in a threshing crew from another township at extra expense. Now Tom had his own machine. He was all set to get the best jobs in the neighborhood.

She and Lucy, Pat's wife, had been close friends before their marriage to the two men. They had gone to school together, together they had attended neighborhood parties, but now it was different.

The men had not been content to keep their quarrel on a merely personal basis. Each demanded the loyalty and support of his wife, friends, and neighbors. Clate, Tom's hired hand, had never a good word for Bert, who worked for Pat Hanaford, and Bert reciprocated in kind. As for Martha, more than anything else, she desired peace with her neighbors.

She returned to the kitchen and finished washing the dishes. Then lit the lamp, got a pencil and a piece of paper and began planning the dinner for Monday. It was only Friday. She would see Mrs. Mallory in church Sunday and that would be soon enough to ask her to help with the dinner. And then the thought came to her: Why not disregard Tom's feelings and ask Lucy Hanaford instead?

At first the idea took her breath away. Then she decided, and once the resolution had been made, she felt the need for immediate action. The Hanafords' place adjoined theirs. There would still be time to see Lucy before Tom's return.

TWENTY minutes later she was nearing the Hanaford house. It was dark. The men were still in the barn with lanterns. There was a light in the kitchen window. Lucy opened the door when she knocked.

"I wanted to see you," Martha said and walked in. She reached for the woman's hand and blurted out, "Lucy, I'm sick and tired of this fighting. It's got to stop."

With a puzzled look, Lucy said, "Won't you sit down?"

Both women took chairs. Martha said, "We're having threshers Monday. I want you to help with the dinner."

"Why, I couldn't," said Lucy. "My man wouldn't hear of it. Yours would put me out of the house."

"Lucy, it can't go on. Don't you see—it's not just them? We're partly to blame."

"I don't want it this way. I was always sorry we couldn't be—well, be friends."

"But, Lucy, we've never made a stand. We've both sort of halfway gone along with our men. Don't you see? We haven't had the courage to put a stop to their fighting. I've got my mind made up and I want you to help."

Lucy looked down at her hands. "How could we do anything—except make it worse?"

"How can it be worse? Tom's gone to see Mr. Davy about threshing his wheat. There'll be another fight. I'm sick and weary and tired of it all. I want to walk into your house whenever I feel like it."

"That's not going to stop them."

"It's a start; it's setting an example. And —don't you see—if they keep on being mad at each other while we insist on being friendly and neighborly, it's going to make them seem foolish? Will you help me?"

Lucy said, "I can't say no. I'm not that much of a coward. I'll be over Monday to help with the dinner."

THE men had already started to thresh when Lucy arrived at the Sniderwine place Monday morning. Martha saw her coming and met her at the door.

Lucy said, "Pat doesn't know yet I'm here. He left for town this morning to get some parts for his threshing machine. I put some things on the stove for the men's dinner and left a note on the table. He's going to have a fit when he reads it."

In the kitchen, Lucy made a brief survey of the preparations already under way. Pans of potatoes and string beans stood on the wooden bench near the window. The chicken was cooking on the stove, pans of baked beans and rich juicy pies covered half the kitchen table. She found a knife and filled a large pan with clean water. While she peeled potatoes, Martha fixed the string beans.

Outside, they could hear the steady *puck-a, puck-a, puck-a* of the steam engine, now loud and now soft, as the load varied.

Also there was the noise of the separator, more distant because it sat in the barn on the opposite side of the road. The women talked. Soon they were making up for lost opportunities to discuss neighborhood gossip.

They were frosting the cakes when Tom came into the house. He saw Lucy and indicated to Martha with a jerk of his head that he wanted a word with her. She followed him out on the porch.

"What's that woman doing in there?" he glowered.

Instead of backing away or showing any sense of guilt, she stood up close to him and flicked the dust from his shirt.

"Helping me, of course."

"I don't want her on the place," he grumbled.

"Why, Tommy," she said, "you don't want me to do it all by myself."

"Well, I don't want her around."

"I do. She's wonderful! And you're a great big wonderful man except when you try to act mad. Now get back to your work and let me get back to mine."

She rose to her toes and kissed him daintily. Then ran into the house.

(Continued on page 72)

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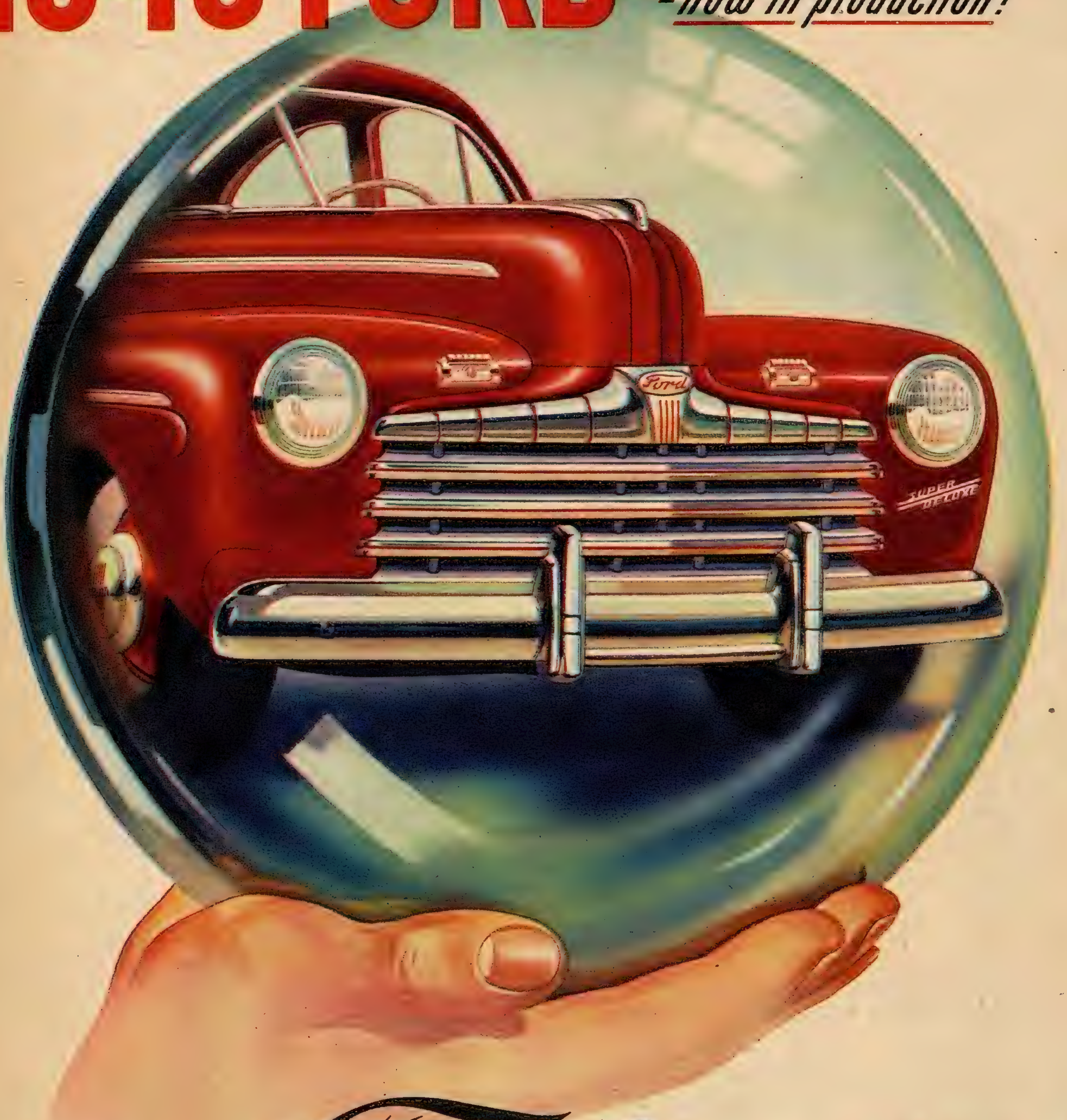

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The IRON GATES

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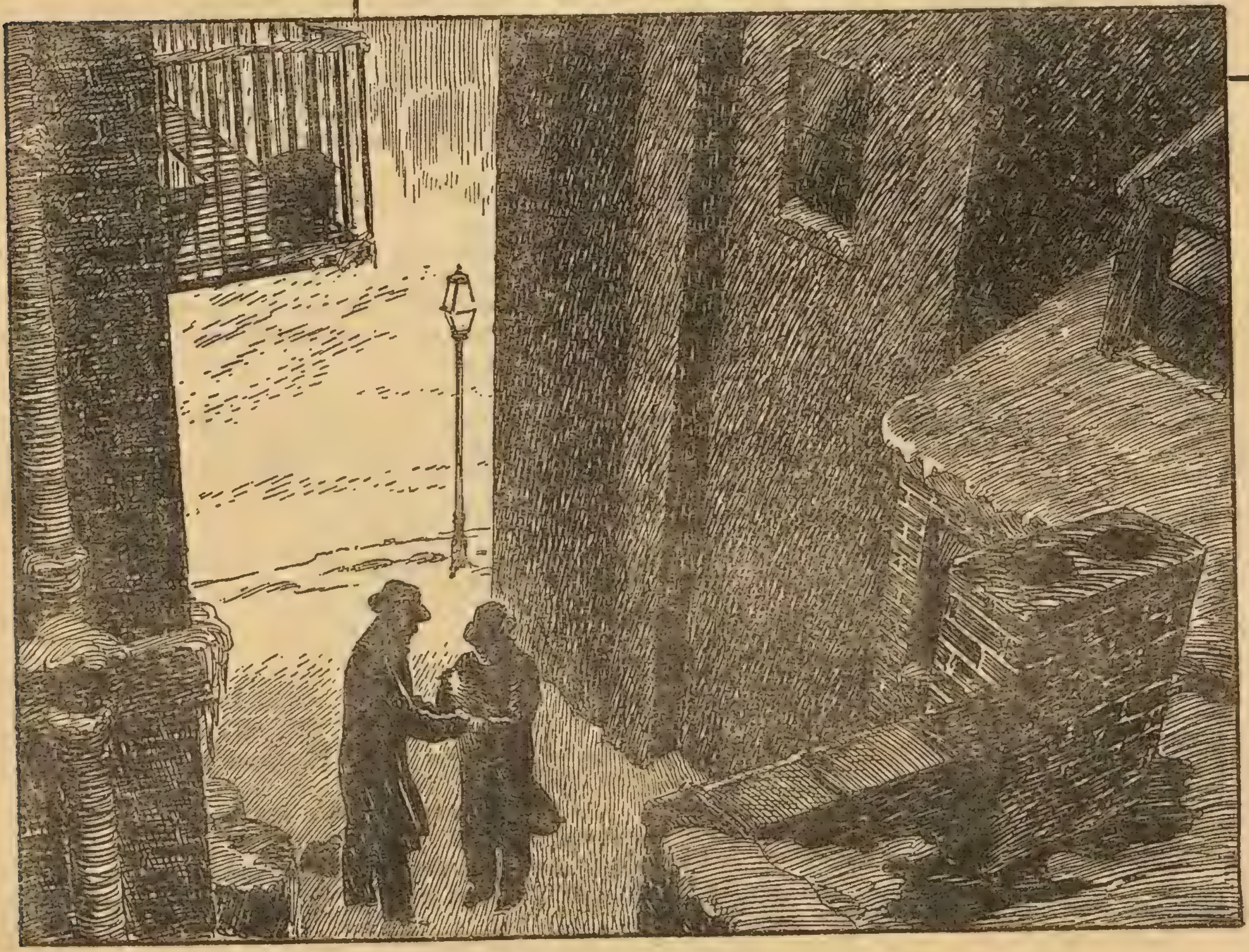

BY MARGARET MILLAR

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER

THE dream began quietly. She and Mildred were in a room and Mildred was curled up in a chair, writing.

"What are you writing, Mildred?" Lucille said. "You are writing, what are you writing?"

Slowly, dreamily, Mildred smiled, "Nothing. I have finished, I have quite finished," and she rose and walked through the window into the snow.

"You mustn't go out just in your dress like that, Mildred, you'll catch cold."

"No. . . . I'm going away. . . . I've quite finished. . . ."

"No, it's dark, it's snowing."

But she walked away inexorably, leaving no tracks.

"Mildred, come back! The back of your head is open!"

"No. . . ."

"You're bleeding. You'll make the park untidy."

"I'm going away," Mildred called back, softly. "Good-bye, dear. Good-bye, Lucille."

She walked on, between the trees, and up and over the hills. With each step she became smaller and smaller, yet more and more distinct, as if neither time nor space had the power to blur her details. Now and then she turned around and she was smiling, like a little doll.

"Little doll!" Lucille cried. "Little doll . . ."

"Away," came the answer, soft as a whisper but so clear. "Good-bye—good-bye, dear. . . ."

Lucille awoke, suffocating, sick with horror. She sprang from her bed and pulled aside the curtains that shrouded the windows. She looked out, and there was the park, there were the trees, the hills, the trackless snow. But Mildred had been dead for sixteen years.

SOMEWHERE in the distance a church bell rang out the Sunday sound of a city. Lucille turned, and caught sight of herself in the mirror. She had forgotten the mirror was there, and for an instant, before she had time to

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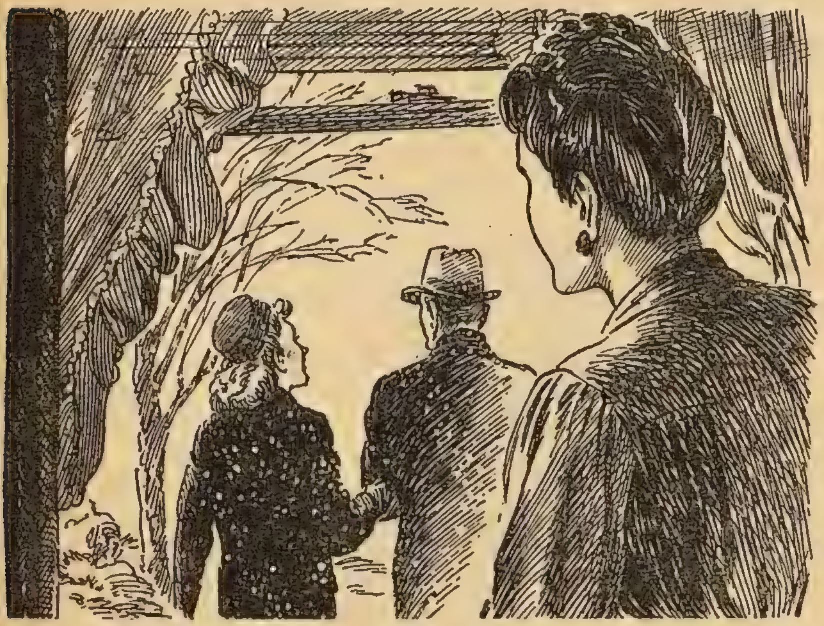
set her face, she seemed a stranger, a lady no longer young, wearing a blue nightgown, with her red-gold hair swinging against her shoulders in two long thick braids. Perhaps even after fifteen years of marriage, that was how she still felt, like a stranger in the house, visiting someone else's husband.

"Oh, nonsense," she said aloud, and walked quickly toward the mirror, and the stranger moved and grew and became herself. Her eyes lost the strained anxious look and became kindly and intelligent, her full firm mouth softened, one eyebrow rose a little.

That's better. This is how I really am. This is me. Lucille Morrow. Dr. Andrew Morrow's wife.

Mildred, Andrew's first wife, wasn't important any more, though her portrait still hung on the living-room wall, and now and then she bobbed up in dreams. A fat kewpie doll carved out of soap, Lucille thought. She picked up a brush and began to brush her hair vigorously.



Her moment of insecurity had passed and left her with a more conscious sense of possession. This was her hand, her brush, her house, her husband whistling in the adjoining room. Only Polly could never belong to anyone but Mildred. For Andrew's sake Lucille had tried to like his daughter and to make Polly like her, but the most she ever achieved was an armed truce. Still, Polly was getting married this week, and Lucille and Andrew would be left alone in the house. With Andrew's sister Edith, of course, but she didn't count.

Lucille dressed quickly. She walked down the stairs enjoying the sound of her taffeta morning coat.

Upstairs Andrew's voice shouted, "Lucille! What's happened to my scarf?"

She paused at the bottom of the steps. "All your scarves are in your bureau drawer."

"All except the one I want to wear."

Lucille was smiling. "What does it look like?"

"Blue. Dark blue with little gray things on it." He came to the head of the stairs. He was a tall, gray-haired man, nearly fifty now, but still slim, with the quick vigorous movements that characterized his sister Edith. His features were thin, almost delicate. Large soft brown eyes gave his face an oddly guileless expression and caused him trouble now and then with his women patients. Like many really good-natured men, when he tried to look cross he overdid it. He sent a ferocious scowl down at his wife.

"Somebody gave it to me for Christmas last year."

"I did," Lucille said serenely. "And it's not blue, it's black. Try the cedar closet in the hall."

Ignoring Andrew's noises of distress, she went into the dining room.

Edith and Polly were already at breakfast. Edith was buttering a piece of toast with the precise contemptuous movements of one who despises food as a necessary evil. Polly, a cup of coffee in front of her, was smoking and gazing dreamily out of the window.

"Good morning, Edith," Lucille said. She bent over Edith's chair and the cheeks of the two women touched briefly. It was a routine of long standing. They were fond of each other, in a dry expedient way, for they were of the same age and they were interested in the same thing—Andrew.

"Good morning, Polly."

"Morning," Polly said, without taking her eyes from the window.

"What is all the shouting about?" Edith said. "Sometimes I think Andrew likes to shout simply for the sake of shouting."

Lucille sat down, smiling, and unfolded her napkin. "Perhaps. He couldn't find the scarf he wanted." She felt suddenly and absurdly happy. She was so pleased with herself and the beautiful quiet life she had built out of nothing.

"Andrew never could find anything," Edith said. "Polly, it would be nice if you sat up straight. You look as if you have curvature of the spine, all huddled up like that."

"I'm not huddled, I'm relaxed."

"The table is no place to relax."

LUCILLE remained quiet. She no longer made any attempts to discipline her stepdaughter even when she was especially annoyed with her.

"Though I never relax myself," Edith said, sitting very upright, "I don't mind others relaxing in the proper place. It depends entirely on the personality whether you can or can't."

"Mildred," Lucille said, "had a very relaxed personality."

She hadn't said the name of Andrew's first wife for years. She didn't want to say it now, but she forced the words out. Her moment of complete happiness had gone, and it was as if the warm bright room had led her on and deceived her and she must cast a corpse into it for revenge.

"Yes, she had," Edith said shortly. "Though I think you should have enough sense not to . . ."

"Yes, I know," Lucille said in confusion, conscious of Polly's hard steady stare. "I'm very sorry."

"Today of all days," Edith said, "we don't want to be reminded of unpleasant things. We must make a good impression on Mr. Frome."

"Lieutenant Frome," Polly said. "And you needn't bother about the impression. I made that weeks ago."

"Still, we are your family, my dear."

"He's not marrying you."

Edith blushed and said sharply, "I realize that he's not marrying me and that no one ever has, if that's what you're getting at."

"Please!" Polly said, and got up and planted a quick kiss on her aunt's cheek. "I didn't mean that, silly. I meant I hate fusses, and so does Giles. He'd curl up and die if he thought he was putting anyone out by coming here."

"Then he's too sensitive," Edith said crossly.

"I know he is. That's why I'm glad he's got me. I'm not." She put her arm around her aunt's shoulders. "It's lucky I'm not sensitive or how could I have stood all your crabbing?"

"Crabbing?" Edith's mouth fell open. "Really, Polly!"

"Yes, you do crab," Polly said, laughing. "And you make speeches."

"You and your jokes. As if I ever made speeches. Do I, Lucille?"

"Never," Lucille said, with a smile.

"You see, Polly?"

But as soon as Lucille was brought into the conversation Polly's face became a blank, her eyes fixed themselves coldly on Lucille and Lucille read in them: "See how nicely we get along without you? This is how you've been spoiling things for us all these years."

Lucille glanced at her. There was something uncompromising and stubborn about even the way she was built. She was rather short, and though slim, she gave the impression of sturdiness and durability. Her features had the soft roundness of her mother's, and she was, like her, fundamentally a tranquil person. But where Mildred's tranquillity had been deepened by happiness and security, Polly's had been warped and hardened by years of implacable hatred of her stepmother.

Edith had finished her coffee and her long thin fingers drummed restlessly on the tablecloth. "I wish Andrew would hurry," she said. "I think I'd better go up and see what's keeping him."

"Lots of time," Polly said. "Giles' furlough doesn't begin officially until noon and it won't take us over an hour to drive out to the camp."

"Why Andrew insists on driving out with you I don't know," Edith complained.

"He wants to look Giles over first," Polly said, "and then, if he doesn't measure up, dispose of the body some place and bring me on home, teary but intact."

Edith tried to look shocked. "I'm sure such an idea never entered Andrew's head."

"I was joking, darling. He knows that since I have decided on Giles, nothing in this world can stop me from marrying him." She glanced briefly at Lucille.

"I'm glad you feel like that," Lucille said quietly. "It's bad policy to interfere with marriages."

The girl flushed and turned away again.

Edith pushed back her chair. "I'm going up to hurry Andrew along. If he looks for the scarf much longer he'll have the whole house torn up."

She went out in a flutter of silk and sachet.

"I'm glad Giles could get his furlough," Lucille said.

Polly did not look up. "So am I, naturally."

"Three weeks, is it?"

"Yes."

"And you're being married on Friday—five more days." Lucille had risen.

"We have to wait for the license. Then we'll go down to the registry office and get the mumbo-jumbo over with and be off."

The two were silent until Lucille went quietly out.

SHE stood a moment in the hall. From upstairs she heard Edith's voice raised in angry solicitude, "I do believe you've given yourself a fever, Andrew!"

"My dear Edith." Andrew's voice sounded nervous and irritable. He doesn't want Polly to get married, Lucille thought. He still thinks of her as a little girl. "How can anyone *give* himself a fever?"

"You know very well what I meant," Edith said. "It's a lot of nonsense anyway, this dashing out into the snow to meet . . ."

"My dear *Edith*. I am not dashing out into the snow. I intend to conduct myself in a dignified manner in a *closed* car with a *heater*, providing I am allowed enough privacy to get dressed."

"All right, get double pneumonia."

"Dear heaven!" Andrew said, and a door slammed.

Lucille walked down the hall, thinking, with a smile, of Edith. Poor Edith, she thrives on imminent catastrophes and likes to think of herself as the great Averter of them. . . . I could do the menus and make out the shopping list for tomorrow. . . . I wonder if Giles is allergic to anything. . . .

She went into the small book-lined room that Andrew called his den, and sat down in Andrew's chair. She bent over her memo pad, frowning. She wanted everything to be perfect for Giles, not because he was Giles and about to marry Polly, but because she was Lucille. She had the subtle but supreme vanity that often masquerades under prettier names, devotion, unselfishness, generosity.

While she planned she drew pictures absently. Finally she sat with the memo pad on her knee, patiently waiting for Andrew to come in and say good-bye to her. But he didn't come.

She got up and went to the window and stood waiting to catch a glimpse of him as he left the house with Polly. She saw them going up the driveway, arm in arm. With the snow whirling around them they seemed indivisible and invulnerable. While she watched, a squat dark cloud moved across the sun like a jealous old woman.

Lucille stood, wanting to cry out, "Andrew, come back!" as she had cried out to Mildred in the dream.

But no sound came from her lips, and after a moment she went back to her chair and lighted a cigarette and picked up the memo pad again. She looked down at the pictures she had drawn on it. They were women's faces, the faces of fat silly kewpie-doll women.

Detachedly, almost absently, she burned out their eyes with the end of her cigarette.

THE operator's nasal voice twanged along the wire. "A collect call for Mrs. Andrew Morrow. Will you accept the call?"

"This is Mrs. Morrow. Yes, I'll take it."

For a moment there was a confused background of sound. Then, "Hello, Lucille. This is Polly. There's been an accident."

"Polly . . ."

"No, not ours. We sort of happened into it and Father and I are staying to help. There's a little hospital here, that's where I'm phoning from."

"Polly, you sound funny."

"Maybe I do. I've never seen a train wreck before. Anyway, I'm in a hurry. There aren't enough doctors and nurses. Tell Edith not to worry. Good-bye."

"Wait—when will you be home?"

"When they can spare us. Giles is helping get the bodies out. Good-bye."

"Good-bye," Lucille echoed.

Edith was tugging at her sleeve. "What is it?"

"Nothing much," Lucille said. "There was a train wreck and Andrew's helping."

"How awful!" Edith said. But Lucille was looking over Edith's shoulder, smiling. Andrew was safe, her world was safe. All the trains on earth were of no importance if Andrew wasn't on them.

She hurried back into the living room to stir up the fire. . . . Andrew would be tired when he came home.

But no matter how hard she worked, the wood refused to burn. She rose to her feet, dusty and defeated. Slowly she moved her head and her eyes met Mildred's portrait. Mildred, whole and happy, changeless, Mildred, still a nuisance after sixteen years, having to be dusted once a day. Lucille looked at her bitterly.

She went upstairs to her own room. As far as anything in the house could be free of Mildred, this room was. In Mildred's day it had been the guest room because the windows looked out over the park. Lucille often sat there watching the people in the park, in the winter the skiers and the children with sleds and toboggans, in the summer the parade of prams and picnickers and cyclists. She found pleasure in estimating at just what point the bicycles would falter and the riders dismount and trudge up the rest of the hill. Cruelly she enjoyed their endless and futile activity while the clock on her bureau ticked away the minutes and the years.

It had stopped snowing. The park lay like a silent lolling woman softly draped in white with hints of darkness in its hollows. Lucille did not like the park at dusk. For a long time after Mildred died nobody had gone into it after nightfall. There were rumors of a man who roamed the hills with an axe in his hand, there were tales of ghosts and half-human animals. But Mildred and the man were soon forgotten, and intrepid children and impatient lovers had driven away the ghosts.

Only Lucille remembered the man with the axe. She had never believed for an instant, yet some perverse part of her mind had kept him in storage for her. When she was disturbed and restless he came out from hiding, gently at first so that she would think he was an old friend. His face was smiling and familiar and she never saw the axe in his hand or the blood on his clothes until it was too late. Then gradually his face would change and distort into something so grotesque and hideous that she could never describe it in words or even remember it when she was feeling calm again.

Lucille turned from the window. She went to the mirror and began to make up her face for Andrew.

"GILES," Polly said. "Darling, wake up. We're here."

He was awake immediately. He blinked slowly and saw that the car had stopped under a portico. Between the pillars he could see the dim sprawling hills of the park. Andrew was climbing out of the car.

"Come on, Giles," Polly said.

Giles got out. There was a brisk clumsiness in his movements as if he hadn't quite got used to his own size.

"Is it yours?" he said. "All that?"

"Of course not," Andrew said brusquely.

"Really, Giles," Polly said, laughing. "That's High Park. We happen to live next to it. You'll love it, Giles. Tomorrow we'll walk through it . . ."

"No, you won't," Andrew said. He turned his back to them and pressed the doorbell. He spoke over his shoulder. "I don't want to be tyrannical about this, but I must insist that you stay out of the park. It isn't a nice place."

The portico light went on suddenly, and the door opened. Giles had a confused impression that several women were rushing at him all talking at once. . . . "We didn't hear the car . . ." "Andrew, you didn't tie your scarf . . ." "You're not chilled, Andrew?"

Polly's voice rose above the babble, clear and cold. "Come on, Giles. I'll fix you a drink while they're taking Father's temperature."

The talk died down and Giles realized that there were only two women. One of them was tall and thin with dark curly hair cropped close to her head. She had bright birdlike eyes and a wide mobile mouth, and it surprised Giles to hear how high and tight her voice was and how anxious her laugh. This must be Edith, he thought.

The other woman was taller, and seemed at the same time younger and more mature than Edith. She had the beauty that plain women sometimes acquire when they have achieved happiness and success and security. Her red-gold hair was coiled in a braid around her head. She came toward Giles, holding out her hand and smiling apologetically.

"We've been terribly rude," she said. "You're Giles, of course. I'm Lucille Morrow."

He shook her hand, very embarrassed because he still had his gloves on and because Polly had flounced ahead into the house without looking back.

"How do you do?" Giles said.

"And this is Edith, Polly's aunt."

Edith darted at him. She was wearing something that fluttered in the wind and it seemed to Giles that she was entirely fluid and never stopped moving, talking, smiling, having ideas.

HE found himself being guided into the house and down a hall. Edith did not once pause for a breath or an answer. Her hand on his arm was like a bird's claw, helpless and appealing, yet somehow grotesque.

"Here we are," she said, and thrust him neatly into the living room.

Lucille was pouring out the hot toddies. Andrew stood in front of the fire warming his hands.

"Attention, everybody," Edith said. "And Polly, this means you as well as everyone else, because I'm going to make a speech. I consider this an occasion. I want to welcome you, Giles. We are glad you could come and we think you will find us a—a happy family." She blushed and gave Giles an embarrassed and apologetic smile. "I know how sentimental that sounds but I think it's true, we are a happy family. Of course we have our lapses. Polly is invariably rude."

"And Edith gets maudlin," Polly said.

"Oh, I do not," Edith said. "And Andrew can never find anything and then he gets cross, don't you, Andrew?"

"I may become justifiably irritated," Andrew said, "but never cross."

"As for Lucille . . ." Edith said and smiled across the room at her sister-in-law.

There was a pause, and the room seemed to Giles to become static. It was no longer a real room but a picture. The smiles of the women were set and false.

"As for Lucille," Edith said, "I don't believe she has any lapses."

Lucille laughed softly. "Don't you believe her, Giles. I'm the worst of the lot."

His eyes met hers, and he felt suddenly warm and understood and contented. He felt that he knew and liked this quiet beautiful woman.

Something stirred in her eyes like mud at the bottom of a pool. "I haven't seen you before," she said. "Have I?"

"No," Giles said uncertainly.

"For a moment you reminded me of someone."

"There!" Edith said triumphantly. "That's Lucille's lapse. Someone is always reminding her of someone."

Lucille said, "Life is an endless procession of faces for me. I am always trying to match them up."

When Giles said good night to her she raised her head, and in her quick nervous smile he saw a flutter of questions: You? Where do you fit in? Have you a place? Have I?

"Good night, Giles," she said in a composed voice. She glanced across at her husband. "Coming, Andrew? It's very late."

Very late, too late. . . . I mustn't let my nerves bother me like this, or I'll dream of Mildred again.

IN the late afternoon of December the sixth, the house was quiet. Edith had gone on a shopping tour with Polly and Giles. In the kitchen the two young servants, Annie and Della, were cleaning silverware. When the front doorbell rang Annie went to answer it.

It wasn't a real caller but a dark shabby little man in a battered trench coat. "Mrs. Morrow?" he said hoarsely.

Annie, who admired Lucille, was both flattered and angry at the mistake.

"Mrs. Morrow is resting," she said, in a voice very like Lucille's own. "She cannot be disturbed."

The little man blinked. "I got something for her. I got to give it to her. You go and fetch her." He turned up his coat collar and then slowly and patiently put his hands in his pockets.

"I'll take it," Annie said. "And why you can't use the back door is more than I can say."

"Very special delivery," the man said, but his voice lacked conviction. "You give it to her, I give it to her, what's the odds. Here." He thrust a parcel at Annie. Then he turned with a jerk and walked away, his head lowered against the wind.

Annie closed the door and looked at the small rectangular box wrapped in plain white paper. Perfume, she thought, and shook it to see if it gurgled. But the parcel remained noncommittal. Briskly she mounted the steps and knocked on Lucille's door.

"Come in," Lucille said. "Yes, Annie?"

"A parcel for you," Annie said.

Lucille took it, and waited in silence until Annie turned, with a small sigh, and went out. She had barely reached the kitchen when a scream rushed through the house like a wind.

"My goodness," Della said. "What was that?"

The two girls looked at each other uncertainly.

"I guess it was her," Annie said. "Maybe I better go up and see."

But when Annie went up, Lucille's door was locked.

"Mrs. Morrow," Annie called. "You hurt yourself?"

"Go away!" Lucille said in a harsh whisper. Then, "Go away!" she screamed.

Her spirit bruised, Annie returned to the kitchen. "Well, I like that," she told Della. "She yelled at me."

"Maybe she didn't like what was in the parcel," Della said.

The discussion was interrupted by the ringing of the telephone. Annie answered it.

"Yes, Dr. Morrow," she said. "Yes, I'll call her, Dr. Morrow."

When she arrived upstairs, the door of Lucille's room was open and Lucille was missing. Annie called out several times, and then, in a fit of exasperation, searched the room and the adjoining bathroom, and the room beyond that, which belonged to Andrew.

Della was called, and the two girls looked through the entire second floor, now and then calling, "Mrs. Morrow." Clinging together, they came down the stairs and switched on all the lights. Silently they went through all the rooms on the first floor.

There was no trace of Lucille Morrow or the box she had received. They went back upstairs and looked in Lucille's clothes closet. They returned to the kitchen where the telephone receiver was still dangling on its wire, and Annie told Dr. Morrow immediately and bluntly that his wife had disappeared.

"Have you gone crazy, Annie?" Andrew demanded.

"Plumb disappeared, Dr. Morrow, honestly. Della and me, we're scared. We been through all the rooms except ours and there ain't a trace of her, I tell you."

"Where's my sister?" Andrew said. "Let me speak to her."

"She didn't come back yet."

"I'll be right home," Andrew said. "Meanwhile, don't get hysterical. Mrs. Morrow very likely went out for a walk."

"Her coats are all in her closet."

"See here, Annie," Andrew said in a calm voice, "don't get excited. Hold the fort until I get there."

Shortly before six o'clock Andrew arrived. Hand in hand, for moral support, the two girls came out into the hall.

"Well?" he said, with a trace of irritation. "Mrs. Morrow back yet?"

Annie shook her head. "No, sir."

His refusal to get excited made the girls calmer. Della went out to the kitchen to start preparing dinner, leaving Annie to tell about the man with the parcel.

Annie couldn't remember whether the man was short or tall, dark or fair, young or old. She knew only that he was sinister. Andrew listened patiently as she described the box and the conversation. Then he went into his den and closed the door.

He sat down at the desk and leaned his head on his hands. He looked gray and tired.

A piece of paper lay at his elbow. Somebody had burned holes in it with a cigarette. Pictures. They looked like Mildred, his first wife. Somebody had burned the eyes out.

AT six thirty Edith arrived. She had left Polly and Giles to dine out. After the first shock of the news was over she plunged into the mystery and upset the whole house with her splashing and churning.

It was Edith who discovered that Lucille's black suede purse and the housekeeping money for the month were missing. Della and Annie vigorously denied going near it. Edith believed them.

"So," she told Andrew, "Lucille must have taken it herself."

"But why?"

"I don't know. Perhaps she wanted to go out and buy something. That's the simplest explanation."

"She wasn't wearing a coat."

"Nonsense," Edith said. "She may have worn one of mine."

Edith's coats, however, were all found in her closet. Della had gone up to her room on the third floor to change her uniform, and now she came down the stairs wailing.

"My money!" she screamed at Edith. "My coat and money! She took it! She's a thief, a common thief!"

Twenty dollars and a reversible raincoat had been taken from Della's closet. The coat, beige gabardine on one side and red-plaid wool on the other, was practically new and not even a fifty-dollar check mended Della's broken heart.

"Why Della's coat?" Edith said. "Why not one of her own? It's as if—as if she was escaping and didn't want anyone to recognize her."

"If Lucille went away she had a reason to go. She'll be back," Andrew said. "People should be allowed a certain freedom of movement. They shouldn't get the feeling that they are constantly required to be some place at some specific time. They should have certain periods when nothing whatever is expected from them."

"This is very like a lecture," Edith said coldly, "directed against me. What has it to do with Lucille?"

"I keep thinking," he said with a vague gesture. "Suppose when she was up in her room she had a feeling that she was in a prison, that she must suddenly escape. When I feel like that I escape to my office."

Edith shook her head. "You know what a thoroughly sensible person Lucille is."

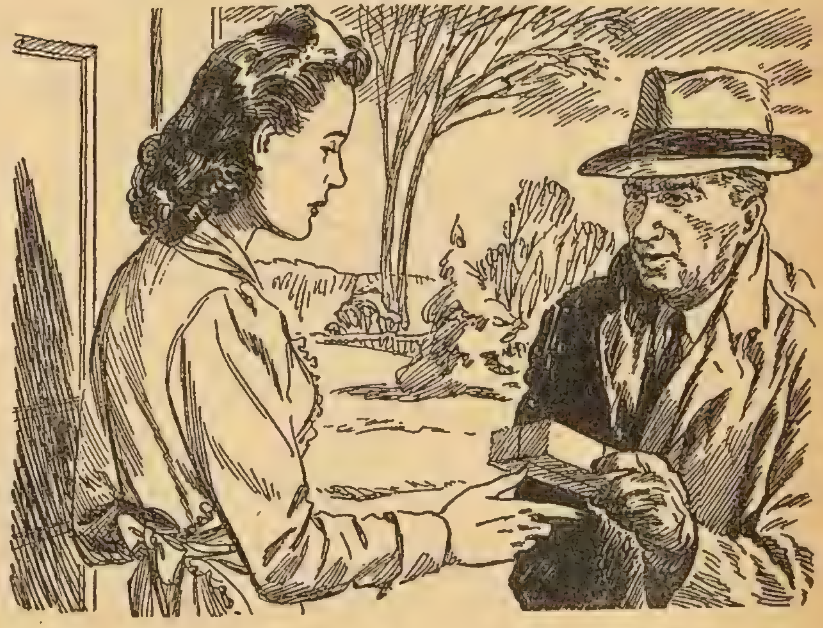
"People aren't always capable of making sense," Andrew said in a strange voice. "There are forces—forces in the mind . . ." He leaned forward and fixed his eyes on her. "It's like a jungle, the mind, dark and thick, with a million little paths that the light never reaches. You never know the paths are there until something pops out of one of them. Then, Edith, you might try to trace it back, and go just so far, but the path is too twisted, too lightless, soundless. . . ."

"It would be far more to the point to find the man who brought the parcel to her," Edith said. "What are the police for? Aren't they for finding people?"

"MY wife," Andrew said, "has disappeared."

"Ah," Inspector Bascombe said, and folded his big square hands on the desk in front of him. He was a heavy, sour-looking man with bitter little eyes. He was thinking, so your wife has disappeared. Yours and a couple of thousand others. Including mine. With an electrician from Hull.

He said, "Sit down, Dr. Morrow, and make yourself comfortable. There's rather a long form to be filled out, her description and so forth."



Bascombe watched him as he sat down. Morrow was the kind of man he hated most, next to electricians. Magazine ad, he thought. Man of achievement, man of tomorrow. Even the top drawer have women troubles.

It was nearly noon when Dr. Morrow left.

"A very nice case," Bascombe told D'arcy, his assistant. "The lady disappeared with all the money she could get her hands on, wearing one of her maid's coats. A reversible coat. Plaid on one side, beige on another. She can switch them around and make it harder for us to find her. Inference, she's not coming back and she doesn't want to be found. So just for the hell of it we'll find her. The usual checkups first, hospital and morgue and her bank. I think you'll draw blanks there. Morrow's going to send over a couple of studio portraits by messenger. Meanwhile, start calling beauty parlors. If the woman is really in earnest about disappearing, she'll probably try to disguise her most distinctive feature, her hair, and then grab a train or bus for out-of-town."

THE Allen Hotel is a red-brick building, caked with soot. The Liquor Act was passed just in time to save it from wreckers. Its clientele was now kept under control by Bill, a large tough bartender. Through his efforts the Allen Hotel got quite a good name with the various inspectors.

The bartender soaked up information like a blotter. Some of it he sold, some of it he gave away to his friend Inspector Sands. From Sands, in return, he got the pleasant feeling that he was on the good side of the law, and that if a time came when he wasn't, there was at least one honest policeman in the world.

He took a personal pride in Sands and followed all his cases in the newspapers. Today he leaned across the counter and spoke out of the side of his mouth.

"Mr. Sands, there's a friend of yours in the back booth. Been here since noon."

"Bascombe?"

The bartender nodded. "This is no kind of place for a policeman to get drunk in. I wouldn't want anything to happen to Mr. Bascombe." He grinned suddenly. "Not unless it was fatal."

"I'll talk to him," Sands said. "Bring me a small ale."

He got off the bar stool, a thin tired-looking middle-aged man with features that fitted each other so perfectly that few people could remember what he looked like. His clothes blended in with the rest of him. He moved unobtrusively to the back of the room.

Bascombe was sitting with his head in his hands. Sands sat down on the other side of the booth and sipped his ale patiently. Pretty soon Bascombe blinked his eyes open and looked across the table at him.

"How many times is this Ellen's left you?" Sands said.

"Five," Bascombe said, his face twisting. "Yeah. Five. In three years."

"You can't do anything with that kind but leave them," Sands said dryly. "Get a divorce. If it'll make it easier for you, I could have you transferred to another department. D'arcy said you were fussed up this A.M. over some doctor whose wife is missing."

"I can't help thinking of Ellen."

"That's what I mean. Incidentally, D'arcy thinks he's traced the doctor's wife as far as some hairdressing shop down near Sunnyside."

"How do you know so much about it?"

"Oh, I've been interested in the Morrow family for a long time," Sands said, and picked up his glass again. "For about sixteen years, I guess. Get your coat on."

Sands went ahead to the bar. The bartender was rinsing glasses. He stopped work and wiped his hands.

"He going with you, Mr. Sands?"

"Yes."

"Jeez," Bill said. "You must be a regular one of those guys that the rats followed. Take me, how big I am, and take you, how small you are, and here I couldn't do a thing with Mr. Bascombe, and he follows you like a lamb. You must have plenty muscle that don't show."

Bascombe came up. He had his overcoat buttoned wrong, but he walked straight.

When the two policemen had gone, Bill returned to the glasses. Officially the Allen Hotel had been open all day, but it was after dark that business got heavy.

Tuesday night was the slowest of the week and only one thing happened that Bill felt Sands should know about. A little ex-con and hophead called Greeley came in with a red-headed fat woman. Bill recognized the woman, but it took him several minutes to recognize Greeley. He had on a brand-new topcoat and a new green fedora. He acted like a millionaire who had to rub shoulders with a rough mob.

"Champagne," Greeley said, and sat down at a table.

"Teaspoon or tablespoon?" Bill said. The woman giggled.

Greeley laid a fifty-dollar bill on the table. Bill did everything to the bill but chew it up, and it still looked good.

When the bottle of champagne was gone, Greeley had lost his sour look and was beginning to talk big. Bill stood as near the table as he could, and now and then he caught a snatch of Greeley's talk.

Around ten, they got up to go out and Bill noticed that Greeley's pants were badly frayed at the bottom. He hurried over to the till to test the bill again.

Greeley saw him and flung him a contemptuous smile. Bill followed him to the door.

"Good night, *Mister* Greeley," he said. "You'll be back, we hope not."

The woman giggled and said, "Honest, you're a scream."

Wish my wife would laugh like that at everything I say, Bill thought. She's got no sense of humor.

On Tuesday evening, Edith, in the living room with Polly and Giles, suggested that the wedding be postponed.

Polly gave her a long hard stare. "This is Giles' last furlough before he goes overseas."

"I know," Edith said tragically. "I know it's a terrible thing to have it spoiled like this. But couldn't you wait just a few days? Perhaps Lucille will be back then."

"I don't care a damn about Lucille," Polly said. "I never have. The only way I've been able to live in the same house with her was to ignore her, not to let her spoil things for me. Well, she's not going to spoil them now."

"She's been very good to you," Edith said shrilly. "You shouldn't talk like that about her in front of Giles. I forbid you to be married until we find out about Lucille."

"I don't need permission," Polly said.

She turned her back, but Edith's voice clawed at her ears:

"And what do you really know about Giles?"

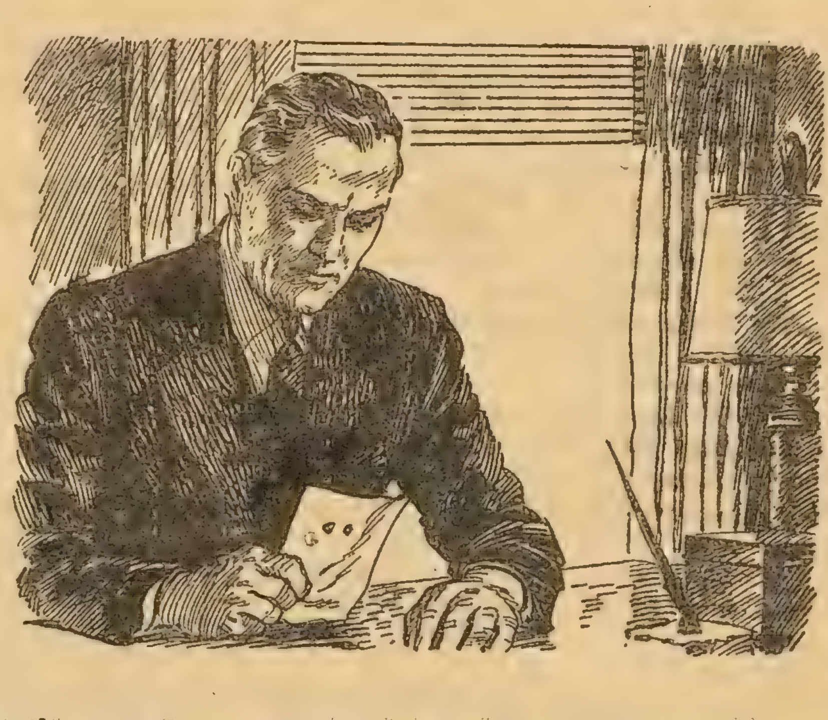
"I guess there isn't much to know," Giles said, and attempted to smile. "I mean, I realize how queer it looks that Mrs. Morrow should disappear the day after I arrive. But I assure you . . ."

"You must be crazy, Edith," Polly said in a cold flat voice. "It's bad enough that Giles should have to be here at such a time, without being accused by you."

"She said he reminded her of someone," Edith cried. "You can't tell about people . . ." Her voice snapped. She turned abruptly and ran out of the room.

"It was in the winter," Sands was telling Bascombe. "For a couple of months there'd been stories of children being chased in the park on their way home from school. The stories were vague and nobody was ever arrested. Then one night Mildred Morrow was out visiting a friend. She didn't come home."

Sands paused. "The friend was a widow who lived in the next house. Her name was Lucille Lanvers. Her statement was that Mildred had left her house before eleven o'clock, ostensibly to go home. Dr. Morrow was at the hospital, and when he returned at one o'clock, she still hadn't come home. He called his sister Edith and they went over to Mrs. Lanvers' house. The three of them looked around the park for an hour or so and then called in the police.



"About six o'clock the next morning we found Mildred Morrow lying against a tree with her head split open. Her purse and some valuable jewels were missing. The weapon wasn't found but we were pretty sure it was an axe. There was a heavy snowfall during the night, the body was almost completely covered, and while there were indentations in the snow where foot tracks had been, they were useless to us."

"Who had the case?" Bascombe said.

"Inspector Hannegan. I was a patrolman at the time. As a favor, he let me fool around with the case from another angle. I got nowhere. "There seemed to be no motive for the crime except robbery. Then Hannegan got tired of the case and closed it after a few weeks."

"What was your verdict?"

"I had none. Dr. Morrow had an alibi. His sister Edith puzzled me. She's one of these rather unstable people, and I had an idea that she was jealously fond of her brother and probably preferred him without a wife. Mrs. Lanvers was a quiet restrained woman, quite plain-looking, not as pretty as she is now, if her photographs don't lie. She was Mildred Morrow's best friend, and here again there was no motive but the vaguely possible one that she wanted Mildred's husband."

Sands continued: "It was the daughter who worried me most. I found her reaction very queer. The girl was ten or eleven at the time. She acted as though nothing had happened, and whenever I asked her a question she would stare at me and pretend she hadn't heard. I came across her three years ago in court. She was testifying in some charity case. She recognized me and turned her head away."

"Funny she remembered you."

"Yes. Funny. Her father didn't when I phoned. Anyway, Hannegan closed the investigation and I was called off. Now I think it's opening again."

IT was two o'clock in the morning. In a room at a hotel over west of Sunnyside, Lucille sat upright in a chair. Beside her the steam radiator was turned on and gave off blasts of noise and heat. But her face remained cold and waxy and her eyes frozen.

"Mrs. Morrow, I've phoned your husband. He's coming right away." Sands was talking to her quietly. "If there's anything I could get you . . ."

Bascombe shifted uneasily. "I don't think she hears you."

(But I do, young man. Young man? Old man? Two, anyway, in my room.)

"Mrs. Morrow, I'd like to help you. If you can remember what happened to you . . ."

An expression moved across her face softly, like a cat walking. She knew she must be clever now. These were her enemies.

"Mrs. Morrow, here is your husband."

"Lucille—Lucille, darling . . ."

He came into the sweltering room. She turned her head very slowly and saw him hold out his hand to her.

She began to scream. The screams came out of her throat smoothly, almost effortlessly, like a song from a bird. When the ambulance came she was still screaming.

THE ambulance neglected to pick up Mr. Greeley. The headlights just missed him.

He was sitting in the alley behind the hotel propped up against the wall. The wind from the lake stabbed at his face, but Greeley didn't mind it. Life was a stinker, but he, Greeley, had it licked. The night was dark but full of bright dreams—warm women, silk, thick soft fur, velvet hills and soft snug places.

Dreaming, he passed into sleep and, sleeping, into death.

SHE felt safe again. Behind her there was an iron gate and a hundred doors that locked with a big key. One of the nurses kept the key in the palm of her hand all the time. The room had windows, but no one could get in through them. On both sides there was steel mesh.

The nurse was young, with blonde curls and a pretty smile. "I'm Miss Scott," she said.

"Miss Scott," Lucille repeated.

"We'll just unpack your clothes now and put them away, Mrs. Morrow. You'll be sharing this room with Miss Cora Green. I'm sure you'll like her very much. We all do."

"I want to be by myself," Lucille said.

"You'll feel a little strange at first, but we find our system is the best."

A nurse came to the door with a small sprightly woman in her sixties. Her black silk dress was immaculately clean and pressed, and her white hair was combed in hundreds of tiny pin-curls with a pink velvet bow perched on top of them. She moved quickly and delicately as a bird.

"Here is Miss Green, Mrs. Morrow."

"Miss Green?" Lucille looked up. The fear that had sprung into her eyes slid away slowly. A tiny old woman, no threat, no danger.

"How do you do, Miss Green?"

"How do you do, Mrs. Morrow?" Miss Cora said. "What perfectly beautiful hair you have!" She glanced back at Miss Scott with a sly smile that said: that's the kind of thing *you* say, but you're not fooling *me.*

Miss Scott pretended not to notice, and presently went out.

Miss Cora studied Lucille for a minute. "Is there anything special the matter with you?"

"I don't know." She had a sudden wild desire to talk, to explain herself to Miss Green: There is nothing the matter with me. I am afraid, but it is a real fear. I didn't imagine it. I am afraid I am going to be killed by one of them. Andrew, Polly, Edith, Giles, one of them. She whispered, "I came here to be safe."

"Are people after you?"

"Yes."

"Oh, dear, they all say that," Miss Cora said, disappointed. "You mustn't tell that to Dr. Goodrich, you'll simply never get out of here. They have such suspicious minds around this place."

Miss Scott stuck her head in the door. "Get your coat on, Cora. Time for a walk."

"I am not going for a walk today," Miss Cora stated firmly. "My weak heart."

"Nonsense," Miss Scott said brusquely. "Gentle exercise is good for heart patients."

"Not for me. The walks are very boring," Miss Cora explained to Lucille. "They do very naïve things like gather leaves. The level of sophistication in this place is very low."

Miss Scott was flinging a navy-blue cape over her uniform. "Good-bye, Cora. You'll be sorry you didn't come. We're going to build a lovely snow man."

"Isn't she absurd?" Miss Cora cried, shaking her head. "A lovely snow man. Really!"

Somewhere in the building a gong rang once. In a sudden panic Lucille started out of the chair.

"That's Mary Filsinger," Cora said wryly. "Every time she goes out for a walk she runs to the fence and touches it to see if the escape alarm is still working."

"The fence," Lucille said. "If someone tried to get in here—the alarm would ring?"

"To get in?" Cora's voice was sharp. "Who on earth wants to get into Penwood? The more common desire is to get out."

"I want to stay here," Lucille whispered. "I'm—afraid . . ." She felt the words pressing on her throat like bubbles ready to break. (If I told someone, I could get help, someone might help me. . . . Help me, Cora. . . .)

MR. GREELEY, the police surgeon stated at the inquest, was a morphine addict of long standing. An autopsy proved the cause of death to be morphine poisoning. The coroner himself had no doubt that Greeley had miscalculated and given himself an overdose (and no loss to the world, his tone made clear). The jury went out twenty minutes, and then it became part of the court records that Edwin Edward Greeley had died by misadventure.

The bartender at the Allen Hotel read the news in the evening papers.

He called Inspector Sands' office and left a message for him.

Shortly after seven o'clock on Thursday night Sands came in.

"You wanted to see me?" he said to Bill.

"Yeah," Bill said. "I see by the papers that Greeley got his."

"Friend of yours?"

"Not so's you'd notice. He was in here the night he conked. Tuesday."

"Well?"

"He had a girl from down the street with him. He ordered champagne and paid for it with a fifty. He shot off at the mouth about how from now on he's got a steady income. I figured you'd like to know."

"Thanks. I'd like to talk to the girl. Can you dig her up?"

Bill could. Fifteen minutes later he took her to the back booth and introduced her to Sands. She sat down. "What's the gag?"

"Questions. About Greeley."

"I get it. Policeman?"

"Yes. Know Greeley long?"

"Two months maybe. Bill told me he died."

"Yes."

"He was a hophead. He gave himself a dose after we left a dance hall that night."

"What time?"

"Twelve, or so."

"And then?"

"Then he sent me home in a taxi," she said. "Believe it or not. He said he had to meet someone. He'd been talking big stuff. It made me laugh. The only thing Eddie was good for was rolling drunks, like he must have done to get the fifty he had."

Sands got up. "Good night, and thanks."

"Too bad you got to go."

"Yes. I have an appointment."

He didn't mention that the appointment was at the morgue, with the mortal remains of Mr. Greeley.

Later he telephoned Dr. Sutton, one of the coroner's assistants. "I just had a look at Edwin Greeley," he said. "Did you notice a puncture on his left upper arm?"

"Can't recall it. He was so full of punctures it's a wonder he could walk."

"This one's on his arm, barely noticeable."

"What of it? Are you thinking of *murder?*" Sutton sounded incredulous and quite irritated. "You know me, Sands. I'm always on the lookout for homicide. There's not a chance of it in this case. I knew Greeley, had to testify that he was an addict a couple of years ago. He was a damned suspicious man. If you think he'd stand around while somebody shot a lethal dose of morphine into him . . ."

"How would he know it was lethal?" Sands asked softly. "Here's something else for you. I just found out that Greeley took a shot of morphine around twelve Tuesday night. He was found the next morning around six, and had been dead about three hours."

There was a long silence.

"Yeah," Sutton said at last. "I catch it. If the shot that killed him was the one he took at twelve, he didn't die soon enough. So it wasn't that one."

"And," Sands said, "why would Greeley take another dose some two hours later? Addicts don't throw the stuff around. Greeley had an appointment some time after twelve. It looks as though he hopped himself up for it, and then someone gave him a little extra."

The case of Mr. Greeley was unofficially re-opened on Friday morning.

THE taxi came up the driveway and Giles leaned over and picked up his suitcase.

"Well, good-bye, Giles," Polly said. "Nice to have known you. But I don't like people who run out on things."

"I'm not running very far. Only to the Ford Hotel, in fact. I can't stay here any longer, I'm in the way and you know it. I feel like the worst kind of fool. The expectant bridegroom out on a limb and the fire department out to lunch." He looked down at her, helplessly. "Damn it, you shouldn't stand out here without a coat."

The taxi driver honked the horn.

"You'd better hurry," Polly said flatly.

"Polly, I'll phone you when I get there."

She looked at him coldly. "What for?"

He leaned down to kiss her, but she turned her head away. He put his hands on her shoulders.

"Look," he said. "You've made a mistake about me. I'm not a man like your father."

"He's a better man than you'll ever be."

"That's what I'm saying," he told her quietly. "He's big enough not to resent being bossed around by the women in his family. But I can't take it like that. If I could, I'd make my peace and agree to stay here and take whatever comes. You can't have it all your own way, Polly."

"Can't I?"

He picked up his suitcase again. "You know where I am if you want me."

She turned and walked toward the house without looking back. Slowly she went into the living room and stared for a minute, her eyes hot with rage, at the small photograph of Lucille on the mantle.

"She did it," she said through clenched teeth. "She's always spoiled everything for me."

"I WON'T go down." Lucille stood by her window, her hands clenched. "I don't want to see anyone."

"Oh, come now," Miss Scott said. "You'll be all alone up here. And after your family sent you those lovely roses. . . . You want to see your husband, don't you?"

Lucille pressed her hands to her heart. (I want to see Andrew, to go home with him, to live with him all of my life, never even bothering to see anyone else.) She allowed herself to be guided through the door.

In Dr. Goodrich's office, Andrew came over to her and kissed her cheek. Then Edith, too, came toward her.

"Lucille, dear," she said, and their cheeks touched for an instant in the old familiar gesture.

Lucille stood, rubbing and rubbing her cheek.

(Here is your family. At least they said it was your family, and there was some faint resemblance to Andrew in the tall man. But the girl, who was she? And the scraggly hag who'd kissed her?)

"Edith?" she said, her face wrinkling in pain and bewilderment. "Is that you, Edith?" She looked slowly around the room. "And you, Andrew? And you, Polly?"

Andrew brought her a chair, and when she sat down he stood beside her, his hand on her shoulder. "If you have any troubles, Lucille," he said gently, "share them with us. That's what a family is for."

"So confused—and tired."

"If you'd tell us what happened," Edith said shrilly. "There's been so much mystery. I'm worried half to death. What did the man . . ?"

"I'm so tired," Lucille said. "I'm sure you'll excuse me." She moved slightly.

"Please!" Andrew said and tightened his grip on her shoulder. "Please!"

With a sudden cry she wrenched herself out of his grasp and ran to the door. An instant later Dr. Goodrich was in the corridor beside her.

Edith clung to Andrew. "Take me home, Andrew, please take me home, I'm frightened! She is—she really is crazy! I'll be like that some day, I know it. . . ."

"Behave yourself," Andrew said, and looked down at her with an ugly smile. "People with as little sense as you have rarely lose it. Law of compensation, Edith."

Dr. Goodrich returned to the room. He glanced with sympathy at Andrew. "I'm sorry things didn't work out better. But there is a good deal of trial and error in these cases, it's the only way we learn. For the present I think your wife should have no visitors. But it would be a good idea to send her gifts, flowers and fruit and little things. She must be given the feeling that her family cares for her and are thinking of her."

"We are," Polly said. "We think of very little else."

SANDS walked into Dr. Sutton's office carrying something in a soaked cardboard box.

"Take a look at that," he said. "What is it?"

"A forefinger, probably male, and sliced off by an expert. The bones are badly crushed, probably had to be amputated." Dr. Sutton grimaced. "Hell-of-a-looking thing. Where did you get it?"

"A boy found it on the beach. I think someone flung it into the lake last Monday, but the waves washed it up. It couldn't have been in the water long, or the box would have fallen apart."

"Got a corpse to fit it?"

"Not yet," Sands said. "Possibly it doesn't belong to a corpse."

He went back to his office and put on his hat and coat, slowly, because he dreaded the job he had to do.

THOUGH he didn't admire the type, Sands liked Miss Scott at once.

"I'm a detective," he told her. "Homicide. I'm afraid I have to see Mrs. Morrow."

"I'm sorry, I don't think Dr. Goodrich will allow it," Miss Scott said. "She was quite disturbed last night. She's not yet diagnosed, and Dr. Goodrich . . ."

"If I could possibly get out of seeing Mrs. Morrow, I'd be glad to do it. I rarely pinch children or attack the sick, but sometimes it's necessary."

What a queer man, Miss Scott thought, and was dumbfounded into temporary silence.

"In this case it is," Sands said. "What I have to say to Mrs. Morrow may, remotely, help her. More probably it will disturb her further. I wanted this to be clear before I see her."

"Well, Dr. Goodrich will be here any minute," Miss Scott said and moved toward the door, glad to return to the world of unreason where everything was, in the long run, much simpler. She stopped at the parcel desk to pick up the gifts for her suite. Everything, even the flowers, had been opened, inspected, and done up again.

Lucille didn't put out her hand to take the parcels that were for her, so Miss Scott opened them.

"Hm! A bed-jacket. Look, Mrs. Morrow. It matches your eyes almost exactly. We're going to look lovely in it."

"Certainly," Cora said. "You in one sleeve and Lucille in the other. If I were running this place I would insist on some form of intelligent communication."

Quite unruffled, Miss Scott unwrapped the flowers and the basket of Malaga grapes. "Shall I read the cards to you? Well, the bed-jacket is from Edith. The grapes are from Polly, with love. And your husband sent the flowers. 'Remember we are all behind you. Andrew.' "

"Thank you very much," Lucille said.

"And now, Mrs. Morrow, the other nurse is going to take you down to Dr. Goodrich's office."

Docile, Lucille moved out into the hall.

Cora looked coldly across the room at Miss Scott. "Is it possible to talk sense to you?"

"Talk if you want to."

"I shall," Cora said. "In the meager hope that something will get across. Mrs. Morrow is deathly afraid."

"Yes, she is, isn't she?" Miss Scott said thoughtfully.

"She's afraid of her family. She told me last night. One of them is trying to kill her."

"Oh, come, Cora. You have too much sense . . ."

"I believe her," Cora said.

LUCILLE knew that Sands' face was one of the thousands of little faces that pursued her with silent shrieks through dreams and half-dreams. Yet she knew that he was on her side—more than Dr. Goodrich, or the nurses. He looked at her evenly, without embarrassment, and his face seemed to be saying: I know fear and I respect its power, but I am not afraid.

"Mrs. Morrow. We've found the parcel you threw into the lake."

"Oh, yes."

"Did you throw it away, or did Greeley?"

"Greeley?" Lucille said.

"He may not have used that name. Will you look at this, please, Mrs. Morrow? Is this the man?"

(I could pretend not to recognize the picture. But perhaps they can prove I knew him. I'll admit I know him, but nothing else, nothing else . . .)

"This is Greeley," Sands said. "He was the man who waited for you across the street from the hairdressing shop. He is dead."

"Dead?"

She had a sudden wild surge of hope. If this man was dead she would get out of here, she would fight.

"He was murdered," Sands said. "Someone has taken the trouble to kill Greeley on your account. Greeley was in the way—of something. Greeley was between you—and someone." His voice pressed, relentless, on her ears. "Who wants you dead?"

"If I knew," Lucille said. "If I knew . . ."

"You know why."

"No."

"You gave Greeley fifty dollars?"

("Here, take this, it's all I've got." The little man grinning as if the bitter wind had swept up the corners of his mouth. "I figured on more, I figure it's worth it." "I'll get it for you." The wind piercing her thin coat. "Now wait a minute, I ain't been standing around here for my health. I know what was in that box. I looked." "Who gave it to you? Who told you to bring it to me?" "Offhand like this I can't remember." The grin again, though he looked cold and sick. "I'll get more for you.")

"No," she said aloud.

"One of your maids has already identified Greeley as the man who brought the box to your house. If I am to help you, Mrs. Morrow, I must know what was behind this thing."

She shivered. She could still feel the wind. Her head lolled and her mouth opened.

There was a movement in the room, a hand touching her lightly on the shoulder, Dr. Goodrich's voice saying, "That will be all, I think, for today," and a nurse waiting to take her back to her room.

At the door she turned around. Sands was still watching her. "Good-bye," she said. She gave him an intelligent, almost apologetic glance, as if she felt even yet the strange alliance between them. You and I—we both have secrets—there isn't time to tell them.

MISS SCOTT, talking to another nurse in the corridor, turned her head suddenly. Her alert ears had picked up a sound from Mrs. Morrow's room. She ran noiselessly down the corridor.

Lucille was standing just inside the door, saying in a blank voice, "Cora? Cora? Cora?"

Cora Green was lying on the floor. She had fallen on her face with her hands outstretched, and spilled around her were blue grapes.

"Why, Cora," said Miss Scott. She knelt down.

(Why, Cora, you're dead.)

Quietly and quickly Miss Scott got up and walked back to Lucille, thrust her out into the hall and then locked the door.

"She was poisoned. In the grapes. They were for me, They killed her," Lucille said. The words were clear-cut in her brain, but they came out as a muffled jumble of syllables.

Miss Scott bent her head attentively. "Now, now, nobody's going to take your nice grapes away from you."

Lucille drew in her breath. If she spoke very carefully and slowly and tried to control her tongue they would understand her. "Cora—Cora—was . . ."

"Why, of course, Cora will be all right."

A doctor—not Dr. Goodrich—came into the corridor. Lucille saw him lock the door behind him. He was carrying his instrument bag in one hand and he didn't palm the key as the nurses did, but put it in his coat pocket. It was so large that one end of it stuck out.

She would pretend to be sick, or to faint, that was better. And when the doctor bent over her she would take the key. Through the doors and down the slopes and past the iron gate. Clever, clever, she thought, and heard the doctor padding softly toward her.

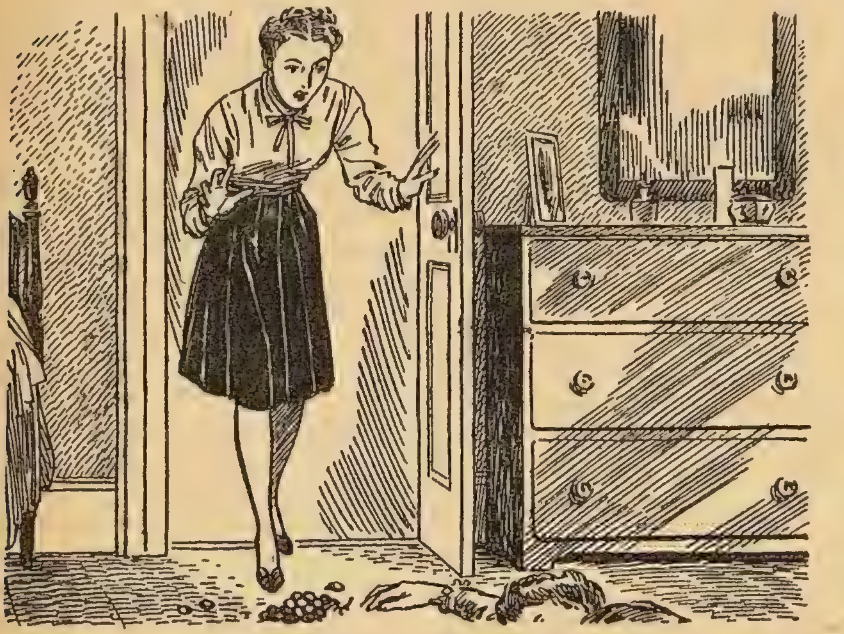
"Watch your key, doctor," Miss Scott said pleasantly.

TIME for lunch, time for rest, time for a walk, time for Dr. Goodrich.

"Miss Green died of heart failure, Mrs. Morrow. She had had a heart condition for some time. Her death was not a surprise to us. The autopsy was performed by a police surgeon, and there was not the faintest evidence of poison."

"The grapes."

"The grapes were all tested, Mrs. Morrow. Miss Green, Cora's sister, is perfectly satisfied with the report. Cora was apparently eating grapes and a bit of skin got caught in her throat. You must have come into the room just then, and perhaps the sudden entrance, and the blockage in her throat . . . There was no trace of any poison," he repeated. "I arranged for Cora's sister to come to see you. She's in the waiting room now."



Janet Green was a good-hearted woman. She liked to help people. She went at it firmly, telling Lucille in a calm kind voice that she was Cora's sister, that Cora had died of heart failure; she herself had attended the inquest.

"You mustn't treat me as if I'm stupid," Lucille said. "Cora wasn't stupid. She knew right away that she'd been poisoned."

"I'm certain you're wrong. No one would want to harm Cora."

"Not Cora. Me. They were meant for me. She ate some when I was out of the room. When I came back she was sitting on her bed eating them. I ran to her and told her the grapes were poisoned and tried to get them away from her, but it was too late. She died instead of me."

The picture became suddenly clear to Janet. Cora had been sitting on the bed, eating the grapes, when Mrs. Morrow lunged across the room crying, "They're poisoned!" Cora had been frightened to death.

It was all clear. It even accounted for so many of the grapes being spilled round the room.

DURING lunch Sands and Bascombe talked about the Morrow case. Bascombe's department had had nothing to do with it since Lucille Morrow had been found. But he had a professional interest in the case, and he listened intently to the story of Cora Green's death.

"Three of them," he said when Sands had finished. "Damn odd."

"Miss Green's death was, of course, an accident. The grapes were not poisoned. It wasn't planned or even imagined by the person responsible for the other two. But her death is driving Mrs. Morrow past the borderline of sanity. And that, I believe, is the ultimate motive—to get Mrs. Morrow. Mrs. Morrow must be made to suffer, perhaps eventually she must be killed."

"Damn funny the mere sight of an amputated finger would send her crazy, though," Bascombe said.

"It didn't—not the finger itself. It was the implications of the finger. A dead finger meant to her a dead woman—Mildred, the first wife; and a death warning to her, the second wife. Of course it's a member of her family. No one else could hate her so thoroughly, or know enough of her weaknesses to attempt such a refined sport as driving her insane."

"Who in hell would even think of sending a finger? And where did it come from?"

"The Morrow family can offer no suggestions. They are united in one thing—that the police have no right to bother them, that they are having enough trouble as it is. I questioned them at their house. When I was leaving, Dr. Morrow took me aside and asked me everything about the finger. He looked frightened, as if he knew quite a lot that he wasn't telling."

"Morrow seems to have bad luck too." Bascombe finished a piece of pie. "Coming?"

Sands said he was not going back to the office. He had an appointment. Fifteen minutes later he was facing Lieutenant Giles Frome across a small writing desk at the Ford Hotel.

"I can't understand it," Giles told him. "Polly's got some idea in her head that I've walked out on her. What I did was come down here. The rest of the family didn't want me there. Why should they? I'm a stranger to them. The whole thing has been a mess from the time I met her family. Practically before we said hello we had to run into a train wreck."

"Oh? Who was with you?"

"Polly and her father. I was so damn nervous anyway about meeting her family—I'd only known her for three weeks. And then running into that mess and ending up by picking up bodies . . ." He looked bitterly at Sands, as if Sands had engineered the whole thing. "All right. What did you want to ask me?"

Sands smiled. "Nothing. Not a thing. Just dropped in to see how you were."

Still smiling, he walked across the lobby, pausing at the door to wave his hand cheerfully.

"Everybody's crazy," Lieutenant Frome told the bartender some time later. "Everyone's crazy but me."

"Sure," the bartender said. "Sure."

ON the day of Cora's death Lucille was transferred to a room of her own and put in the charge of a special nurse, Miss Eustace. Lucille was losing weight rapidly. She never bothered to comb her hair and had to be told when to wash her hands. Though she seemed to listen quite attentively when Miss Eustace was talking, she rarely answered, and what talking she did was at night after she had been given a sedative.

One morning there was a letter for Lucille from Edith. Miss Eustace read it to her:

"Dear Lucille: I hope you received the chocolates and pillow rest I sent day before yesterday. It is very difficult to get chocolates these days, one has to stand in line."

Lucille turned her head and looked deliberately out of the window. (It is very difficult to get poisoned chocolates these days, one has to stand in line.)

"We all miss you a great deal, though I know you won't believe it. The policeman Sands was here again, talking about the train wreck. You remember that afternoon? I don't know what he was getting at, but whoever did anything to you, Lucille, it wasn't me, Lucille, it was not me! I can't figure anything out any more. I have this sick headache nearly all the time and Polly is driving me crazy. Meals are the worst time. We watch each other. It's terrible—we watch each other."

Silly woman, thought Miss Eustace, and turned the page.

"I know Andrew wouldn't like me to be writing a letter like this. But, Lucille, you're the only one I can talk to now. I feel I'd rather be there with you, I've always liked and trusted you."

(I've always loathed and been jealous of you. We watched each other.)

"Do you remember the night Giles came and I said, God help me, that we were a happy family? I feel this is a judgment on me for my smugness and wickedness. I don't know how it will all end."

(This is a judgment on me for my wickedness. It will all end.)

"That's all," said Miss Eustace.

(That is all. It will end and that is all.)

Miss Eustace was annoyed. People shouldn't write problem letters.

"Let's bundle all up and get some nice fresh air, shall we?" she suggested.

Lucille sat, heavy and inert, while Miss Eustace lifted her arms into her coat and tied a scarf around her head and put on her gloves.

The roof garden glittered in the sun. Snow clung to the high fence with the strands of barbed wire around the top. Slowly Lucille walked over to the fence and put her hand on it. She looked down through it and saw little people walking, their tracks behind them in the snow the only sign that they were real. So tiny and futile they seemed, like the skiers in the park.

Lucille remained pressed against the fence. She did not feel the cold, the pain, the heat of the sun. She was not aware of Miss Eustace somewhere behind her. She looked down, her eyes strained.

"If you don't move around a bit, Mrs. Morrow, you'll be cold. You mustn't take your gloves off, dear, your hands will freeze."

She could feel Miss Eustace coming up closer, but she didn't hurry with the second glove, she didn't even look to see what she was doing. She was filled with a great power because for the first time in weeks she knew now what she must do. Miss Eustace, no one, could stop her.

Her hands clung to the fence like eagle's claws, and she began to climb. She braced herself by catching the heels of her shoes in the fence holes, and up she climbed, bent double, her coat flapping around her.

Miss Eustace screamed "Stop!" and caught hold of one of her ankles and pulled. The heel of the other shoe came down viciously on the bridge of Miss Eustace's nose. She lurched back screaming and wiping blood out of her eyes.

"Come back! Come back!"

No—no—this is a judgment on me for my wickedness . . .

The barbed wire tore Lucille's hands and her face, but she felt nothing, made no sound. At the top she hoisted herself over, clumsily, but with great strength. Her coat caught on a barb and for a second she hung suspended in the air.

Then the threads of the coat broke and she fell. Her big black shadow slid quietly down the wall of the building.

"SIT down, Miss Morrow."

"Mr. Sands, is this the end of it? It must be. She's dead now—the inquest is over—she's going to be buried this afternoon . . ."

Polly looked thinner than Sands remembered her, and more vulnerable.

She kept her head down when she talked as if she was trying to hide behind her hat.

"I haven't any reason for being here, I haven't anything to tell you. I guess—well, I wanted someone to talk to."

"Normal," he said.

"It is? Most people would say it's very abnormal to be dashing around town on the morning of your stepmother's funeral. Especially after the way she died. Dr. Goodrich said it's humanly impossible for anyone to scale that fence. Yet she did it." Polly bit her underlip. "What a mess. What a filthy mess."

"You sound as if you're about to say, what have I done to deserve all this?"

"Well, I do say it. What have I?"

"I wouldn't know. But if you're looking for any system of logic in this world, in terms of human justice, you're younger than I thought."

"Twenty-five. But I've never been young."

"Women are notoriously fond of that cliché," Sands said. He smiled.

"You don't take me seriously."

He raised his eyebrows. "Four people dead and I don't take you seriously? Lucille died a hideous death and one of you is responsible. You, or your father, or your aunt. It's that simple, and that complicated. She wasn't killed cleanly, she was hounded to death. As by-products, there were two other deaths."

He walked toward her slowly. "Do you realize that not one of you has given me a scrap of information to help me solve these murders? I might have saved Cora Green and your stepmother, and Eddy Greeley."

"Two insane old people," she said in a bitter voice. "And a dope fiend. But I've had to give up the only person I've ever really loved because I couldn't bear to have him disgraced too. Officers in the army can't afford to get mixed up in a scandal."

"That's his business."

"No, it's mine. If he lost his commission, every time we quarreled he would fling it up to me."

"If he's the flinging-up type he won't need any excuse."

"I didn't say he was that type! He isn't!"

"What you're saying is, that's what you'd do if you were he. Well, I don't give a damn what you do as long as it doesn't come under homicide."

He thought she was on the verge of walking out. Instead she went back and sat down.

"All right," she said calmly. "What can I do to help you find out the truth?"

"It was on a Sunday, wasn't it, that you and your father went to get Lieutenant Frome. And on Monday your stepmother ran away. Up to that point you were a fairly normal family group. You had made the adjustments to your real mother's death . . ."

"I never adjusted to my mother's death and I had no affection for Lucille. I have never forgiven my father for marrying again."

"What I'm getting at is that something must have happened on that Sunday to precipitate matters. It doesn't look to me as if someone had been brooding for years about sending Lucille an amputated finger and waiting for a convenient train wreck. No, I think that on Sunday someone received a revelation, and the wreck itself suggested a means of getting back at Lucille."

"That leaves Edith out. She was at home," Polly said. "She was a little fluttery at breakfast about Giles coming and I remember she kept saying 'today of all days,' which annoyed me. I don't like fusses."

She paused, frowning thoughtfully down at her hands. "Oh, yes. Then father couldn't find something, as usual, and I heard Lucille tell him to try the cedar closet and then she came in and had breakfast, and she and Edith talked. As soon as Edith went out, Lucille left. I remember that because it was so pointed."

"Pointed?"

"Yes. Because father and Edith weren't there she didn't have to put up with me, she could get up and leave. When father was there she was all sweet and silky. You should have seen her face when I told her I was getting married. She positively beamed. One out, one to go, see? Edith might die, and then she could be alone with father. That's what she wanted. She never fooled me for an instant—even before . . ." She stopped.

"Even before your mother died?" Sands said.

"Yes. Even then. I didn't like her because she was in love with my father. And she—stayed that way."

"And he?"

"Oh, he loved her," she said grudgingly. "Not in the same way that he loved my mother—Lucille was so different from her. Father always had to look after Mildred, but when he married Lucille she was the one who looked after him. She and Edith. Poor Father. A couple of years ago Edith and Lucille pressed him into retiring from full practice. He's never had very good health. Still—it's a thing for a man to settle by himself."

"Like marriage."

She flushed and said coldly, "That's different."

"Back to Sunday," he said.

"I've told you everything. It was the most ordinary day in the world until we ran into the train wreck. We worked steadily until late that night. I took time off to phone home because I knew Edith would be worried." A grudging note was in her voice. "Lucille, too, I suppose, though not about us. That's really all I can tell you."

SINCE she had read of Lucille's suicide in the paper, Janet Green's conscience had been troubling her. She felt that she had not done enough to help Lucille and that she was, in a sense, responsible for what happened. Then the urge had seized her to go and see the Morrow family. She felt vaguely that once she had seen them, things would be clearer and the whole business less mysterious and frightening.

Since she did not want an actual encounter with the family she decided to go to the cemetery where Lucille was to be buried. There would be a crowd of curiosity-seekers there; no one would notice her.

But the first person she saw was Sands. He was standing apart from the little group of people around the open grave. He had his hat off and the driving snow had whitened his hair. She began to walk around to the other side, and he looked up and nodded at her.

The minister was praying, and one of the group around the grave had turned around and was looking at her. It was an older woman, heavily draped in black.

"Edith Morrow," Sands' voice said in Janet's ear. She jumped. She hadn't heard him approaching. "Dr. Morrow's sister."

Edith Morrow came over to them.

"You have no right to be here," she said to Sands in her high desperate voice. "Why can't people leave us alone?"

"This is Cora Green's sister," Sands said quietly.

"It was your sister who died?"

"Yes."

"We—one of us . . ."

"Oh, I don't look at it like that at all," Janet said in embarrassment. "I just thought I'd—like to see you all."

"You've seen us now." Edith leaned closer and her voice was a whisper. "Tell me, which one of us?"

There was a silence. The Janet said, with a warm deep sympathy, "You poor woman. Some day perhaps you'll all be laughing about how suspicious you were of each other."

"If I could think that . . ."

EDITH turned away and went back. Janet's eyes followed her, full of pity and understanding. The group beside the grave was waiting for her, looking at her.

We watch each other, Edith thought. Someone had said that recently. Who was it?

She remembered with a shock that she herself had written it to Lucille. It was the first she'd thought of the letter since she'd sent it. She should never have written it. Where was it now? Suppose it was in the bundle of things that the hospital had sent back this morning?

Her mind set up a wild clamor: I must get the letter. Andrew mustn't see it—no one . . .

As soon as they arrived home she excused herself with a headache and went upstairs. She met Annie in the hall.

"About Mrs. Morrow's clothes," Edith began, and tried to keep the agitation out of her voice.

"I put them in Dr. Morrow's room," Annie told her.

Edith went and lay down on her bed. The pain in her head was intense. She could hear talking down in the living room, and she waited until she could distinguish voices, Polly's and Andrew's, so she would know she was alone upstairs.

In silence her slippered feet crossed the hall. She switched on a lamp in Andrew's room. She glanced toward the smoking stand beside the leather chair and saw that he had left the lid of the humidor off. Automatically she walked over and replaced it. An open book straddled one arm of the chair. She picked it up. It was a diary.

Funny, I didn't know Andrew kept a diary, she thought. No, it can't be his. The writing's different, very round and big, and the ink's faded. She closed the book and put it on the arm of the chair again. Then she noticed the name on the cover.

"What are you doing in here, Edith?" Andrew's voice said, and the door clicked in place behind him.

"I—I was looking for Lucille's clothes."

"They're in the closet. We thought you were asleep."

"No—no—I—couldn't sleep."

She saw his eyes go toward the chair and falter.

"I didn't read it," she said.

"Don't talk like a child. What difference would it make if you had read it?" He closed his eyes for a second. "Mildred never wrote anything other people couldn't see."

"You read it—last night?"

"Yes."

"You've kept it all these years?"

"All these years, yes."

"But I thought—wasn't it missing after Mildred died?"

"Yes, it was missing. I had it. I didn't feel justified in handing my wife's diary over to a policeman." He picked up the book and held it out to her.

"No, no, I wouldn't want to read it! It will just upset me. . . . I have this headache."

"It won't upset you."

He was still holding it out to her and now she took it, almost without volition.

"Go to bed, Edith."

"I would, if I could sleep," she said gratingly. "You'll never give me anything to make me sleep. I have to lie awake night after night . . ."

"You're the type who forms habits too easily," he said quietly. "But rather than see you hysterical like this I will set aside my better judgment."

Her voice pursued him into the closet where he kept his medical supplies locked up, and into the bedroom where he poured out a glass of water.

"Here. Take this. It will begin to work in an hour or so. Now go to bed." He half-pushed her toward the door.

At ten o'clock Polly, the last one to come up to bed, paused in front of Edith's door and rapped softly.

"Come in. Don't shout at me through the door!"

Edith was sitting up in bed. Her cheeks were flushed and her eyes had a glaring sightless look.

"I was just sitting here a moment before turning off the light," she said.

One of her arms jerked nervously and the sleeve of her bed-jacket slipped back and showed an inch or so of black dress. She covered it again quickly, but Polly had already seen.

"Well, I didn't have anything special to say," she said, her voice carefully blank. "Guess I'll turn in. How's your headache?"

"Headache? Oh, it's all right."

"Well, good night."

"Good night."

Their eyes met for an instant and passed on, like strangers on a dark street.

The door closed and Edith got out of bed and tore the bed-jacket from her shoulders. She put on a coat and tied a black scarf over her head and picked up the diary from underneath the bedclothes.

Then, a black shadow, she moved through the house, and went out into the street.

"GOOD morning, Miss Green," Sands said, "What brings you to see me?"

Janet Green put a paper bag on his desk. It had been stamped and postmarked, and her name and address had been written shakily in pen and ink.

"This came this morning," she said. "It's a diary."

Sands took the book carefully from the bag. The cover was tooled leather and across it, in gold letters, was printed "Mildred Scott Morrow."

"Edith Morrow must have sent it. I don't know any of the others. And I only met her yesterday."

"Perhaps that's why. She could trust you because you have no ax to grind."

"Yes, but there's nothing in the book that I can see! And why not keep it herself? Someone has marked passages in it. They're mostly about Lucille."

"Go on."

"Well, as soon as I looked into the book I rang up the house and whoever answered said Miss Morrow couldn't come to the phone. Then they hung up."

Before she had finished speaking Sands had risen. "Thanks for coming. I'll keep this. Sorry. I've got to leave."

When he reached the Morrow house the doorbell was answered by Annie. "I'd like to speak to Miss Edith Morrow," he said.

"Well, you can't."

"Why not?"

"She's dead. And it's none of your business this time. It happened natural. She died in her sleep."

"I'm very sorry," he said, and Annie was impressed by his sincerity. "Where is the family?"

"They're up there with her."

"I don't want to intrude on them. Too late now. "I'll wait some place. Don't bother telling them I'm here."

"They wouldn't like it if I didn't. There's a fire in Dr. Morrow's den. You can go in there, I guess."

She left him then, and when he heard her go upstairs he took the diary from his coat pocket and began to read:

August 31

Edith looks so pretty today! She's got on a new dress, so I told her we must do something special. So we had a picnic in the park! Lucille came along. I think Lucille could be very beautiful if she would only have some vitality. (Like Edith). She is still far too young to go on grieving for her husband. He was a lot older than she, and what we saw of him, not a nice person like her. Polly came on the picnic too, but she doesn't seem to like Lucille. She is too shy.

The last sentence was underlined in fresh ink.

September 6.

Well, I finally got Lucille and Andrew together! Andrew had a whole evening off, and though we've been Lucille's neighbors for ages, why, Andrew hardly knows her, he's away so much!

November 12.

I am sitting in Lucille's living room writing this while she knits. She knits with her eyes shut, imagine! I asked her what she was thinking and she told me that she was thinking she wasn't going to celebrate Christmas this year. Not celebrate Christmas! I told her, why not? She was very annoyed for a minute. She told me, look around you, look at my house and my clothes, can't you figure it out by yourself? Well, of course I could then. It was very embarrassing and I asked her if she wanted some money, a loan or a gift or anything. But she refused. I think she refused on account of Andrew, she knows he doesn't much like her.

December 4.

I took my portrait down to Morison's for a good cleaning today. Lucille came along and afterward we went to a movie and then for a cup of chocolate (which I should not drink). She is so quiet and patient, it's nice to go places with her. Edith is always in so much of a hurry!

Quiet and patient, Sands thought. Biding her time. At what particular moment did she begin to covet Mildred's husband and Mildred's money?

December 5.

Well, here I am over at Lucille's again tonight. It is nice to have someone to drop in on after Polly's in bed and when Andrew is on a case and Edith is out. Edith is having quite a rush from this George Mackenzie, but Lucille says she doesn't think Edith will marry him because she's too wrapped up in Andrew. I know Edith adores Andrew and harries the life out of him, but I always thought it's because she hasn't a man of her own. I told Lucille this and she just smiled.

With each page Sands turned, the picture of Mildred became clearer. Mildred, smiling and secure, never questioning.

December 7.

Lucille and I took a walk through the park this afternoon. She began to talk about her marriage. Both her parents died in a hotel fire when she was seventeen, and quite soon afterward she married one of her father's friends, years older than she was. She said she hated him from the very first day. (And the way she said it! I couldn't believe it was really my own friend talking!) Imagine living in hate for ten years! You really should get married again, I told her.

December 10.

Andrew phoned to say he won't be home until late tonight, so I guess I'll drop over to Lucille's for a while. I want to show her the new earrings Andrew bought me. Later. Well, here I am. Lucille has the living room beautifully decorated for Christmas with clusters of pine tied with ribbon. I asked her where she got it and she said she'd simply gone out into the park and cut it, and we both laughed. I think I'll try it too! The pine smells so fresh and clean, and think of the fun cutting it for oneself!

THAT was the last entry. The pictures kept forming in Sands' mind, though there were no more words to hang them on; Mildred, pink and pretty against the pine.

"Oh, I love it! It smells so fresh and clean."

"We could go out and cut some for you. It's snowing, the night is dark, and I have an ax."

Had the details of the plan occurred to Lucille suddenly at that point? Or had she plotted it carefully beforehand?

What had Lucille done with the ax afterwards? Put it in the furnace, Sands thought. The handle would burn, and the blade itself might be distorted beyond recognition. And Mildred's jewels—had she put them in the furnace, or had she hidden them?

He could see her coming, suddenly, upon the diary Mildred had left behind in the sitting room. If she hadn't been pressed for time she might have read it then and there and realized that it would have to be destroyed. But she didn't have time to read it and she was cautious enough not to want to destroy it if it should prove harmless to her.

At one o'clock Andrew Morrow had come home.

"Edith! Edith, wake up! Mildred isn't home yet. Something must have happened to her."

"Why, she was just over at Lucille's."

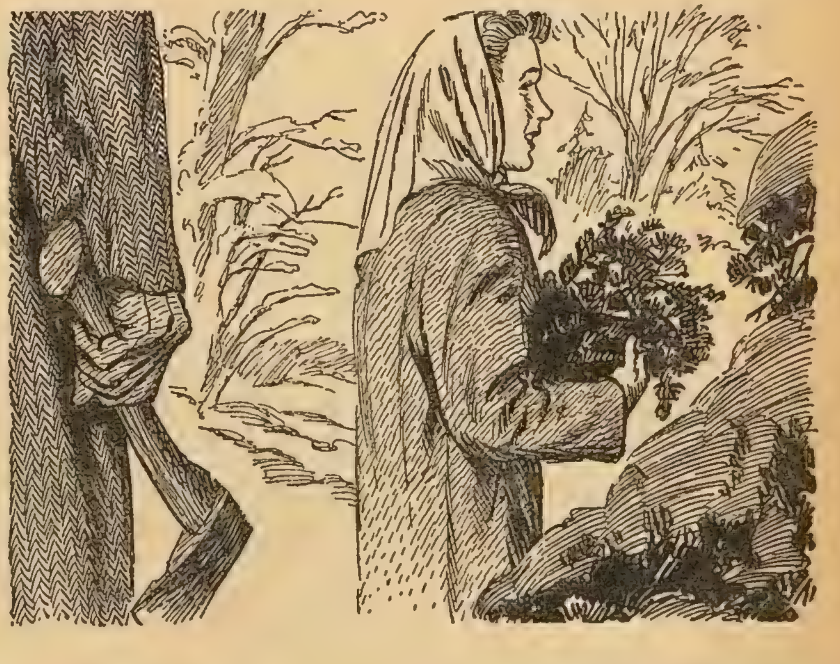
"I'm going over to get her."

They had gone over to Lucille's.

"She left here ages ago, before eleven o'clock. I thought she was going straight home."

Lucille had helped them look, guiding them firmly away from the tree that sheltered Mildred. She had soothed Edith and nursed Andrew through his illness; and when she had become indispensable, he married her.

SANDS closed the diary and put it in his pocket. To send it to me would have been too final and definite an act, he thought. Edith wasn't sure, she wanted only to get the diary in some safe place outside the house until she could decide what to do about it.



Polly came in and found him slumped in the chair.

"I was—we were just going to phone you. My father will be down in a minute. He thinks—he thinks Edith killed herself. She was in his room last night, half-hysterical, begging him to give her something to make her sleep. He unlocked his cupboard and then went into the bathroom to mix her a bromide. It must have been then when it happened."

"What did?"

"When she—took the morphine."

"Why?"

She turned and looked at him. "I don't know."

"Can you take advice? Get out of this house right away. Go to your lieutenant. Don't stop to pack or think. Pick up your coat and get out of this house."

Andrew spoke from the doorway. "Mr. Sands is right. I advise you to go." He sounded tired but perfectly under control. "Lieutenant Frome's leave is up Sunday, isn't it? Today is Thursday, you haven't much time."

She looked from one man to the other.

"I don't understand. You know I can't leave you here alone, Father."

"Why not? Has it occurred to you that I might prefer to be alone?"

It might have been an ordinary family argument except that the girl's eyes had too much fear in them, and there was too much acid in the man's voice.

"I think I'm old enough to be allowed some freedom, Polly. Edith is dead now, the whole business is ended. Wherever I choose to go, at whatever time, I won't be required to phone home and give my exact location, the nature of my companions, and the state of my health. I am now a free agent, an emancipated man."

"I'm not the type who interferes," Polly said. She tried to sound scornful, but her voice trembled. "You wouldn't have to be phone-ridden. I'm not—I'm not Edith."

"No. But Edith wasn't always Edith either. Years ago Edith too was engaged. But when Mildred died she said it was her duty to stay with me. The fact was that she didn't love the young man enough to take a chance on marriage. As the years passed she blamed me for her frustrated love affair. She took it out on me, not overtly, but by gentle and loving nagging."

She looked at him, stubborn and mute.

"I'll have to give you a direct order, Polly. Leave this house."

"You might at least keep your voice down. The maids . . ."

He saw that she had no intention of going. "I'm sorry," he said, and struck her on the cheek with the flat of his hand.

With a sudden whimper she turned and ran out of the room.

The two men stood in silence. They heard the front door slam shut, a car engine racing.

"I'm sorry," Andrew repeated. "I—I don't really believe in violence. You want to see Edith, of course."

EDITH lay on the bed. Sands saw that one of her fingers had a smudge of ink on it. His eyes strayed to the night table beside the bed.

At the base of the lamp on it lay a fountain pen with the top jammed carelessly on.

"Why?" he said aloud. Why go to all the trouble of marking the diary and seeing that it got in neutral and therefore safe hands?

"Why kill herself?" Andrew said, quietly. "Because she'd written a letter. When I came upstairs last night she was in my room trying to find it. It was in the bundle of Lucille's clothes that came from the hospital. She was afraid that I might read it and find out that she had driven Lucille to suicide. Here it is. I read it last night."

Sands read the agitated scrawl:

"Whoever did anything to you, Lucille, it wasn't me, Lucille, it was not me!" The words rang clear and true in Sands' mind.

He turned suddenly and walked to the door. When he passed Andrew he saw Andrew's eyes on his coat pocket.

"Do you carry a gun?" Andrew said.

"No."

"What's that?"

"A book. Excuse me, I have to phone in a report."

Sands was gone for ten minutes.

When he came back, Andrew was waiting for him. He led Sands into his study.

"That book in your pocket," he said. "That's my wife's diary, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"I gave it to Edith last night to read."

"Why?"

"She found it in my room when she came to look for her letter. I thought it was the natural thing to do, to let her read it."

"Natural," Sands repeated. "Everything's been pretty natural all down the line, hasn't it? Everything has more or less just happened."

"I'm glad you see that. The only really unnatural thing is where you got my wife's diary."

"Your sister wrapped it in a paper bag and mailed it to Janet Green last night," Sands said, and he added, "She was at the funeral yesterday. Cora Green's sister."

"Oh, yes. The little old woman who ate the grapes." Andrew flung a quick uncertain glance at him. "I didn't imagine Edith would do anything so preposterous as sending the diary to Janet Green."

"I think you were making one of your experiments. When you first read the diary it threw you completely. You wanted to see what it would do to Edith."

"When I first read the diary?" Andrew repeated. "Why, I've had it for years, as I told Edith."

"But once she'd read it she didn't believe you. Any more than I do. I think you found the diary two weeks ago last Sunday. You couldn't have had it all this time without knowing that Lucille had killed your first wife. And knowing that, you could never have lived with her for fifteen years. It is humanly impossible."

"Humanly impossible," Andrew repeated. "Practically nothing is that. A man can endure anything if he believes in ultimate justice, if he believes that the wicked shall be punished and the good shall be rewarded. Revenge and reward." He leaned forward. "Think of it! Somewhere, dangling in space, justice, great impartial justice built like a monstrous man straddling the universe. A big fellow, a kind fellow, but still like us."

"Don't be boyish." Sands glanced at his watch. "My friends will be here in five minutes. And then," he said carefully, "I will try to prove that you are a murderer."

"You have no proof?"

"Circumstantial evidence only. Quite a bit of it in Greeley's case. You had the means of committing the murder and you were around at the crucial time. Circumstantial evidence only," he repeated. "Perhaps we'll have to wait for that big fellow straddling the universe to get you."

"I'm not afraid of him."

"What?" Sands said in an exaggerated drawl. "And him so big and full of vitamins?"

"You are making me out a fool and a villain. I am an ordinary man, and if out-of-the-ordinary things occurred to me, they occurred naturally. I was not looking for that diary when I found it, I had forgotten there was such a thing. I was looking for my scarf. It was not in the cedar closet where Lucille said it was. I looked in my own room and then in hers. The diary was in one of her bureau drawers." He stopped, sucking in his breath. "Think of it! She murdered my wife. And all these years she's kept the evidence, casually, in a bureau drawer."

"It may not have been there all the time," Sands said. "Perhaps she'd hidden it well, and came across it and wanted to read it again."

"I believe you're right. She'd been thinking of Mildred that day, Sunday. I found the sketches she made of Mildred. She had burned out the eyes with a cigarette." He shook his head. "The systematic illogic of women. They can live, almost happily, with a man they hate, and harry a man they love to death."

"Like yourself?"

"Yes. All my life, for the sake of peace, I've hired myself out to managers—my mother, Edith, Lucille. A man has no refuge at all from the voices of the women who love him and are doing everything 'for his own good.'"

He was no longer angry. He even seemed bored, as if he was now reciting a piece of memory work.

"I killed Edith," he said. "I killed her because she started to nag at me. I hadn't planned it. But suddenly there she was, wanting to be put to sleep. It was so simple, so predestined. I went in after she was dead, to find the diary and destroy it. But it wasn't there. I didn't worry about it, however."

"You should. It might help to hang you."

"No, it won't. This talk is confidential between the two of us. And your friends will find morphine in Edith's glass, and I will supply the letter she wrote to Lucille."

"Edith was the only one who couldn't possibly have sent the amputated finger to Lucille."

"You can't fool me like that," Andrew said. "You will have to bring me to trial one case at a time. You can't try to prove that perhaps I killed Greeley, and perhaps I killed Edith, and have the two perhapses make a certainty. Why do you want me to hang, anyway?"

"It's my job," Sands said wryly. "And I think you might do it again."

"That's ridiculous," Andrew said. "I have no reason to kill anyone else."

"Perhaps you had no reason to kill Greeley?"

"He was interfering, getting in my way. I hadn't planned on killing him or anyone else. I hadn't really planned anything. I was pretty dazed after reading the diary, I hardly remember driving out to meet Giles. All I could think of was Lucille's two faces—the one she showed to me and the one I saw in Mildred's diary. I thought I would keep quiet until after Polly was married, and then I would confront Lucille with the diary. But what then? Would she confess? Would she lie? Would she even try to kill me, perhaps, to save herself? Then we came upon the train wreck and the situation solved itself. When I picked up the amputated finger, I knew how I could test Lucille.

"I HAD to know whether she was guilty. I didn't foresee the actual results—it wasn't even her own guilt that drove her crazy, it was the knowledge that someone else knew of her guilt, that someone had tracked her down. She, who had lived a placid, happy life for sixteen years, now found herself a criminal." He paused. "When she opened the box, she screamed, and then she must have run to the bureau drawer to find the diary. When she—saw it was gone, she knew one of us must have taken it.

"I thought of sending the finger through the mail, but then I saw this shabby-looking little man standing beside a newsstand. I asked him if he'd deliver a parcel for two dollars and he said he would."

"You could have saved yourself trouble by lowering it to fifty cents," Sands said. "A parcel worth a two-dollar delivery is worth opening. What interested Greeley was the smell of money, and he got a big whiff when he opened that parcel. He delivered it, all right. Then he waited around to see what would happen. He followed Lucille down to Sunnyside and waited outside while she was in the beauty parlor. When she came out he confronted her. She gave him a fifty-dollar bill to keep him quiet. She took a room at the Lakeside Hotel, and when he was pretty sure she was going to stay there for a while he went out and had what for Greeley was a big evening.

"Lucille must have promised him more money, for he told the girl he was with that he had a date, and then he returned to the Lakeside. He got there about the same time as Inspector Bascombe and I did. He probably recognized us right away. He didn't know what we were there for. He hung around the alley for a while, and then you came along. He recognized you immediately."

"It was a shock," Andrew said, "to meet him again. I'd almost forgotten about him. Then I saw what I should have seen the preceding afternoon if I hadn't been intent on my plan—he was a morphine addict. I was carrying my instrument bag in case I'd have to give Lucille a sedative, and he saw I was a doctor.

"A doctor means only one thing to an addict—a chance for more dope. The first thing the man said was, 'A sawbones, eh?' He seemed to be burning up with triumph. 'Some parcel,' he said. 'Where's the rest of the guy?' I didn't answer him. Then he asked me for some morphine. 'I haven't got any extra,' I told him. 'Just a quarter grain, not enough for you.'

"He said, 'What do you know about me? That'll do—for now.' He led me around to the alley. It was dark and intensely cold. I put my bag on the ground and opened it. Greeley lit a match and cupped it in his hands. I could tell you it was then that I decided to kill him, but I couldn't tell you why. There was no one reason. I prepared the syringe and told him to take off his coat. He said, 'What the hell, nothing fancy for me,' and shoved out his arm. The whole incident didn't take ten minutes."

The ringing of the doorbell interrupted Andrew.

"Your friends are here," he said politely.

WHILE the policemen were there, Andrew remained in his study with the door shut. Only by straining his ears could he hear them moving about.

What are they doing up there?

Nothing. Don't listen.

What have I overlooked? Nothing.

Poor Edith, how like Greeley she'd acted after all, both so greedy for a little death and so surprised at getting the real thing.

He became aware, finally, that the noises overhead had ceased. The house was empty. Only the maids were left, and they must go too. He had to be alone, to think. He rose painfully. His legs were cramped, he had been sitting too tensely. He must learn not to look back or look ahead.

He found the maids in the kitchen.

"I'll give you both a month's wages," he said quietly. "You may leave at once. I'll make out your checks."

Within half an hour they were going down the street, their purses tight beneath their arms.

Andrew stood at the door, watching, long after they were out of sight. They were gone, the last remnants of the old life, and now he must begin a new one. But he felt curiously tired, reluctant to move from the door.

He heard someone coming down the stairs behind him. He turned slowly, knowing it was Sands.

"I thought you were gone." He had to drag the words out of his mouth.

"I'm leaving in a minute. Everyone else has gone. You'll be alone."

Alone. The word struck his ears with a thud.

"That's what you wanted," Sands said. "Well, now you have it. You'll be alone. And you'll be lonely."

Andrew closed his eyes. "No—no . . ." he said, his voice faint and suffocated. "I'm not—not afraid of being alone."

"You're afraid of the big fellow. You don't want justice any more, you want mercy. But it's too late now. You already have what you wanted. Don't you recognize it? This is *it*, Morrow."

"Is this it?" He heard in his own voice the wailing of a lost man.

"The role of avenger is not for a little man like you. You dispensed justice to Lucille, now you must await it. You even asked the police to help you hunt her down. You couldn't wait, could you?"

"I'm sorry . . ."

"Too late, it's all over. You're like Lucille, after all. You have nothing left to live for."

Andrew was propped up against the wall like a dummy waiting for someone to come along and move it into a new position.

Sands buttoned his overcoat. "I've got to leave now."

"I am afraid," Andrew said, but the door had already opened and closed again, softly, and he knew he must die alone.

THE END

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Joseph Anthony

BEN LUCIEN BURMAN has staked out the Mississippi River as his literary territory, and writes of the river folk with a blend of realism and gentle humor that is distinctively his own. In his new novel, **Rooster Crows for Day**, Mr. Burman doesn't desert his beloved shanty-boaters, but takes them far afield.

Ben Lucien Burman

On a trip to Africa, Mr. Burman came across a Mississippi sidewheeler that had been knocked down, shipped aboard a tramp steamer, and reassembled. He must have let out a war whoop of glee at this discovery, for the novel that resulted from it is written with immense and persuasive enthusiasm.

Little Doc, a young Mississippi pilot, accompanies the worn-out tub, Red River Belle, on her trip to the Congo. His high ambition is to achieve something that will make him worthy of admission to the Cotton Valley Boosters' Club.

You'll enjoy the adventurous journey with Little Doc, his pal Poppy, and the strange assortment of companions they gather around them. In its exotic flavor, this story is reminiscent of Trader Horn. But this is definitely the better book of the two, for in its comedy interludes you are laughing with, not at, the author.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price $2.75.

AT THE age of eighteen, **Betty MacDonald** married an insurance man who had an incurable case of the get-away-from-it-all urge. They invested four hundred and fifty dollars in a chicken ranch in the Pacific Northwest. Present indications are that the ranch will prove a very profitable one because of one of its by-products—**The Egg and I**, a very funny dissenting report on the joys of farm life.

Betty MacDonald

If we are to believe Mrs. MacDonald, she didn't like idyllic solitudes, simple-hearted rustic neighbors, the joys of honest toil, nor the noble redskins who occasionally came visiting.

Mrs. MacDonald waxes sardonic over the relatives who would come calling occasionally and remark: "Oh, I just love to work at an old-fashioned sink."

The author's reply to this is: "I don't mind working at an old-fashioned sink, either, when someone else has got up and made an old-fashioned fire and carried some old-fashioned water."

Published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia. Price $2.75.

RICHARD LOCKRIDGE, popular mystery writer, and **George H. Estabrooks,** professor of psychology at Colgate University, have joined forces to produce an unusual spy mystery, **Death in the Mind.**

The premise of this yarn—that a good man can be made to do bad deeds through hypnotism—has had an interesting history. It began when Dr. Mesmer was electrifying Europe with his demonstrations; it went into eclipse when further experiments seemed to prove that a hypnotic trance would be broken by the command to do anything strongly against the subject's welfare; now it is again finding some supporters in scientific circles.

Professor Estabrooks' theories are adroitly fictionized in this story of the doings of unconscious traitors. Death in the Mind is a thriller with more than the normal quota of thrills.

Published by E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price $2.50.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

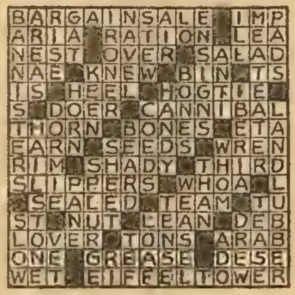
BY TED SHANE

HORIZONTAL

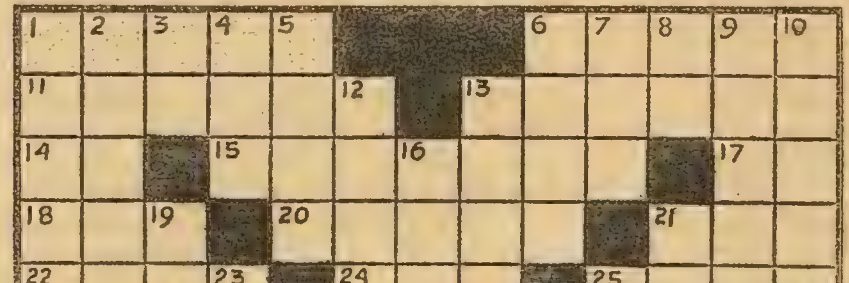
1 Mirror
6 Leo, Vega, and Davis are the names of great whats?
11 Bindlestiff, jungle, and riding the rods are terms used by whom?
13 Officially we now are living in the what age?
14 Officer Commanding (inits.)
15 One pound of what will blow the Empire State Building twenty miles in the air?
17 State (abbr.)
18 The Bonefish was the name of an American what?
20 Male love is said to be what?
21 Wetland
22 One of many rats, Stalin anagrams
24 Technically a henpecked husband should call whom to tend an incurable nag? (abbr.)
25 Each man is said to eat a bushel of what in his life?
26 Name the Hungarian national pastry
28 What is it a rolling stone never becomes?
29 An optical traffic jam would be a what?
30 Female Poland Chinas are commonly called whats?
31 Frank Norris' novel, McTeague, was made into what movie?
33 What pooch has feathered legs, dome-like dome, and silky coat?
36 Name the big things about little pitchers
37 Under socialized medicine you'd pay a tax to a medic, not a what?
38 The flavor of what fish improves two or three days after catching?
39 Name the so-called "cloak-and-sword" part of the U. S. Army (inits.)
40 What kind of crime is selling one's vote or honor?
42 Name the Sagebrush State (abbr.)
43 What state was called a charter colony? (abbr.)
44 That deadly ray exuded by the atom bomb's called a what?
46 Great Day (inits.)
47 A verbal noun is sometimes called a what?
49 Two American pennies equal one Dutch what?
51 Name a large antelope
52 Little planes are said to be able to pull out of whats?

VERTICAL

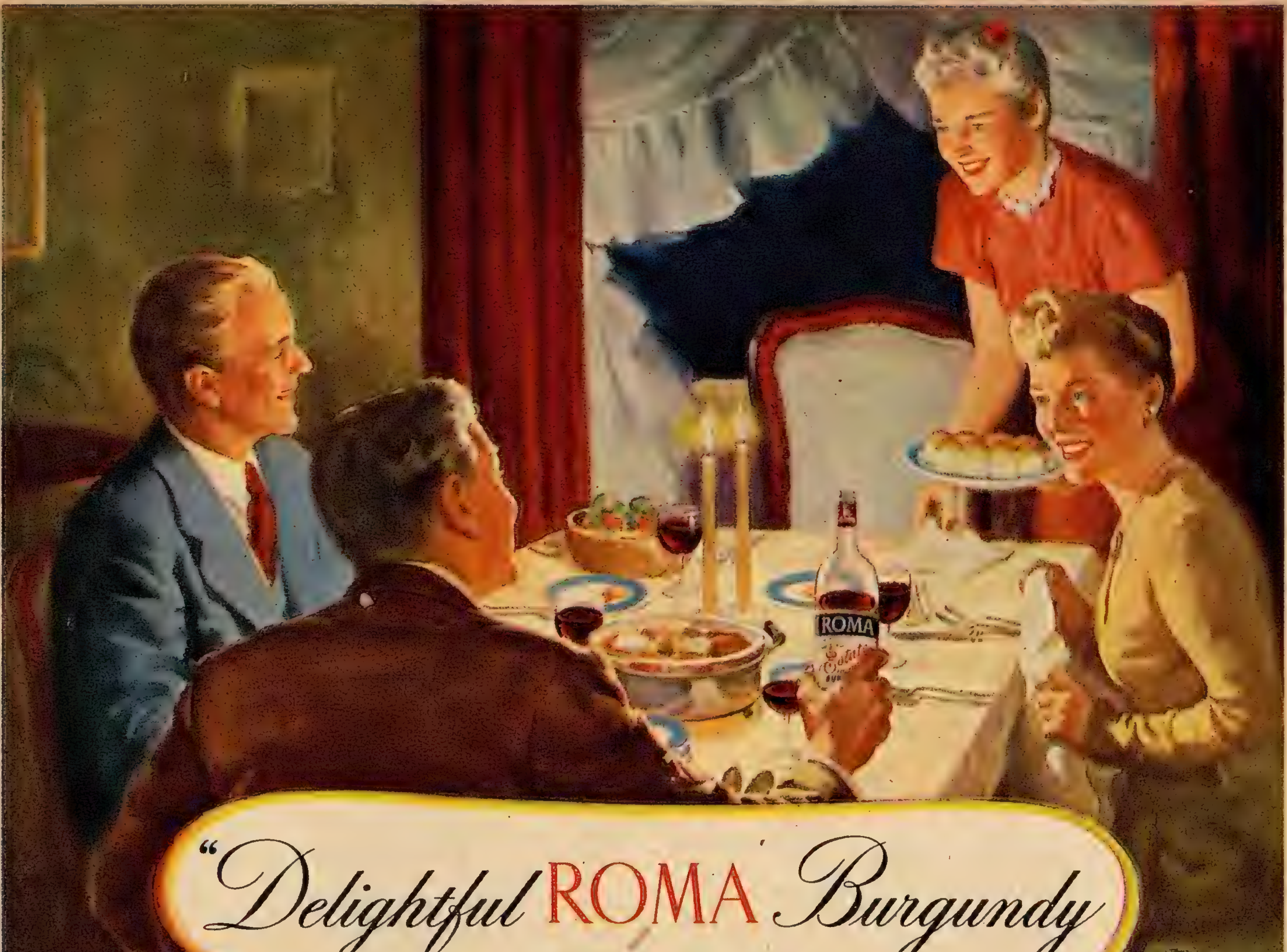
1 What play of Ibsen's concerns venereal disease?
2 What's one of the best woods for fence building?
3 What marine expression's used in baseball box scores? (inits.)
4 One twentieth of a franc
5 What national hates Tito?
6 Seven-card high-low with one-eyed jacks wild suggests what?
7 Turkey or cat male
8 Complete: "And God said unto Moses, I — that I —"
9 The Snake, Bug, Ob, and Lena are whats?
10 What kind of m'f'ers make a bare living?
12 A butler totes your calling card on what?
13 Huck Finn used what awful word?
16 Lone name for a Coward (anagram)
19 Who were the amateur sawbones of medieval times?
21 In an atom, what's another name for cell division?
23 Homemade laws
25 Football term (pl.)
27 What sort of atom bomb could reveal its secrets to an enemy?
28 Name the extinct relative of the apteryx
30 Pig stickers
31 What was the name of Edward VIII's father?
32 The angel who taught Adam
33 Dispatched out of this world, as by F. Sinatra
34 What's the square root of 121?
35 Crowbars, spades, forceps, the human arm are applications of what physics fundamentals?
37 Henry Wallace and Jesse Jones engaged in a what?
40 Sell
41 Slot (anagram)
44 An Ursuline is a what?
45 Who may be said to have recently lost the significance of his name? (slang)
48 On what god are most X-word puzzle constructors dependent?
50 What's the square root of XXXVI?


BARGAINSALE IMP
ARIA RATION LEA
NEST OVER SALAD
NAE KNEW BIN TS
IS HEEL HOGTIE
S DOER CANNIBAL
THORN BONES ETA
EARN SEEDS WREN
RIM SHADY THIRD
SLIPPERS WHOA L
SEALED TEAM TU
ST NUT LEAN DEB
LOVER TONS ARAB
ONE GREASE DESE
WET EIFFELTOWER

Last week's answer



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



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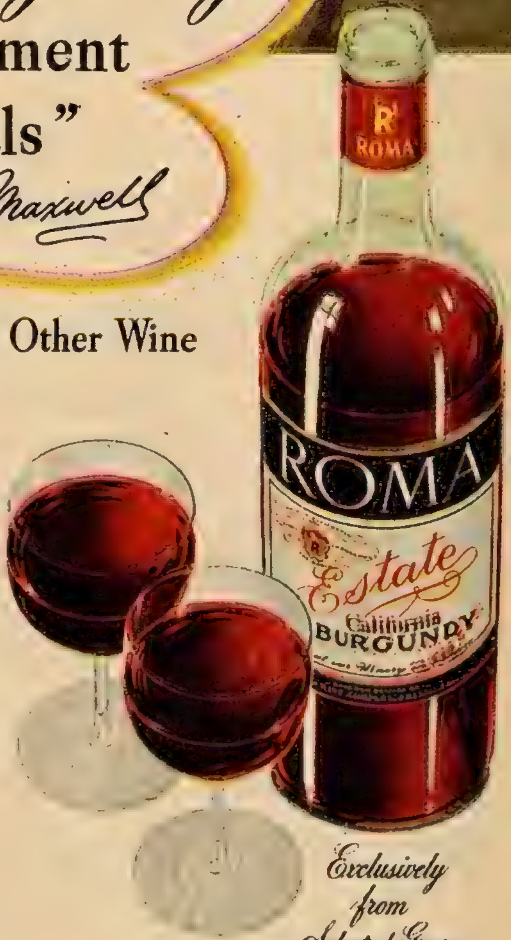

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SHOCK TROOPER

There is pride in each branch of the forces,
From boot camp to far oversea,
A pride whose ebullient source is
The spirit of men who are free;
But the pride that is tallest and deepest
Is that of the battle-wise clan
Whose lives are the toughest—and cheapest,
The pride of the Combat Man.

No matter how long or how much is
The task of support and supply,
He knows, when it comes to the clutches,
That he is the Ultimate Guy:
The spearhead, the bludgeon the hammer,
Expended "according to plan,"
But wrapped in that grim, gutful glamor,
The pride of the Combat Man.

It's a pride that is utterly stranger
To phrases of splendor and fire.
He knows that the "Bright Face of Danger"
Is blackened with blood and with mire.
And only he fronts the cold glare in
The bleak eyes of Fate he must scan;
So—none but his buddies can share in
The pride of the Combat Man.

It's a pride that keeps hopeless men trying
Whom no other power can drive,
It's a pride in the will to face dying
And to sweat and to freeze—and survive;
A pride that's the basic, eternal
Hard core of that strange, aloof clan—
The heart and the marrow and kernel
And soul of the Combat Man!

Berton Braley

"Now for something special off the record..."

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-makes pipe function superbly

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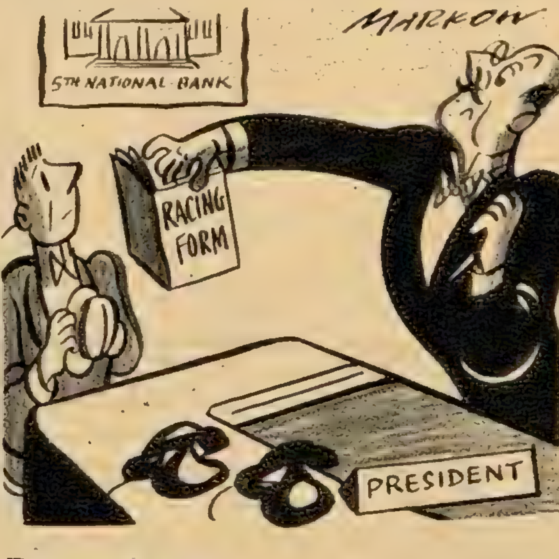
WDC

THIS MAN'S WAR

CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

SGT. LARRY WHITE, *Luzon.* Old Sarge is glad you've asked his personal opinion about compulsory military training for American youth. He is very much in favor of it. He agrees 100 per cent with those who believe that the only road to peace is through occupation of Germany and Japan for two generations, until the present racial and nationalistic dogmas of the two peoples are thoroughly wiped out. And, speaking for himself, he believes such occupation could be done by our Regular Army men plus those who reach the age of eighteen—according to current statistics, 1,000,000 a year. So far as Old Sarge can see, there is nothing wrong with a young man taking his year of basic training overseas in peacetime.



Frowned upon.

* * *

Sgt. Jack Jerome, El Paso, Tex. I doubt that you will be able to get a loan under the G. I. Bill of Rights to resume your prewar business after your discharge. You must borrow the money from a bank or regular financial institution, and I don't think you'll find any who will lend you money to start a horse-race tout sheet. While not an illegal business, it is frowned upon by bankers.

* * *

Mrs. Fred Daniels, Tulsa, Okla. It is difficult to pick the single most inspiring message of the war. It is entirely possible, though, that the Russians deserve the honors. When Leningrad was under siege and was being pounded by Germany's big artillery hour after hour, the German commander sent word to the people of Leningrad, asking them to show some sense and surrender. They sent back this message: "Death will be tired of us before we are tired of death." That's pretty hard to top.

* * *

Mrs. Robert Myers, Chicago, Ill.—Old Sarge feels that the OWI has done a remarkably fine wartime job, and if you had been in Europe and heard its broadcasts, and had seen the effects on the Germans, you wouldn't have written the letter you did. Those broadcasts and the OWI pamphlets made many a Jerry soldier surrender, thus saving G. I. lives.

K. T., Los Angeles, Calif. Aren't you being unfair to Mickey Rooney? He didn't ask to be put in an entertainment unit when he came into the Army. Enlisted men don't ask in the Army; they're told. Plus that, ask anybody back from the European theater what kind of job Rooney did. It was sensational, and Old Sarge doffs his overseas cap to the Corporal.

* * *

Pvt. George Medford, Camp Lee, Va. No, there is no secret list of generals in the U. S. Army. The one whose title you've been looking for, Major General Edward James Milford, is not an American. He's the leader of the Australian Seventh Division that invaded Borneo and took back some much needed oil fields from the Japs.

* * *

Mrs. R. O. Edwards, Portland, Ore. If your son has been wounded and is now in a rear-area hospital, everything that can possibly be done for him is being done. The Army Medical Department treats every wounded soldier almost as if he were the only patient it had. No one will ever be able to say enough about the magnificent job Major General Norman T. Kirk and his medics have done in this war.

* * *

Cpl. "Buck" Rogers, Marianas. Yes, Dave "Boo" Ferris, who pitched such great ball for the Boston Red Sox this past season, was separated from the Army Air Forces because of his asthma. He's a very nice young guy.

* * *

Pfc. George Richards, Germany, Sorry, George, but you can't count your two young sisters as your dependents under the point system, since the point system recognizes only children of your own.

* * *

T. H. G., Los Angeles, Calif. Your letter forces Old Sarge to speak out yet again about those who are trying to drive the Nisei out of their homes in California. Are we better than the Nisei because we're white? If so, then we are the Master Race. You know that's bosh à la Hitler—and you certainly ought to know that, for example, the Nisei who fought in the 442d Regimental Combat Team and who also composed the 100th Infantry Battalion are fully as good Americans as you are.

* * *

Mrs. Bert Greene, Minneapolis, Minn. I agree with you 100 per cent about Burgess Meredith's performance in the picture Story of G. I. Joe, taken from the writings of the late beloved Ernie Pyle. Both Meredith's performance and the picture are superb.

This department of Liberty is for your convenience. It is here to answer your questions about the Armed Forces. No names will be used without express permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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Locomotives, cars, equipment . . . all these have been thought out, designed, engineered, developed and built by people for people. They are of value only as they serve people.

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PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Serving the Nation

BUY UNITED STATES VICTORY BONDS AND STAMPS

BACKGROUND OF THE BOMB

Continued from Page 41

sured me, had been completely confident. The President loved excitement. This was exactly the kind of venture that could stir his imagination and rouse his enthusiasm. From the start he gave Groves virtual carte blanche. The Secretary of War and General Marshall left all technical decisions to the Groves office. And President Truman continued that policy.

Then the general said something astonishing. He tossed the words out almost casually as he nodded to the young woman who shares his office.

"Few people know how many of our decisions were made by my executive officer here, Mrs. O'Leary. I haven't talked about it, because people just won't believe one woman could have done so much."

Jean O'Leary's desk stands a few feet from the general's. She smiles at you, and you are stunned by the idea that this crisp, competent, exceedingly attractive young woman has for three years been the general's executive officer, with the reins of the entire atomic-bomb project often placed in her hands. With the exception of the small policy committee, she and the general are the only two people who, from the beginning, had their eyes on every facet of the tremendous undertaking. This office—particularly her desk—was the central switchboard through which all reports, all communications flowed. Ninety per cent of the papers and oral information that came to this office, the general said, were "top secret." Jean O'Leary handled them all. She insists she is not a scientist. Yet she knows better than does anyone else in America, save the general himself, all the struggles, all the troubles, all the aspirations that went into the making of the atomic bomb.

The general refers to her as "Jol"—a name coined from her initials. He merely smiles in a wise way if you point out that other generals' executive officers are military men, usually colonels. In this civilian woman he has found the ultimate in the kind of efficiency, competence, and reliability he needed.

She began as his secretary five years ago, immediately after her husband died. When the general took on the job of producing an atomic bomb, she became his administrative officer and plunged with him into the task of organizing the 300,000 people, building the widely scattered plants in Tennessee, New Mexico, and Washington, and managing the army of scientists and technicians the project required. Like the general, she worked without reference to the clock, day or night, seven days a week. She needed work like that, she confessed, to help her face her bereavement. But at the same time it created a problem in the rearing of her daughter, Connie, now fourteen. You know, however, as you study her alert face, that she must have solved that problem, too.

"How did *you* react to the strain of July 16?" I asked Mrs. O'Leary. "Were you as nervous as the others?"

"I was quite calm," she said. "The only thing I did wrong that morning was to tear up a hundred and eighty red ration stamps and toss them away!"

The fact that President Roosevelt never underestimated the enormousness of the task to which he had assigned General Groves was amply proved by the caliber of the policy committee he appointed to work with the general. Besides General Marshall and Secretary of War Stimson, there were such men as Dr. Vannevar Bush, director of the Office of Scientific Research and Development; Dr. James B. Conant, president of Harvard; Dr. Richard C. Tolman of the California Institute of Technology.

"In all," I asked, "how many men really knew what you were trying to accomplish?"

"About ten," Mrs. O'Leary answered for the general. "But about a thousand others probably suspected."

"Does the ten include Winston Churchill?"

"Yes—it includes several Englishmen."

Again and again, as we talked, the secrecy which surrounded the venture loomed as one of its most amazing factors. Hundreds of distinguished scientists had to be recruited for the work, and every one of them, the general pointed out, was identified not by his own name but by a pseudonym. Thus, if Dr. Oppenheimer sent in a report, his fictitious name appeared on it. Other scientists who had to read the report could never identify its source; most of them did not even know Dr. Oppenheimer was associated with the project.

"That, of course, was just one of many necessary precautions," the general said. "We had to have code names for everybody and everything. And those codes were constantly changed. Moreover, while I traveled—and I had to travel about a hundred thousand miles a year—my long-distance telephone conversations with the office had to be conducted not only in code but in double-talk. Mrs. O'Leary and I have become experts at double-talk."

The need for secrecy, carried to extraordinary lengths, did strange things to the general's family. Not one of them—Mrs. Groves, daughter Gwen, or son Dick, recently graduated from West Point—was aware of the job to which the general had been assigned. Mrs. Groves never visited his office. One day, when she dropped by to pick him up for dinner, she had to wait for him in an anteroom. It was her only appearance at the War Department.

Since they didn't know, the family wondered. Was father merely warming a Washington chair because no job could be found for him? Son Dick wrote harried letters from West Point. What could he say to friends who asked what his father did? When your father is a major general, people want to know, at the very least, what sort of duties he performs. General Groves could give him no answer.

(*Continued on page 70*)

DYNAMITE KELLEY
ATOMIC RILEY
?
Kirk Stiles

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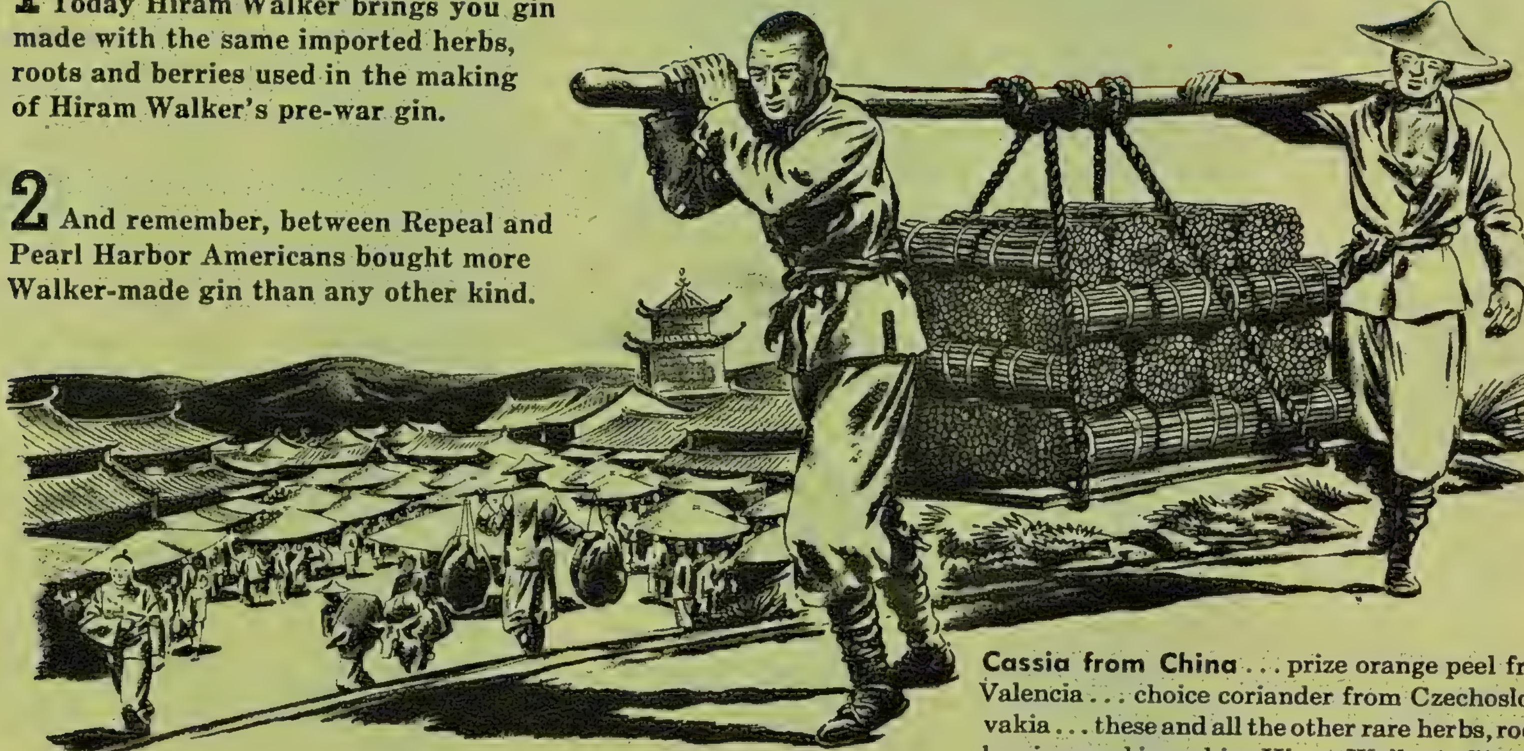

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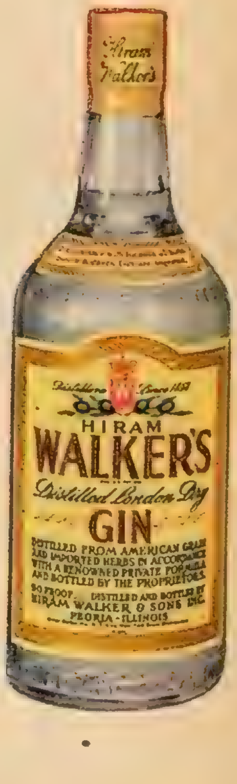
Today, it's these pre-war, imported botanicals that give Hiram Walker's Gin its real, pre-war quality. The quality which, between Repeal and Pearl Harbor, led Americans to buy more Walker-made gin than any other kind.



HIRAM WALKER'S *Distilled London Dry* GIN

90 proof. Distilled from 100% American grain. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Copr. 1945.

(*Continued from page 68*)

Moreover, the general had to sacrifice virtually all social life. He was away from home some six months of the year. When he wasn't traveling he worked at his Washington office from 8 A. M. until 9 or 10 P. M. every day; often he stayed later. Luncheon—invariably a salad, coffee, and a slice of chocolate cake—was eaten at his desk. If he went home for dinner at all, it was only to hurry back to the office. The only relaxation he allowed himself in these three years was the Sunday sessions on the Army and Navy Club's tennis courts.

When he was out of Washington his family never knew where to reach him. Any emergency calls—even one that went to him after a death in the family—had to be relayed through the office. And at the office only Jean O'Leary knew where to find him.

Yes, indeed, father and his mysterious activities had to be taken on faith. Mrs. Groves never heard even the names of the scientists with whom her husband worked.

The same rule applied to all members of the policy committee. Their families were never informed of the project with which the men were connected. If Dr. Bush, Dr. Conant, or Dr. Tolman had to visit one of the atomic-bomb plants, their families knew only that they were away on the business of the Office of Scientific Research and Development. They, too, could be reached only through Mrs. O'Leary's office. This caused considerable perplexity and anxiety over a period of three years, but the success with which the secret was kept justified all precautions.

The blackout covered not only every man but every operation in the gigantic plan. When investigations had to be made, even the F. B. I. and G-2 were excluded from the inner circle. In their place the project developed its own intelligence division—600 carefully selected men and 200 specially trained officers. These were the watchdogs. They neglected nothing.

With such vigilance the project never had trouble of any kind with spies.

"We relied heavily on compartmentalizing," General Groves explained. "That is, every man worked within his own compartment. He knew what he needed to know to do his job—nothing more. The technician at Oak Ridge had no means of knowing his particular job was in any way connected with another in progress at Los Alamos or Pasco."

I asked approximately how many key men had been identified with the atomic bomb.

"If by key men you mean technical experts," the general said, "we have had as many as ten thousand working for us at one time. If you mean top ranking scientists from England and America, the number has varied between fifty and a hundred."

Wherever possible, these men were paid the same wages they had earned in civilian life, the theory being that no one ought either to gain or to lose because of his association with the bomb project. Unskilled labor received the standard wage of the area of employment.

Since the venture involved so many people over a period of three years, it seemed probable that at some time or other the death of a key man might delay operations or cause a break in the continuity of research. Surprisingly, this did not happen. Only one of the key figures died—Colonel Harry R. Kadlec of Chicago, a construction expert—but his death occurred months after he had finished his "compartmentalized" contribution.

Nor did labor problems bring delays. At a round-table conference the unions were asked to help a secret project in a race against time; they accepted General Groves' assurance that their compliance was essential to the winning of the war, and no labor difficulty ever retarded the work.

Speed—that was the word urged upon everyone. When an electrical engineering firm asked for a schedule of operations, General Groves replied, "Set yourself a schedule that can be met only by a miracle."

Were there technical failures or errors of judgment that caused delays? Surely in an enterprise as widespread as this, with its endless need for experiment, with its constant problems of choice of procedure, there must have been failures and frustrations without number: gadgets that failed, methods that collapsed.

"There were *no* failures," the general said. "There were merely eliminations of processes that did not work fast enough. Each elimination narrowed the field to other methods until at last a correct method was evolved."

THAT attitude, of course, typified the spirit that pervaded the venture from beginning to end. There could be no failure; only the need, from time to time, to find some new way to proceed. To assist him, General Groves was given the kind of authority which is the modern equivalent of a magic wand. His project had top priorities in men, materials, travel, and anything else it might require. He could—and did—commandeer whatever experts he needed in the Army and Navy, the best construction men in the country, the cream of the scientific world here and in England. With $2,000,000,000 at his disposal—and probably more, had he needed it—he had no financial obstacles. That was the sort of all-out drive it took to create the bomb.

One cannot help wondering—as several newspapermen were heard to wonder in the corridors of the War Department—what would happen if the U. S. government applied its resources with equal generosity to other human needs. Suppose billions were allocated to, say, the fight against cancer or polio; suppose the leaders of medicine throughout the world were brought together in a vast, concerted drive to vanquish such disease. If we repeat in other fields the magnitude of the procedures evolved by General Groves, is anything beyond human hope?

In looking back over these three years, the general can probably see as many moments of sadness as of triumph. When I asked about them, however, he shook his head. It was Jean O'Leary who told me a little about them—later.

"I used to feel," she said, "that the saddest days in the general's life were those when his friends slated to go overseas came in to say good-by. I knew he would have given a lot to go with them. And I knew some of them wondered just what he was doing here; nothing could even be discussed. Of course he did his best to look cheerful when they left. But those were the times I could see he wasn't too happy. And then there were the other times, when his son Dick all but begged to know what he was doing and there was no answer he could give.

"And his happiest day?" I asked. "July 16?"

"Well, no." Jean O'Leary's reply was slow and considered. "I'd say it was the day after the bombing of Hiroshima, when his son finally understood what had been going on and called from Fort Belvoir, with a great deal of pride, to congratulate his father. *That's* when you should have seen the general's eyes!"

THE END

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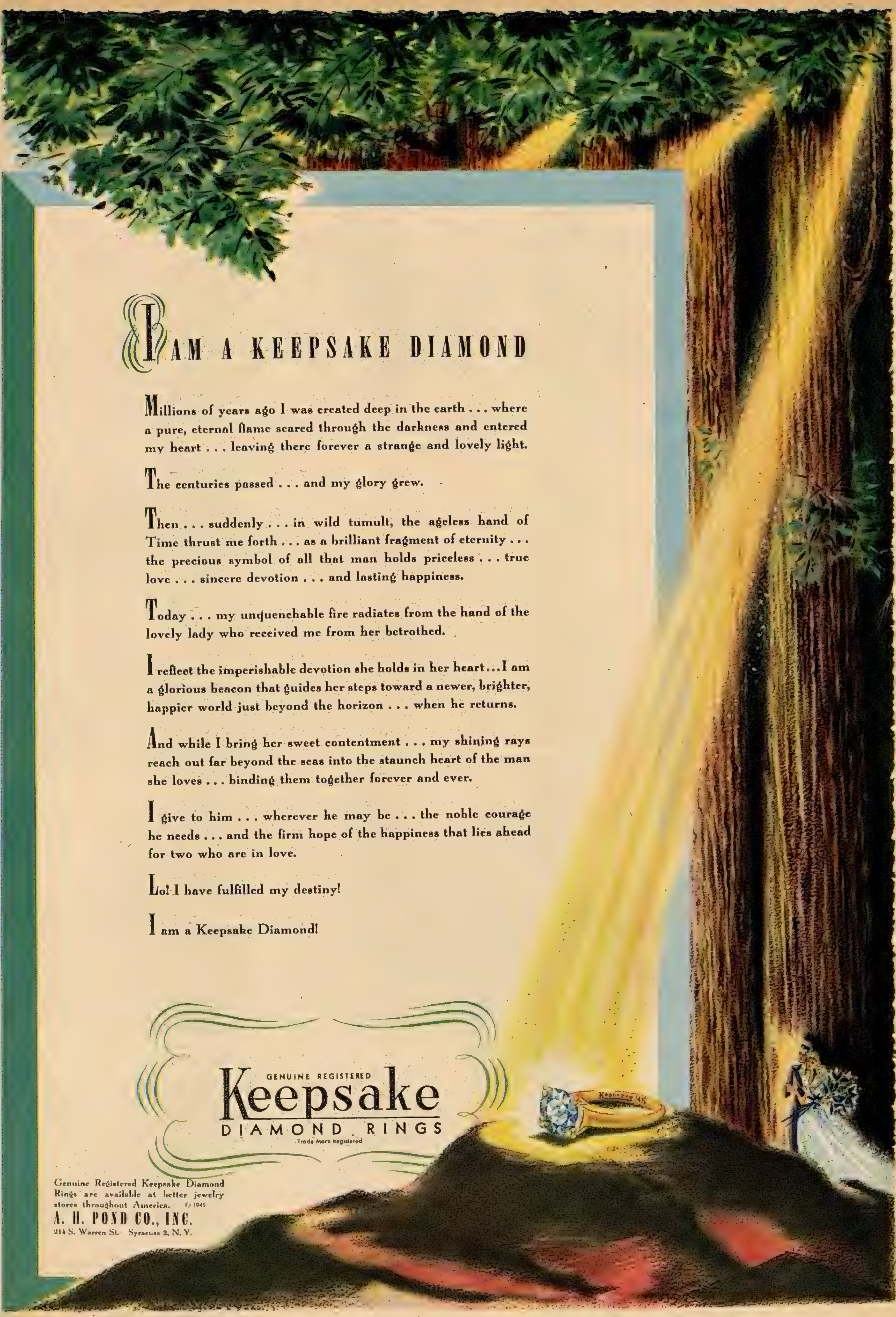

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THRESHERS FOR DINNER

Continued from Page 45

It was a little after eleven when Lucy showed Martha the smoke. It was black smoke and it rose up above the trees that surrounded the Hanaford place.

"That means just one thing," she said. "Pat's firing up and getting ready to move his threshing rig over to Jim Davy's. He'll take the new bridge and try to steal a march on Tom."

Martha put some wood in the stove. The biscuits were ready to go into the oven. The chicken was done and the warming oven was filled with fluffy mashed potatoes and two pans of baked beans done to a rich golden brown.

The women carried the wooden bench out and placed it outside beneath the maple tree behind the kitchen, then pumped two pails of water from the cistern, filled the washpans and set them in a row on the bench.

They were putting out clean towels when the whistle blew and the threshing machine came to a stop.

Martha said, "What now? It's not twelve yet."

They hurried to the corner of the house and looked. The men were taking the belt off. Tom was running about shouting orders to a couple of men who were throwing a small pile of wood into the engine tender. Clate was hitching his team to the water wagon. Ham Mallory had already untied his horses from the picket fence and was backing into the road even while five or six men, including the preacher, were scrambling into the bed of the light spring wagon.

Tom shouted, "Get over there, Ham! Tell Jim we're coming."

Lucy said, "Well, I swan! They're moving!"

"And right in the middle of his own job," said Martha. "Just when we're ready to put things on the table. I'm going down there."

She ran across the road to the barn.

"Tom!" she called. "It's almost twelve! The men haven't eaten!"

"They'll eat later!" he shouted. Tom leaped up on the engine and took the steering wheel.

"Let 'er go!" he shouted to Will Spaulding.

SHE followed along at the side of the engine. Six or seven men climbed up the sides of the separator as the machine emerged from a pile of straw and chaff on the barn floor.

"Tom," she called, "what am I going to do with the dinner?"

"Can't stop now," he shouted. "Got to get over there."

The engine snorted and leaped ahead like a wild thing.

She turned and walked back to the house. The column of smoke above the trees near the Hanaford place was beginning to move down the road.

Lucy met her at the gate. "What are we going to do? We've got all this food and now there's no one to eat it."

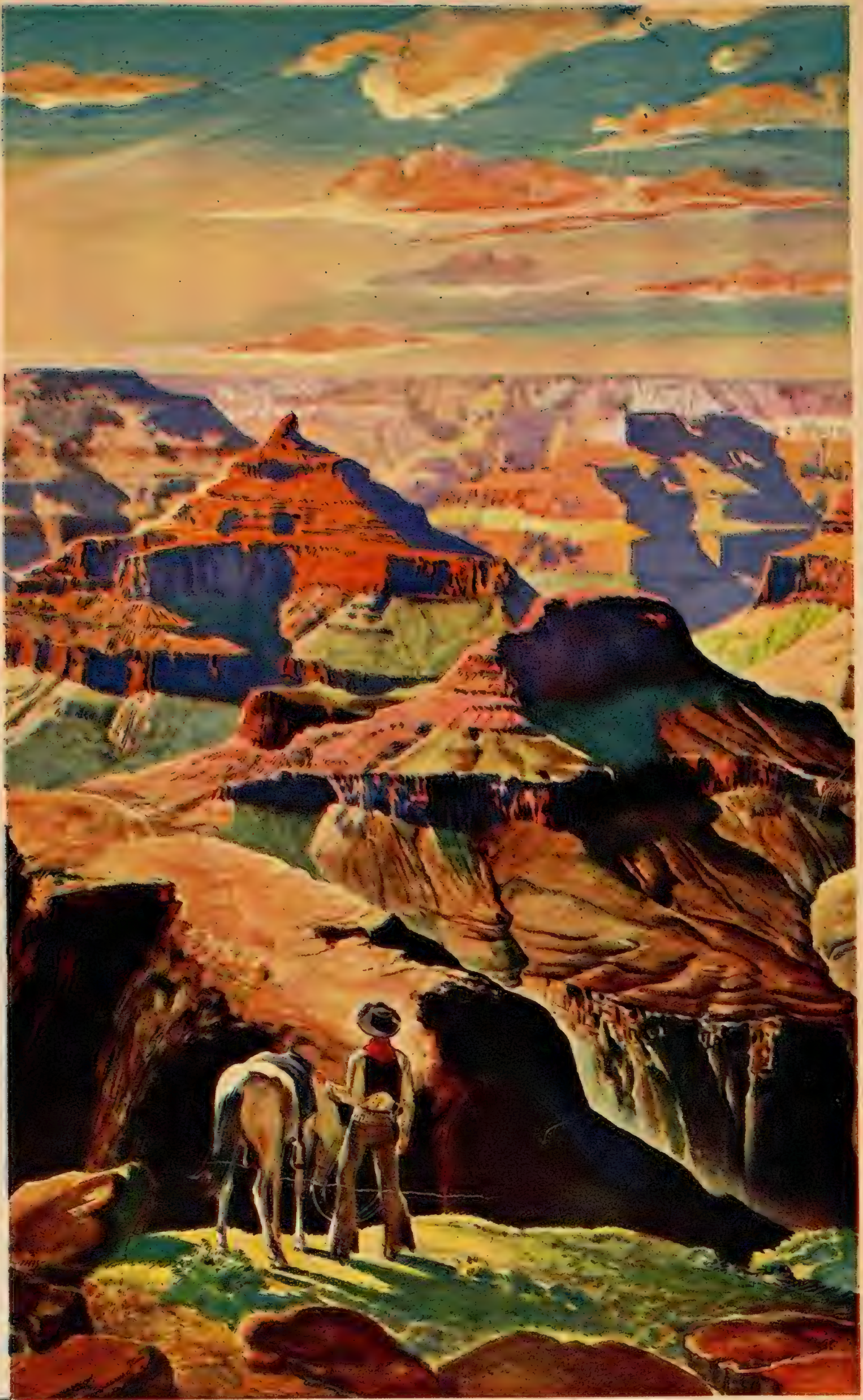
"We're going to hitch Dolly to the market buggy, put it all in the buggy, and go over."

"They don't deserve it, Martha."

"I know. But I'm not going to leave it here for Tom to feast on when he gets back tonight. I'd rather dump it in front of Jim Davy's hogs."

Thirty minutes later the women started out in the buggy. Most of the food had been packed in clean bushel baskets, but Martha had insisted on packing a small

(*Continued on page 74*)



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(*Continued from page 72*)

lunch for Lucy and herself in a basket which Lucy held on her lap. In the basket was a bottle of elderberry wine which Martha had brought up from the cellar.

"We may need a bracer," she had said to Lucy, "before this thing is over."

Except for the heavy tracks of the engine in the roadbed, they saw no sign of the men until they came to the top of the hill beyond the North Bridge. Here they were able to see what was happening.

Tom and his crew were traveling at full speed a short way ahead.

To the south, on the opposite side of a mile-wide section of level fields, Pat Hanaford, who had crossed the river by the South Bridge, was moving in the same direction. It was a race, with the goal plainly marked by a group of red barns and a double row of Lombardy poplars that lined the drive to the farmstead on the east side of the section.

Lucy said, "Martha, there's going to be trouble."

"If there's going to be trouble, we're going to have a hand in it. Open that basket and get out that bottle of wine."

"Now? On an empty stomach?"

"Now—on any kind of stomach. Take a big drink and pass it to me."

Lucy brought out the wine and removed the cork. She took a drink and then passed the bottle to Martha.

Martha flicked the horse on the rump with the whip and the animal broke into a trot. They passed Clate, who was working frantically, pumping water from a small creek into the tank.

Soon they came up with Tom and the crew. The men made good progress until the engine got stuck in a small dip. Tom shouted orders and the men tore rails from a fence at the side of the road to make a firm footing in the sand beneath the wheels. Soon the engine was on good footing again and the procession moved on.

The men on the engine began blowing the whistle. It was a series of quick sharp blasts, the signal for water.

"They'll have to stop," Lucy explained, "if they run out of water."

They did stop a little later, at Ham Mallory's place near the corner of the section. Ham raced to the woodpile and brought a wheelbarrow of oak. Three or four men found buckets and scooped water from the barnyard tank and poured it into the engine tender. There wasn't much, but it was enough to allow them to go on.

Pat Hanaford was the first to reach the section corner. His outfit was plainly visible now. To make greater speed, he was pulling the water wagon with his engine while three teams of horses were strung out in front of the separator. The driver stood high up on the machine while men with switches shouted and ran along beside the straining teams.

Tom had turned the corner. Both crews were coming toward each other, making straight for the entrance of Jim Davy's driveway.

Once more Tom's rig came to a stop for a moment. Will Spaulding climbed up on top of the boiler. Tom shouted back to the men on the separator, "Hang onto your hats! We're going to jerk the belt off the governors!"

When they started again, the engine raced faster than ever. The exhaust from the smokestack was a steady roar.

Martha pushed back her bonnet, pulled up her skirt, and set one foot on the edge of the buggy.

"Your stocking!" said Lucy.

"What about it?" She took the bottle again, raised it high, and drank a full two fingers before stopping.

THE two crews were bearing down on each other. It was nip and tuck up until the last moment. Both engines were running with wide-open throttles as they almost met head-on. Tom swung out to make the turn, but Pat cut the turn short and, although he carried away a gatepost, he was first into the driveway.

But then Pat made a mistake. Instead of blocking the gate opening and waiting for the balance of his crew to come up with the separator, he pulled straight up the drive.

Tom pulled into the gateway and waited for Clate to come up. The engine was smoking hot and not a drop of water showed in the glass. When Clate arrived with the water wagon, the men filled the boiler.

The second half of the Hanaford crew was still forty rods away when Tom and his crew continued up the drive.

The grain to be threshed was in ten big stacks set in two rows of five each along the side of the big barn. Tom pulled his separator in between the two rows of stacks, the men uncoupled, and while Tom and his crew rushed about arranging platforms and blocking wheels, Will Spaulding turned the engine about and lined it up

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

(Unabashed)

SH! AVER: A quiet barber.

EMBRAYS: Two mules in love.

APOPREXY: What the college president died of.

TURN-COTE: A yellow pigeon.

APPLE-LOGUE: Afterpiece in the Garden of Eden.

OCCURNEL: He just happens to be an officer.

FORCOTTON: Old thread.

DUR-AUNTY: Jimmy's uncle's wife.

WE'REWOLVES!: Fiendish shout of street-corner whistlers.

REDS-KIN: Indians' relatives.

with the thresher. The two crews glowered at each other but worked in silence. The race was still on.

Martha drove into the barnyard, tied the horse to the fence, and climbed back in the buggy.

"We'll stay here," she said. "We're going to watch."

"What about all this stuff in the buggy? Shouldn't we take it into the house?"

"We will not. In just about a minute you and I are going to take a hand."

"Well, you don't have to snap at me. After all, *we're* trying to be friends."

Jim Davy hobbled out of the house and started for the barn. He was along in years, slightly deaf. He approached Tom, who was unrolling the long drive belt.

"Looks like Pat beat you," he said.

"He did not!" Tom shouted. "Where's his machine? He can't thresh without a separator."

Mr. Davy looked slightly bewildered. "Is that your machine?" he asked, pointing to Tom's thresher.

"Of course."

JUST then the Hanaford machine came into sight around the corner of the barn. Pat motioned to Bert who was driving the horses. Bert pulled up between the stacks and stopped. Hanaford's men quickly unhitched the horses. The two machines now sat side by side, almost touching.

"He can't do that!" Tom shouted to Mr. Davy. "I'm going to thresh from those stacks."

Both crews were rushing about like mad. All the men, except the preacher, who was standing apart by himself, had taken sides. Now the preacher hurried up to Tom and Mr. Davy. "This won't do," he said. "Isn't there some way we can settle this without having it end up in a fight?"

"Just one way!" shouted Tom.

The preacher looked at Mr. Davy. Mr. Davy said, "They won't listen to reason. I don't see there's anything I can do."

"I'll do something," said Tom. "I'll bury his rig under the strawstack!"

Tom ran to the machine and began turning a crank. Slowly the big pipe from the blower on the wind stacker swung about until the opening pointed straight down over the Hanaford thresher.

Big Dan Murphy, one of Hanaford's men, called Pat's attention to this new state of things. Pat lost no time in deciding the next move. He shouted an order to Bert. Bert climbed up on the separator and aimed the big metal pipe on the other machine directly at Tom's.

Martha got out of the buggy. "Come on," she said. "Here's where you and I get into this."

"Martha, what can we do?"

"You do just what I do. I'm going to get into Tom's machine. You get into Pat's."

"We'll get killed!"

"We'll not get killed. Now you brace up, Lucy Hanaford, and do what I say."

Martha took the basket with the lunch and bottle of wine and marched to the machine. Tom and the men were near the engine, struggling with the heavy drive belt, trying to get it on the big wheel. Already some of the men were up on the stack. Martha stepped up on the feeder's platform and climbed into the mouth of the separator. One of the men on the stack let out a shout. Will Spaulding pointed. The men dropped the belt to the ground and stared in amazement. Tom was speechless at first. Then he shouted, "Get out of there, woman! Do you want to get killed?"

Martha settled down into the mouth of the machine. "How much threshing are you going to do, Tom Sniderwine?"

He ran toward the machine, "What's the idea?"

There was a pitchfork on the deck of the machine. She reached for it and pulled it into the mouth of the separator. The razor-sharp tines projected over the edge of the table.

"Don't you dare come up here, Tom Sniderwine," she said.

Tom stopped. Both crews gathered about. Unobserved by the men, Lucy had circled both groups. Now she clambered up the opposite side of the Hanaford machine.

Pat Hanaford and his men were enjoying things.

"Don't look like he's going to do any threshing," Pat laughed. "Looks like his own wife has sided against him."

Lucy had snuggled down into the mouth of the other machine. Ham Mallory saw her. "Look at that!" he pointed. "What about your own wife, Pat Hanaford?"

"Well, I'll be—" said Pat and then stopped.

"How long are you going to stay in there?" asked Pat.

"A long time," said Martha in a loud, boisterous voice. "We're in a bad mood and we like to fight and carry on better'n anybody in this crowd."

"They had a bottle," said Mort Weller.

"You're darn tootin'," said Martha, "and we've still got it." She opened the basket and set the bottle out in plain sight.

It was Ham Mallory who first thought of food.

"What's to hinder us eating," he said, "while they're holding us up?"

Both crews welcomed the suggestion. The men on the stack started down. The others removed dusty felt hats and batted them against their knees as if preparing to wash up.

"Why, it's a long way from eating time," said Mr. Davy. "My womenfolks ain't had time to get supper yet."

"Supper!" said Ham Mallory. "Why, man, we ain't had dinner! And it's long past noon."

"So it is," said Martha. "Lucy, we'd better eat."

She opened the basket and brought out napkins and silver. She took out a bowl of fried chicken, put a second joint on a plate, and passed it to Lucy. Then she took a drumstick and bit into it.

"Fried chicken!" she said, holding it up. "Cooked in milk and browned good, the way Mort Weller likes it." Not waiting to finish the chicken, she took out a casserole of baked beans. She held it up.

"Bert's favorite," she said. "Brown sugar and vinegar and lots of pork baked to a turn." She filled a plate and handed it to Lucy. Ham Mallory took out his red bandanna and wiped his chin.

Lucy, eating with more gusto than table manners, said, "My, but this chicken is good!"

Martha brought out a blueberry pie in a glass plate. The juice stained the glass a dark purple red and the golden-brown crust was a pie maker's dream.

"Feast your eyes on that," she said. "Lot's more where this came from—right handy, too."

She cut into the blueberry pie. Then brought out half a cake and placed it so that the men got a full view of the maple-sugar frosting and the rich creamy filling.

The men showed signs of impatience and anger. "Who started this?" Ham Mallory asked. "How's it come we've got two machines here settin' on top of each other with nothin' to eat and no way to thresh?"

Tom said, "I was here first."

"'Tain't so," said Pat Hanaford sheepishly.

Both crews formed a group about the two men. The preacher had joined the

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group. There was a twinkle in his eye.

Mort Weller said, "We can't eat and we can't thresh. Looks to me like we ought to take things in our own hands." He turned to Tom and Pat. "What about it?" he glowered.

The preacher pushed his way forward. "Neighbor," he said, "I'm hungry. Seems to me I saw a buggy drive in with some baskets. It wouldn't surprise me if there was a lot of good things to eat in those baskets. Let's be reasonable."

"It's between them two," said Dan Murphy.

"Then they'll be the first to make amends. Who's going to thresh this job?" he asked the two men.

"Get my woman out of there," Tom muttered. "I don't care for the job."

Martha said, "There's just one way to make us get out, Tom Sniderwine. You know what that is."

"I'm willing to be reasonable," said Pat. "There's enough threshing for both. He can take one side of the river. I'll take the other."

"That's fair, Tom," said the preacher. "Which side do you want?"

"'Tain't fair," said Tom. "He had his rig before I had mine. Let him take the first choice."

Pat said, "I'll take this side."

"And I'll take the other," said Tom. "I'll pull my rig out and go home."

"Well, I guess that settles it," said the preacher. "Now, if we can get these ladies out of those machines, maybe we can all get something to eat."

"That does not settle it," said Martha.

The two men looked at each other. All the old antagonism had gone. Tom was the first to reach out his hand.

"If there's one thing I can't abide," he said, "it's a cantankerous woman. I'm willing to let bygones be bygones for the sake of peace in my family." The two men shook hands.

"And for peace in the neighborhood," Pat added.

Martha began putting dishes and remnants of food into the lunch basket. "Tom, get me out of here," she said. "I'm all cramped up. And, Pat, go help Lucy before she breaks her neck."

The men obeyed meekly enough. The women asked Clate and Bert to carry the baskets of food into the house.

TWENTY minutes later the men filed into the big dining room. With the additions from Mrs. Davy's cellar and pantry, there was plenty for both crews. The men laughed and joked. For once, the preacher was among the first to find a place at the long table, but he remained standing until all the others had found places.

"We'll ask a blessing," he said.

"Don't make it too long, parson," Ham Mallory joked. "I'm hungry."

The preacher raised his hands as if about to announce a benediction. The women stood near.

"Blessed are the peacemakers," he said, "for they shall be called the children of God."

Pat Hanaford said, "Amen. Let me have some of that fried chicken."

"Hallelujah," said Tom. "Pass me some of them sweet pickles."

The two women were together in the kitchen a few minutes later. Martha said, "I didn't like the taste of that wine. I hope we never have to use what's left."

Lucy took a quick glance through the door to see if the bread plates were empty. The two men, somehow, had got seated side by side. Between great mouthfuls of food, they were conversing like old friends. "I don't think we will," said Lucy, "but if we do have to, I think it'll be worth it."

THE END

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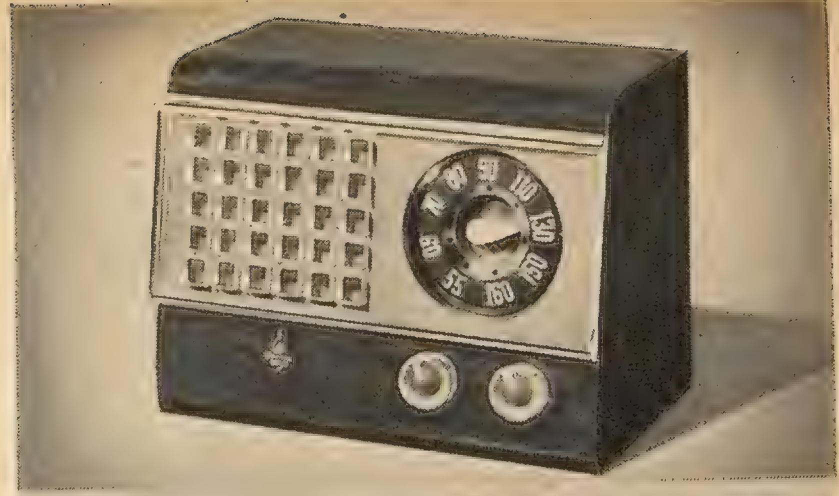

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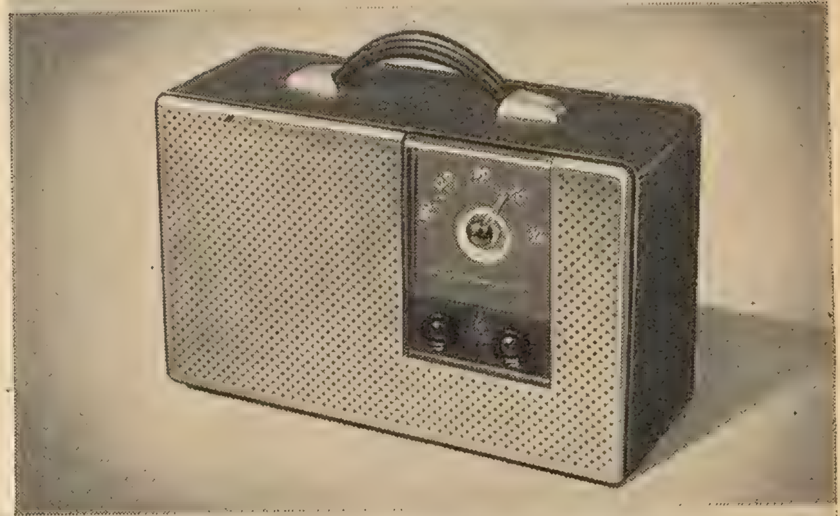

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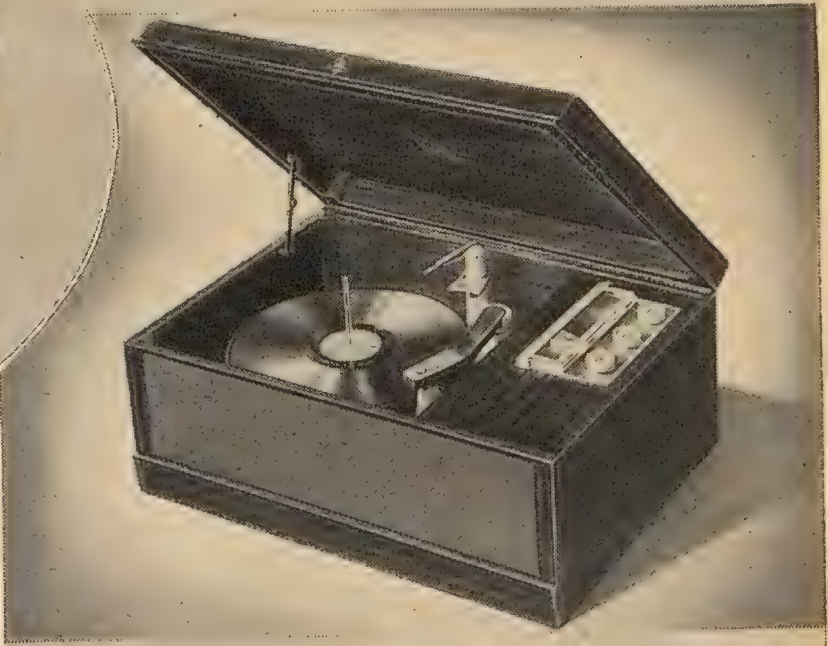

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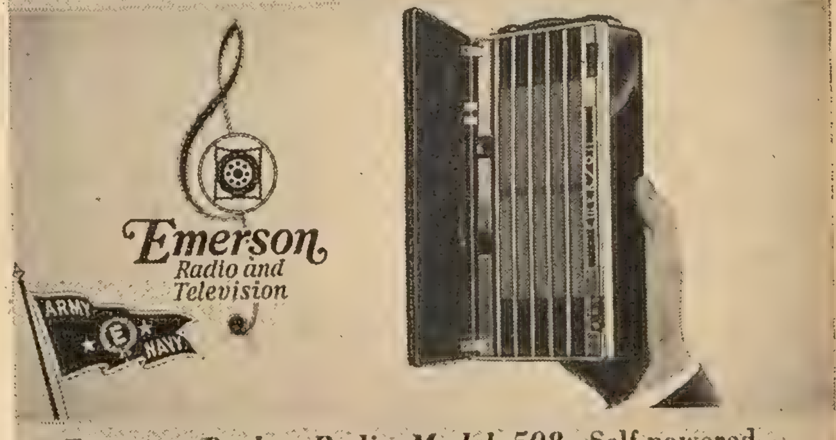

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STALIN'S CHOICE TO RULE GERMANY

Continued from Page 19

Troopers in the great man hunt of February and March, 1933; better still, he survived all party purges, both in Berlin and in Moscow.

Now sixty-eight, Wilhelm Pieck does not look like the radical firebrand he has been for more than fifty years. His expressive face, crowned by an imposing shock of snow-white hair, might be that of a scholar, an artist, or even a saint. Few people, on first acquaintance, would take him for the consummate politician he is.

All his adult life Pieck has been active in the labor and trade-union movements. At the age of seventeen, the young construction worker joined the Social Democratic Party and after a few years became director of its educational facilities.

AT THE approach of World War I, he rallied to the small left wing of the Social Democratic Party, which, under the fiery leadership of Karl Liebknecht and Rosa Luxemburg, agitated against war credits and militarism. In May, 1915, he led a procession of anti-war demonstrators to the Reichstag. He was thrown into jail, then sent to the front. Late in 1917 he deserted and fled to Holland, where he published a pacifist paper that was smuggled into the Reich. When the Kaiser's authority began to crack, Pieck returned to ebullient Berlin and figured prominently in the revolution of November 9, 1918.

With Liebknecht and Luxemburg, he attempted in vain to lead the revolution into Bolshevist channels. As leaders of the radical Spartacus League, the trio was responsible for many street clashes and revolutionary outbreaks. Reactionary forces, banding together in "free corps" and vigilante-type organizations, collectively known as the *Fehme,* offered violent resistance and a period of bloody civil strife ensued.

On January 15, 1919, the Spartacist leaders were "arrested" by a gang commanded by Captain Horst von Pflugk-Harttung—later Hitler's key agent in Denmark—and taken to the Eden Hotel in Berlin for "questioning." Only Pieck reached the hotel alive. Liebknecht and Luxemburg were murdered in the Tiergarten and their bodies thrown into a canal.

Pieck himself barely escaped. As he stood with upraised hands, face to the wall, at the gang's hotel headquarters, one of the *Fehme* murderers who had just taken part in the killing of Liebknecht and Luxemburg burst into the room, rifle in hand. He had orders to liquidate Pieck, too. But the latter pleaded, "Don't shoot me yet. I have important testimony to offer." The bluff worked. Pieck was spared and taken away to jail. He didn't squeal, but he escaped.

The Spartacist movement was dead, but its supporters now formally seceded from the Social Democrats to form the German Communist Party. Pieck became, and remained, the most influential man in the party councils. Even his opponents reluctantly admitted his sway over the German workers. "In Berlin, Pieck is king," said one Reich chancellor. The word is truer today than it was then.

In the following years, Communist policy was determined largely by Pieck, the real dynamo of the party's central committee. A loyal Stalinist, he also played an important role in the Comintern. Thaelmann, the party's nominal leader and presidential candidate in the elections of 1925 and 1932, was only a figurehead. Pieck was the power behind his throne.

Like his model and master Stalin, Pieck has always preferred the reality of power to its trappings. He disdained not only the party chairmanship, which he could have had at the drop of a hat, but even a seat in the Reichstag with its eighty-one Communist members (1933). Instead, he contented himself with a far less spectacular mandate in the Prussian Diet, where he headed the Communist group of deputies. But his real power stemmed from his post as secretary-general of the party's Berlin organization.

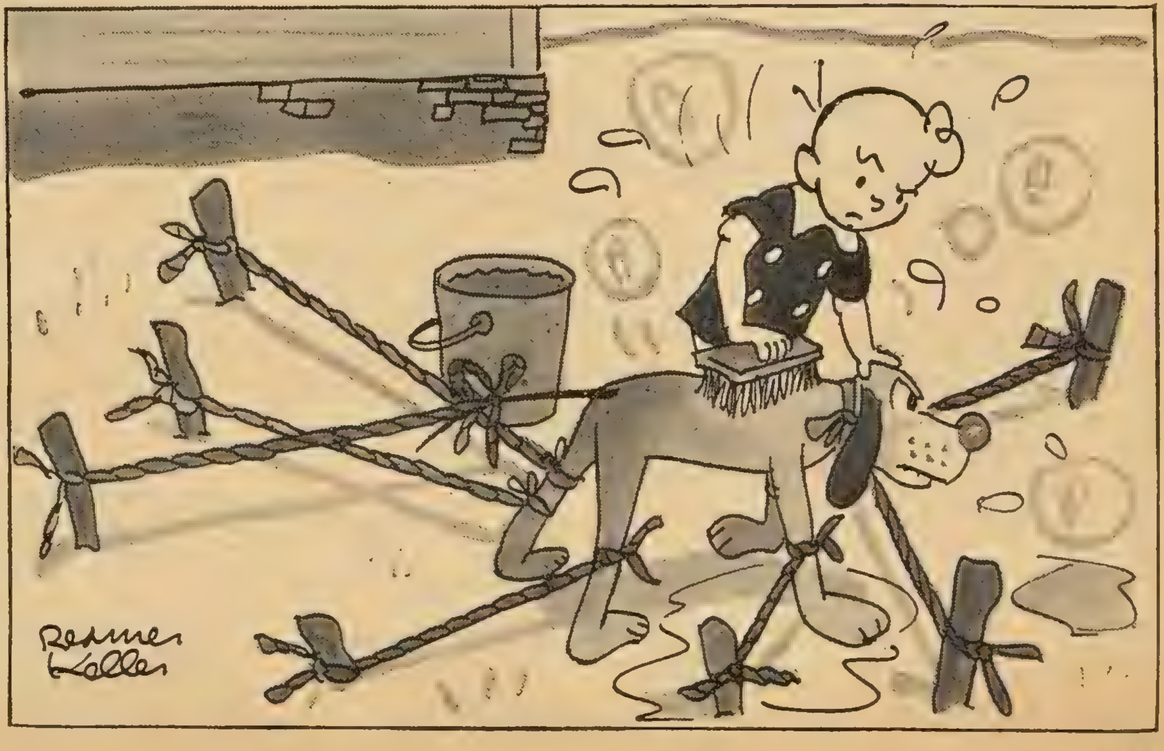
THE Nazis hated and feared Pieck more than anybody else among their opponents. He paid them back in the same coin. On May 25, 1932, in a violent address to the Diet, he called the Nazi Party a "party of murderers." Instantly the Nazi deputies jumped to their feet and engaged their Communist opponents in a bloody brawl, in which Pieck heartily let his fists fly.

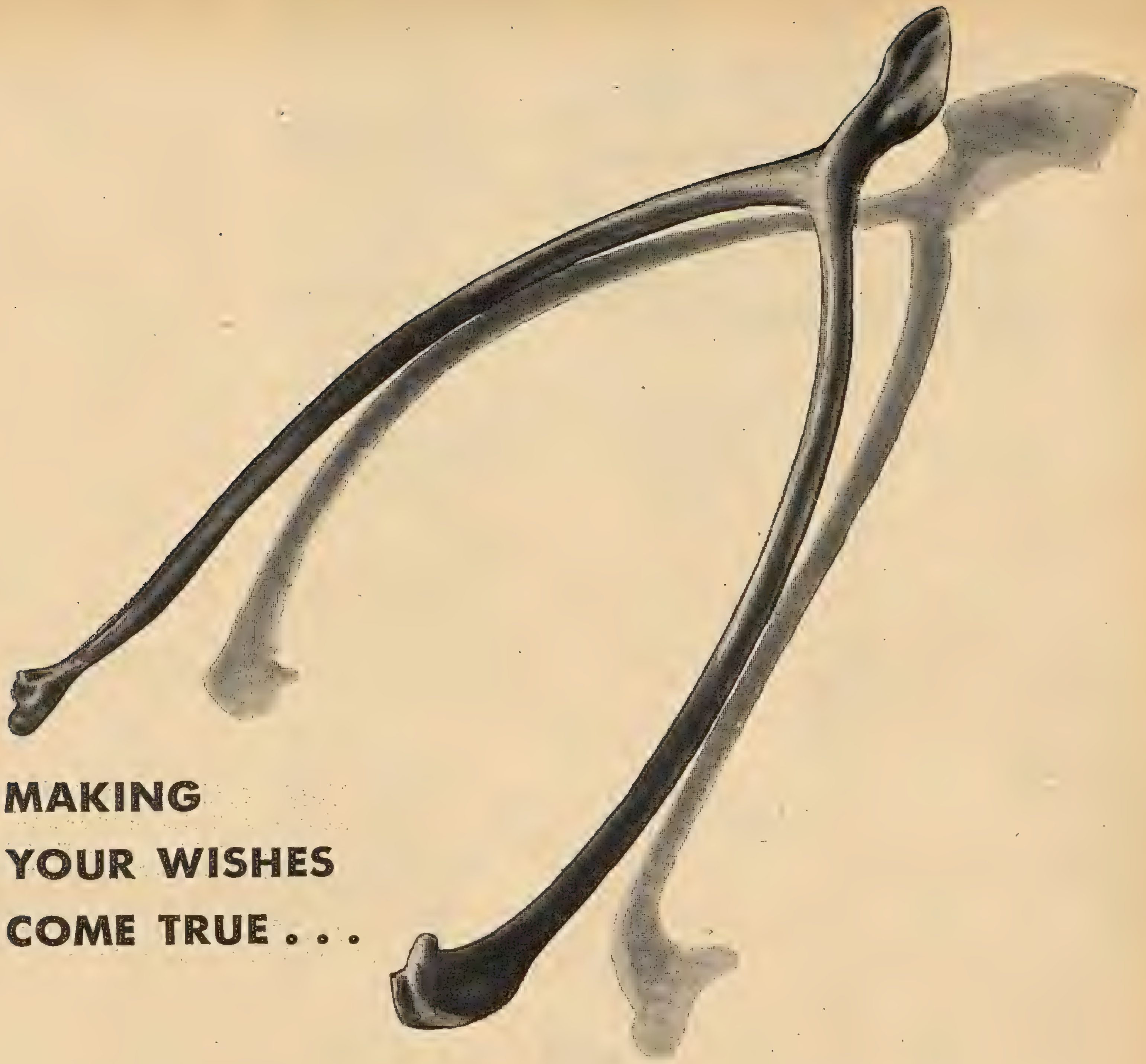
A few months later, from the speaker's platform, Pieck hurled another stinging epithet at the Nazi deputies: "Thyssen's mercenaries!" The next moment he found himself in the middle of a howling uniformed mob. A heavy knuckle-duster crashed against his temple, sending the blood streaming down his face before his comrades could rescue him.

There was a touch of the vendetta in

(*Continued on page 80*)

HARDTACK





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(*Continued from page 78*)

this savage attack, for the lanky brown-shirted hoodlum who had hit him was none other than "Prince Auwi," the Nazified youngest son of the former Kaiser. In one blow, Prince August Wilhelm of Hohenzollern had sought to avenge not only the insult to his party but also the overthrow of his father for which Pieck had been largely responsible. Today, "Auwi," the Nazi prince, is a prisoner of the Allies, awaiting trial as a war criminal.

After the Reichstag fire of February 28, 1933, which signaled the start of the Nazi terror, Pieck went underground. He thus escaped the fate of Thaelmann, Torgler, and other Communist leaders who fell into the hands of the Nazis. His wife and daughter, however, were arrested by the Nazis, who also claimed to have found 3,000 pounds of Communist literature during a raid on Pieck's home. In the following months he skillfully built up the cell-and-cadre organization of the Communist underground, which the Gestapo never was able to smash completely.

He now was a marked man, hunted by the Gestapo in every corner of the Reich. When it became apparent that he could not remain in hiding forever, orders came through from Moscow to evacuate him. Stalin did not care to see his best man in Germany fall into Nazi hands.

So Pieck took the underground "railroad" and shortly arrived in Moscow, where he was received with high honors and given an important post in the Comintern. Later, after Georgi Dimitroff's retirement, Pieck became secretary-general of the Comintern, and served until its formal dissolution on May 15, 1943.

AS LEADER of the powerful Communist International, Pieck in the past few years has wielded an influence on world affairs that cannot be overestimated, though it is hard to gauge exactly. Some observers in Moscow have held him to be the most important personage in the Kremlin after Stalin.

Dissolution of the Comintern did not end his political career but merely gave it a different turn. It so happened that the Comintern's end coincided—if there *was* any coincidence—with the rise of the "Free Germany" movement in Russia, which was to play a decisive role in the downfall of Hitler and his regime.

This movement originated back in October, 1941, when a picked group of German exiles in the U. S. S. R. set out on the difficult task of proselytizing the first Nazi prisoners of war captured by the Red Army. Pieck delegated his right-hand man, the former Reichstag Deputy Walter Ulbricht, to head this group, which also included such well-known Communist authors as the satirical poet Erich Weinert and the revolutionary mysticist Johannes R. Becher.

At first, while Hitler's armies were knifing deep into Russia, the going was rough for the Red apostles in the Nazi prisoner camps. But after Stalingrad, the picture changed completely. Now hundreds of thousands of disillusioned Germans were milling around in Soviet stockades and large numbers of them listened willingly to the sermons of Ulbricht, Weinert, Becher & Co.

By midsummer of 1943, the disintegration of the German armies and the discouragement of the prisoners taken by the Red Army had reached a point where the work of Ulbricht and associates began to pay big dividends. Not only common soldiers but also many officers rallied to the "Free Germany" movement.

On July 21, 1943, a "National Committee of Free Germany" was formed at a Moscow conference. Pieck and five other Communist former members of the Reichs-

"Surely there must be some other way you get an inspiration for dessert!"

tag and the Prussian Diet attended the conference but purposely kept in the background. The floor was turned over to nonparty intellectuals and prisoners of war. Weinert was elected chairman of the executive committee, with Major Karl Hetz and Count Heinrich von Einsiedel—both prisoners of war—acting as his deputies. Pieck was given the relatively obscure but vitally important post of secretary. The meeting adopted a manifesto vigorously calling for the overthrow of the Nazi regime and the establishment of a democratic government in Germany.

The formation of the National Committee made a deep impression upon the German prisoners, particularly the officers. Two months later a group of five German generals, headed by Walter von Seydlitz, called an officers' convention which, on September 11, 1943, set up a "Union of German Officers in the U. S. S. R." This body, with Seydlitz as president, then adhered collectively to the National Committee.

In this set-up, Pieck was not much in evidence. Foreign correspondents in Moscow, who cabled home long and, at times, excited stories about Seydlitz, Weinert—and later about Field Marshal Friedrich von Paulus who finally joined up in August, 1944—hardly ever mentioned the name of the man who, behind the scenes, calmly pulled the strings with the assurance of a puppeteer: Wilhelm Pieck.

The National Committee of Free Germany in the following months did a remarkable job of splitting the Wehrmacht and its proud officers' corps. It was by common consent the war's greatest achievement in psychological warfare. By means of broadcasts—thrice daily over the powerful Moscow sender—front-line loudspeakers, leaflets dropped from airplanes, and secret agents operating behind Nazi lines, it caused mass desertions of German troops on the eastern front. It had a hand in the unsuccessful attempt on Hitler's life on July 20, 1944. When that *putsch* failed, a score of German generals surrendered voluntarily to the Red Army and hotfooted it to Seydlitz's Union of German Officers. By early 1945 the Union counted more than fifty generals and thousands of lesser officers among its members.

When the final, crushing Red Army offensive got under way in January, 1945, fears were widespread in the United States and Britain that Stalin might contemplate setting up a German military government at Königsberg under the leadership of Marshal von Paulus and General von

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Seydlitz. Such a move, it was argued, would serve to perpetuate German militarism in a new guise.

If these apprehensions ever had any basis, it disappeared after the Yalta Conference, where Stalin assured Roosevelt and Churchill that he had no such intentions. He promised that there would be neither a Soviet-sponsored military regime nor a Communist one in the portions of Germany that were to be occupied by the Red Army.

Stalin, thus far, has kept both these promises. With the end of the war in Europe, the Union of German Officers which had been essentially an instrument of psychological warfare, went into immediate discard. Nothing has been heard, since the armistice, of either Paulus or Seydlitz. Only a few special task groups composed of civilian members of the National Committee of Free Germany have been sent into Germany for occupation purposes.

And what about Communism? What the future will bring, no one can say, but the first few months of Soviet occupation of Eastern Germany have brought no signs of impending Bolshevization. This does not mean that there will not be a good deal of Communist influence in Germany. Everywhere in Russia's sphere of influence today the watchword seems to be: "Communist leadership without the practice of Communism." Wilhelm Pieck is the living symbol of this policy.

Berlin fell to the Russians on May 1, 1945. Six weeks later, Marshal Zhukoff authorized the formation of political parties, provided they were anti-Nazi. Neither in theory nor practice was there any discrimination in favor of the German Communist Party, which was formally revived and duly registered with the Russian military government on June 25.

On the same day the reconstituted central committee of the German Communist Party issued a manifesto in Berlin, outlining the party's future policies. Rejecting the idea of introducing the Soviet system into present-day Germany, the manifesto called instead for free elections, parliamentary government, and the development of private enterprise and the profit system. Pieck was the first to sign the document. Other signers included Ulbricht and four other members of the National Committee of Free Germany.

PIECK, until recently in Moscow, has now moved to Berlin to supervise his flock at close quarters. Meanwhile his son Arthur has taken over the personnel department of the new administration organized in Berlin.

Arthur Pieck, now in his forties, was a leader of the Communist youth organization before Hitler. His younger sister Lore also was active in the movement.

Thus, good care has been taken that Wilhelm Pieck's work will be continued should death end his turbulent career. But as yet there is plenty of life and fighting spirit in the old man. You'll hear more about the Piecks, father and son, in the coming months. Keep your eye on them for a while.

THE END

* * *

A Red Cross worker on a remote Pacific island called the Army command to report a disease peculiar to the tropics. "We have a case of beriberi here. What shall we do?

Came the answer: "Give it to the Seabees. They'll drink anything!"

—*Kearn's Post-Review.*

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EVERY MOTHER'S SON

Continued from Page 39

packed his bags. He wasn't broke; he had a new car and he'd been saving his salary, so he treated himself to a de luxe farewell dinner. A friend, movie star Lucille Ball, was there, and he told her his troubles. "Cheer up, kid," she said, "and sign this menu. I want your autograph. You're going to be famous some day."

Bighearted Lucille did more than say the right thing. She telephoned Bill Grady, head talent scout for M-G-M. Grady arrived and took in the stubborn Swedish chin, the red hair, the freckles, the delayed-action smile. A week later Van was working for M-G-M. He went into The War Against Mrs. Hadley, some Dr. Gillespie pictures, The Human Comedy. He was good, but he was no sensation.

Then he played in A Guy Named Joe with Spencer Tracy and Irene Dunne. It was his biggest break to date, and he was determined to make good or knock himself out trying. He knocked himself out. As he was driving home from a preview one night, a car crashed into his coupé. His skull was fractured, his face badly scarred. He barely missed being decapitated. Overnight his dreams came tumbling down.

If he lived (and with hourly blood transfusions it was a long "if"), he would probably never appear before cameras again. "That was the toughest part," says Van, remembering. "I wouldn't let myself think of leaving Hollywood, even if I had to take the smallest job on the lot."

MEANWHILE M-G-M officials voted to keep Van's part open for him rather than substitute another actor. This gesture Van considers the greatest tribute ever paid him. They shot all of The White Cliffs of Dover while he sweated out four months in the hospital.

Then it began to happen. In A Guy Named Joe he was a sensational success. The scars were there, and they stood out grimly on his forehead. An all but continual headache made him unfit for the service. But it wasn't just the scars that gave Van Johnson's face a new look. His brush with death had sobered him, given him a different view of life. More than ever he typified the American boy at war. To millions of women he was no longer just the kid who went away. *He was also the man who came back.* With Two Girls

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Such foolish people seem to me
Divorced from all reality.
They drink milk from a funny cup—
Don't know the joy of lapping up.
When they are happy, they don't purr.
She looks at he, he looks at her!
They make strange noises for a howl
And do not take a nightly prowl.
They do not move with any grace.
They use a cloth to wash the face.
At dark they need a light to see.
But they are very good to me.
So to their faults I shut my eyes.
They feed me well—and I am wise!

—*Dorothy Quick.*

---

and a Sailor, Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo, and Thrill of a Romance, the Johnson flood of fan mail began.

From just another contract player, Van became Hollywood's most spectacular success. Overnight his future was upon him.

But despite the money his pictures had coined at the box office, his salary until recently was still that of the average player at the end of the usual three-year contract—$750 a week. A few weeks ago, however, his popularity paid off handsomely: Johnson got a $100,000 bonus and a fabulous seven-year contract, with a starting salary of $4,000 a week.

EVEN before he hit the jack pot he was a little cynical about dating Hollywood's glamor girls, unless they were stars of comparable position. "They all want something," he says, "and it isn't me. How do I know? Well, I pick up the papers the next morning and there in Louella's column is the play-by-play report of my date the night before." Accordingly, he goes out less and less often, spending most of his time with his best friends, the Keenan Wynns. "I try parties now and then," he says, "but they bore me stiff. I like conversation, and how can you talk to a roomful of people?"

Not only does Hollywood's Number One glamor boy have very few dates; he also has very little recreation. His life runs on a split-second schedule. At 7 A. M. of a working day his phone rings. The girl at the hotel switchboard says, "Time to get up and make faces!" Van is no early-morning ray of sunshine. He hates to get up and he lets everyone know it. He picks up the paper outside his door and stumbles groggily into the bathroom. He reads the paper while he's taking his bath, which ends with a cold shower. He drives to the studio, gets shaved, and is always on the set by eight thirty, half an hour early.

In his dressing room, he and his stand-in, Don Anderson, go over the script. "He reads like hell," says Van affectionately, "and mispronounces all the names, but I love the guy. He has a sense of humor." While Van changes into his costume, Don gets him a cup of coffee, That's breakfast.

At noon Van usually has an interview. He has been featured in more than 200 stories in the past year. One movie magazine alone has run six Van Johnson covers.

He has luncheon—usually a salad—on the set, and interviews at cocktail time.

His favorite evening of fun is something like a postman's holiday. After dinner, usually with the Kennan Wynns, he likes

(*Continued on page 86*)

Right Now—you are needed to help relieve serious homefront shortage of nurses

In which picture does *your* face fit?

DID YOU KNOW . . .

Because of the magnificent response of our trained nurses, our wounded are receiving expert care—and the need for Army and Navy Nurse enlistments may be reduced. But this same, whole-hearted response has created a critical nurse shortage at home.

Here's how you can serve . . . help save lives. Read the following paragraphs carefully, and find *your* place in the nursing picture. With or without experience, every woman can do her part. Whether you are a registered nurse, or can train to assist in hospital work—you're wanted. So don't delay! And for further information see your local Red Cross Chapter today!

Are you a graduate registered nurse? You are desperately needed in one of our civilian hospitals! America's ill and injured . . . the very lives of young mothers, new babies whose fathers are fighting overseas—depend on your returning to active duty. Sickness and surgery can't wait! Let your Red Cross Chapter help find the hospital that needs you most.

Qualified for duty in a Veterans Administration Hospital? With your skill, experience, as a registered nurse, you can best help care for disabled men who have given so much. Even if you are over 40 years of age or have dependents, apply today to your local Veterans Administration. Or serve as a Red Cross Instructor for Nurses' Aides or Home Nursing Courses.

Want to learn a lifetime profession? If you're a high school graduate or college trained—if you're over 17 or 18—now is the time to train for the proud profession of nursing. While you help to meet the nation's need you will be protecting your own future. Ask your local hospital about Nurses Training School, or write National Nursing Council: Box 88, New York.

Will you volunteer as a Nurses' Aide? Such an *important* nursing job—for it frees nurses for urgent service which only they can perform! Classes meet 3 days a week, for 7 weeks. See when the next class opens and sign up. If you *are* a trained Nurses' Aide, you owe it to your country and training to go back into service, especially for daytime duty!

Can you give 2 hours a week? Take a Red Cross Home Nursing Course—just 2 hours a week for 12 weeks. Or choose the accelerated course. You'll learn how to care for your own dear ones in case of illness. Keeping your family out of the hospital, except when absolutely necessary, will relieve overcrowded civilian hospitals . . . release their personnel for servicemen.

You can stay in the picture every day—with KOTEX*

Today, millions of women—in all walks of life—count on Kotex sanitary napkins to help them keep going on "trying days." That's because Kotex gives lasting comfort, for Kotex is made to *stay soft while wearing*. Kotex gives more confidence, for only Kotex of all leading brands has patented, *flat tapered ends* that don't show revealing lines. The special *safety center* of Kotex provides extra hours of protection, prevents roping and twisting. And besides, a *deodorant* safely locked inside each Kotex napkin offers a new safeguard—for your daintiness, your confidence. Yes, today as always . . .

Kotex
SANITARY NAPKINS
Kotex
Kotex

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

More women choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins put together

LITTLE LULU
by Marge
YOUR FORTUNE REVEALED IN THE MAGIC CRYSTAL
NO OTHER LIKE IT
REVEALED IN THE MAGIC CRYSTAL
NO OTHER LIKE IT
KLEENEX
NO OTHER LIKE IT
KLEENEX TISSUES
KLEENEX TISSUES

Copyright 1945, International Cellucotton Products Co.

A special process keeps Kleenex

LUXURIOUSLY SOFT—
DEPENDABLY STRONG

Only Kleenex* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double tissue at a time!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

(Continued from page 84)

to drive back to the studio and run pictures. Almost any picture, so long as it isn't his own. "I can't stand to see myself on the screen," he squirms. "I never enjoy it. I just notice all the things I do that are wrong and how funny I look."

Van doesn't think he's good-looking, although he looks in person exactly as he does on the screen. He pokes fun at himself. Bobby-soxers screamed blissfully when he appeared in a bathing suit in Thrill of a Romance. "God knows why they yelled," he says, "unless it was out of sheer fright—me and my barrel chest and low-slung bottom."

His vocabulary is as colorfully descriptive as Gypsy Rose Lee's, but despite his flippant wisecracks, he never misses church on Sunday. He is circumspect to a fault. Also, he's a guy whose word is good and who expects that yours is, too. He is stubbornly honest, particularly with writers, which occasionally gets him into more trouble than his studio can get him out of.

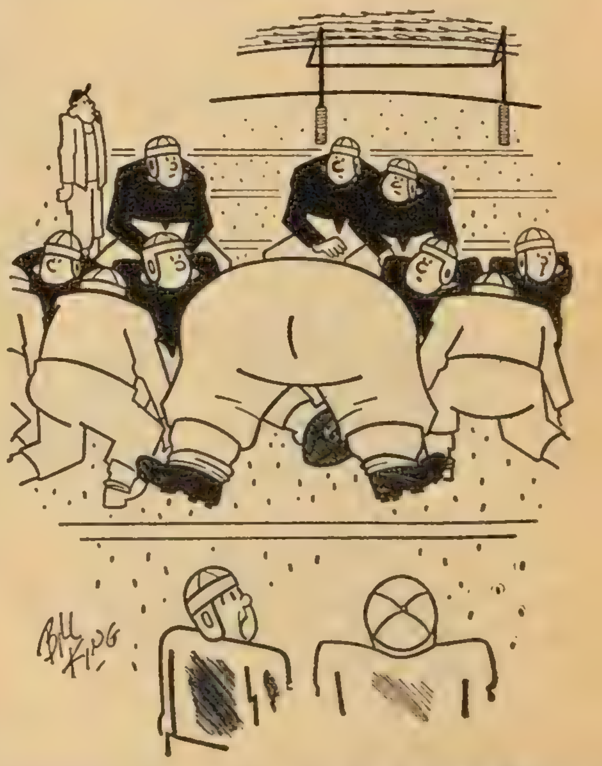
Take the time he said that when he married it would probably be to someone a few years older than he. Came 5,000 letters from indignant bobby-soxers. "If you're so crazy about older women," wrote one enraged teen-ager, "you're not the man for me. I'll never go to see another picture of yours!" Or the time a columnist wrote that Van and he chatted over a whisky-and-soda. Irate mothers snapped, "If you are a boy who drinks, my daughter can't go see your pictures!"

Once he mentioned that it would be nice if he didn't have to make any more B pictures. "Another one like Between Two Women," he remarked earnestly, "and I'll be on the skids." He was called into the front office and told emphatically that B pictures—the Andy Hardy and Dr. Gillespie series were mentioned—made more money than any super-colossal extravaganza had ever made. "So now I keep my big trap shut," says Van, who can take a hint.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer doesn't slap him down often, however. After all, nice round box-office figures are still desirable, and fan mail is still a pretty good barometer of a star's popularity.

Of Van's 49,000 letters a month, 40,000 ask him please to wait until the writers grow up and can marry him. Van, with an eye to his career, doesn't intend to marry for quite some time, and probably it's just as well. Even in Hollywood, 40,000 marriages would be overdoing things a bit.

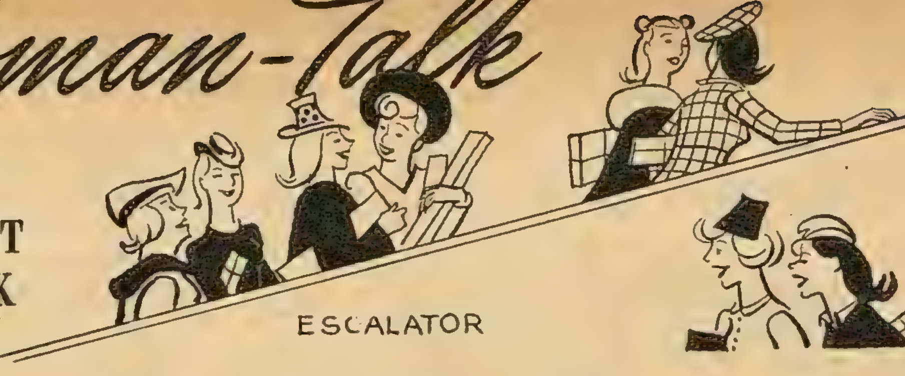
THE END



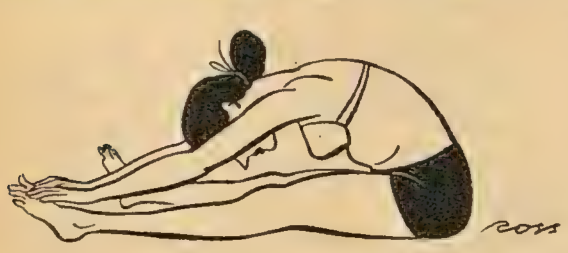
"I know they ain't gainin' through Edson, but neither are we!"

Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK



DOWAGER'S HUMP: One of New York's beauty advisers vows secretaries and other desk workers can guard against a sloping shoulder line which may result in a permanent hump by resisting the temptation to slump while at work, and taking certain exercises. The experts in her Fifth Avenue salon have managed to keep them simple, which is a great improvement over the usual routines suggested by the high priestesses of beauty. Most of them make their instructions as long-winded and complicated as a lease or an insurance policy, so that the neophyte is likely to give up before she starts. One of these simpler gymnastics to keep shoulders limber and strengthen an aching back calls for sitting on the floor with legs outstretched, backs of knees on the floor. Sit erect and on your buttocks, not your spine. Stretch forward, bring chin to knees, and touch your toes with your fingertips. If you can't do it, you can at least try. Maybe it will help take off a little of that extra weight that creeps up on a girl when she isn't looking. An easier one for the shoulders gives an immediate sense of relief to aching muscles. Stand or sit erectly, stomach in, head up, chin out. Now lift your shoulders toward your ears, then roll them back (your shoulders, not your ears) and try to squeeze your shoulder blades together. Relax, drop shoulders and bring them forward. Circle shoulders in a complete arc; reverse the arc and repeat. It's more fun to take exercises if someone's doing them with you, but these are so simple it's not hard to goad yourself into trying them even by yourself, and they *do* set the corpuscles to bouncing again, even when you're feeling wilted and sluggish.

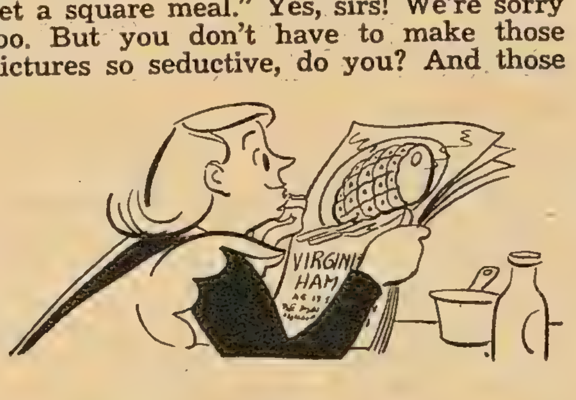


EXPLODED THEORY: Many housewives say that orange juice deteriorates in vitamin value after it has been extracted. 'Tain't so, according to chemists of the U. S. Department of Agriculture. They tested both orange and grapefruit juice, extracted by hand and by machine, from fruit stored in refrigerators and out, and found that the vitamin C is so stable in both juices that it does not droop for several days, no matter how it is kept. So now if you want to speed up breakfast in the A. M. by squeezing oranges the night before, you can do so with a clear conscience. The authorities claim even the taste doesn't change for two or three days if the juice is kept cold, but I suspect lots of people might disagree about that. Anyway it's nice to know that the actual vitamin content stays put. The tests were made at the Florida Citrus Products station.

LINES FOR COLUMBUS DAY

If Chris had neglected to take that notion
To sail across the Atlantic Ocean,
The rest of the world today might be
Destroyed by hunger and misery;
For millions of mortals depend on this
Benevolent land discovered by Chris.
So give three cheers for Columbus Day
And the safe, salubrious U. S. A.

GONE TODAY BUT HERE TOMORROW: One of the nicest features about the approaching end of shortages will be the death knell of those chirpy advertisements extolling the virtues of innumerable products only to wind up with some version or other of: "Sorry, we ain't got it." We all know that companies continue to advertise when they have nothing to sell the public because they don't want to be forgotten, but it's always an anticlimax to read of the countless uses of cleansing tissues and Scotch tape, only to reach the inevitable conclusion, "In these days of shortages we can't promise you all you want at all times. But we do promise you we'll keep our stuff the finest made." The meat companies are downright inhuman—they depict glorious hams in full color, platters of thin crispy bacon, dainty cocktail sausages, voluptuous curvy hot dogs, regal steaks, and monumental roast beef; then, as the mouth waters and the eye proceeds to the end of the ad, there's the same old story: "We're sorry if there's not enough to go around and you can't get a square meal." Yes, sirs! We're sorry too. But you don't have to make those pictures so seductive, do you? And those mattress illustrations with the merciless captions: "If you own a Downysleep, you're lucky, because we don't know when it will be made again. Take care of those 837 individually pocketed coils, that sag-proof border, those ingenious little ventilators," and so on and on. Boy, do they rub it in! They practically say, "If you can't get one, at least dream about it—that is, if you can sleep on that poor skinny runt you call a mattress for want of a likelier name." It will be fascinating to see whether the advertising copywriters can approach their rhapsodies of the past few years when they start trying to describe the goods they actually have to sell a word-weary public. . . . Among all the shortages, there *was* one outstanding product that didn't go to lyrical lengths to make a female yearn for it. There was no need to—I mean nylon stockings. No woman could forget them. She was reminded of their beauty every time she glimpsed the baggy-kneed, pleated-ankle stockings of wartime.



ENJOY
Cocoa..
Buy
GOOD
COCOA

QUALITY FIRST
VAN HOUTEN'S
DUTCH PROCESS
COCOA

The World's
BEST
Costs Less
Than A
PENNY
Per Cup

Does your Daughter dare approach marriage--

without first knowing about these *Intimate Physical Facts?*

Mother! It's your solemn duty to tell your daughter how important douching often is to feminine cleanliness, health and marriage happiness.

But first make sure *your own knowledge* is just as modern, up-to-date and scientific as it can be. And it will be if you tell her about ZONITE for the douche—how no other type of liquid antiseptic-germicide of all those tested is *so powerful* yet *so safe* to delicate tissues.

Smart Young Women No Longer Make This Mistake

Certainly no well-informed mother would even think of telling her daughter to use weak, homemade mixtures of salt, soda or vinegar. Because these DO NOT and CAN NOT offer women the great germicidal and deodorant action of *modern* ZONITE.

Yet despite its great strength ZONITE is positively *non-poisonous*, non-irritating, non-burning. It contains no creosote, phenol or bichloride of mercury. You can use ZONITE as directed as often as you wish without risk of injuring delicate tissues.

Principle Discovered By Famous Surgeon and Renowned Chemist

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's *so powerful* no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that ZONITE will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE that ZONITE immediately kills all *reachable* living germs and keeps them from multiplying. Buy ZONITE *today!*

Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

FREE!

For frank discussion of intimate physical facts—mail this coupon to Zonite Products, Dept. 502-J, 370 Lexington Ave., New York 17, N. Y., and receive enlightening FREE booklet edited by several eminent Gynecologists.

Name ____________________
Address ____________________
City ______________ State ________

THE WILD BUNCH

Continued from Page 21

Luckily Leonora was now off on a new tack. "Where's Miss Hyde?"

David calmly rubbed a sneaker-clad foot against his other leg. "Oh, old Iron Face? She went off in a huff two weeks ago. She slapped Carlotta, so Carlotta tripped her up and sat on her."

The enormous colored woman slowly came down the steps. "Miz Daniels, they'm a telegram for you."

Leonora ripped it open. "Oh, my Lord! Aunt Kate's sick down in Virginia and she wants me to come at once."

The boxer dog began to bark violently, the children's voices rose, and on a strident tide of sound Mr. Daniels found himself being hauled, pushed, or somehow propelled into the house.

He had the impression it was vast, disorderly, and dusty, and then Leonora was addressing him: "I know it's dreadful, Georgie, but I've just got to go. And it'll be such a nice chance for you to get acquainted with the children."

Mr. Daniels, beyond words, managed a feeble nod. He had, after all, known that Leonora was an unusual woman when he married her.

She hurled her hat onto the sofa and started issuing orders. "Carlotta, call the air-lines office and get me something on a southbound plane. I want my light brown suitcase. Where's my case, Louise?"

"I guess it's in Little Hell," said the blonde girl in the sun suit.

Leonora pounced down the hall, she wrenched open a closet door, and torrents of things began to fall out. Mr. Daniels, fascinated, beheld fishing rods, riding boots, a pair of white jodhpurs, two umbrellas, and a wooden decoy duck.

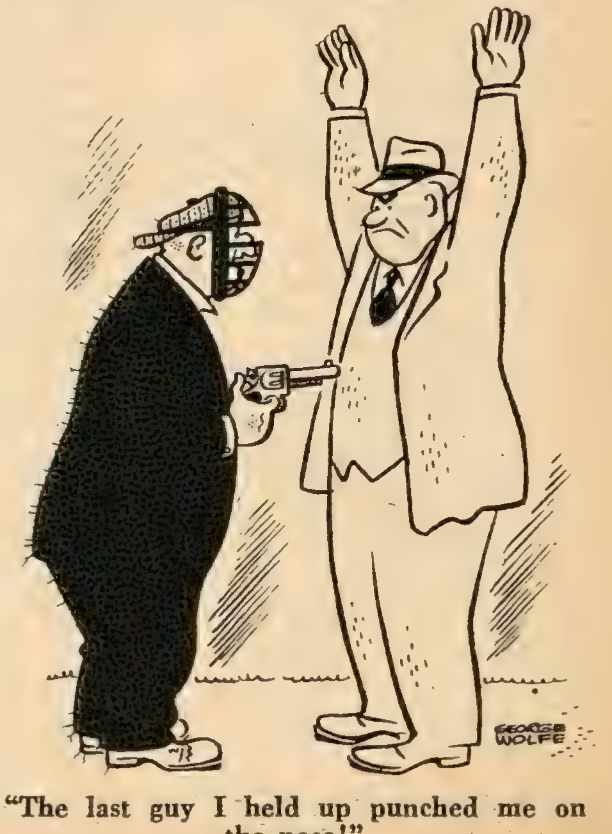
Leonora and Louise plunged bodily in and began throwing out even more alarming articles.

Carlotta's heels came clattering down the hall. "Seat on the six-o'clock plane, Leo. You'll have to snap into it."

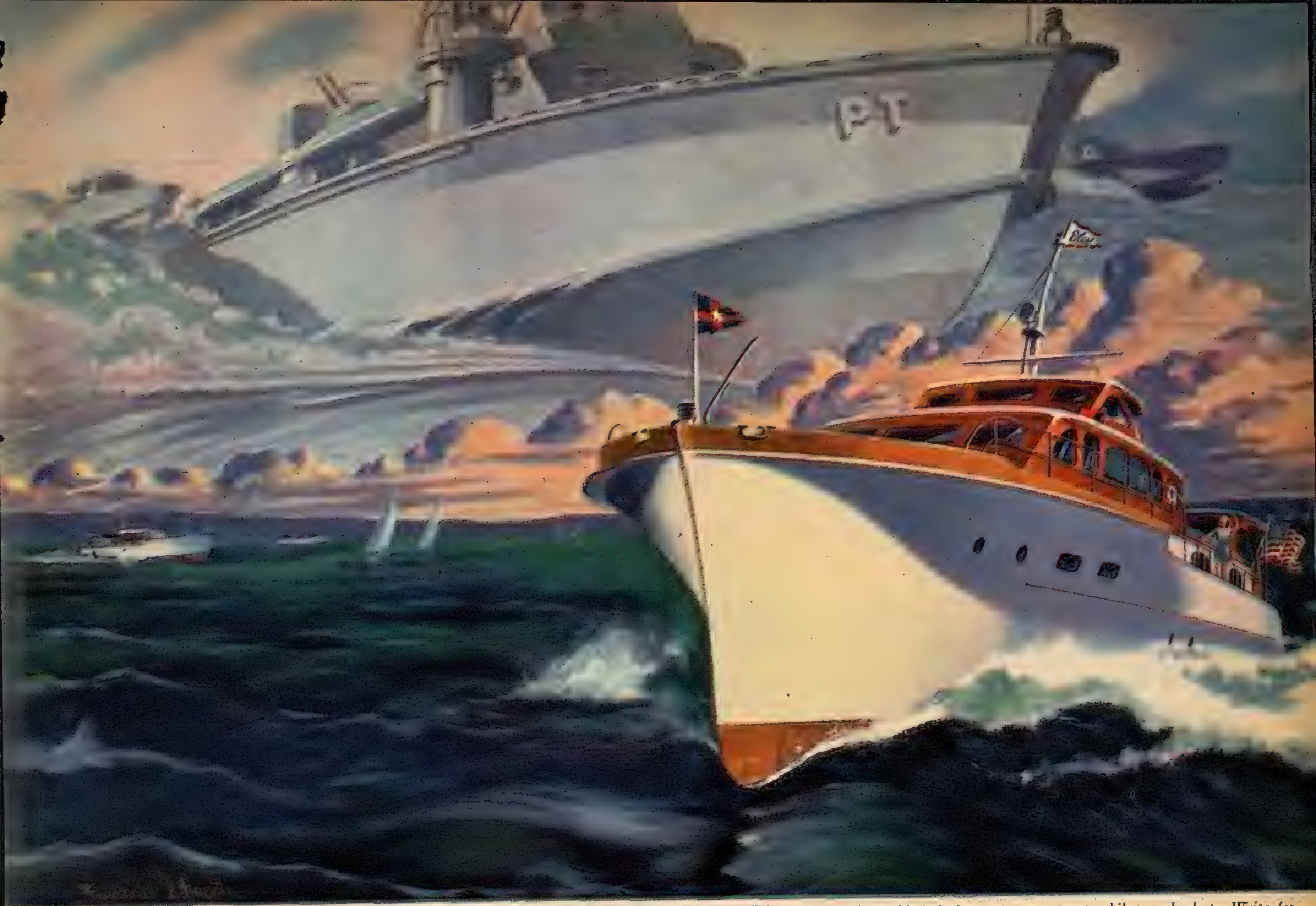
THREE quarters of an hour later, Mr. Daniels came to the uncomfortable realization that he was in a strange house, surrounded by the most frightening set of children he had ever met.

The lean colored man, more doleful than ever, was picking up his bags, and Mr. Daniels dutifully followed.

(Continued on page 90)



"The last guy I held up punched me on the nose!"



Fine 18" x 13" full-color enlargement of this painting sent on request while supply lasts. Write for Lithograph R to Electric Boat Co., P. O. Box 69, New York 8, N. Y., enclosing 10c for postage and handling.

Reward of Victory!

NEW Elco STANDARDS IN BOATING, BORN AND *PROVEN* IN Elco PTs

The dramatic performance of Elco PTs in the Philippines, Solomons, New Guinea, English Channel and Mediterranean clearly foreshadows significant new standards in post-war boating.

Boat enthusiasts have been quick to sense the impact of PT design on future pleasure craft. Hundreds of men, in and out of the services, have written to ask about our post-war plans. What will follow the world-famous PTs off Elco's production lines?

From our production lines, as soon as possible after victory, will come a new and comprehensive line of Elco pleasure craft in a wide range of sizes and prices.

Certainly your future Elco will not require all the PT's power and speed. But certainly you *will* wish your post-war boat to embody advanced principles of Elco PT design and construction which have literally revolutionized seaworthiness, speed, maneuverability, strength-per-pound and fuel economy.

Soon details of the new Elco boats will be announced to yachtsmen and prospective dealers. Built in America's finest boat plant and backed by Elco's unparalleled foundation of boating research, each model will be a fitting heir to the fame of Elco PTs.

Elco
CRUISERS

Opportunities For New Elco Dealers

To serve the widespread demand for its new line of 25 ft. to 60 ft. cruisers and yachts, Elco is developing an expanded network of dealers. Inquiries regarding available franchises are invited from substantial concerns and individuals now in the boating business and others interested in entering it. Write to Elco Yacht Division, Bayonne, New Jersey.

BUY VICTORY BONDS

ELECTRIC BOAT COMPANY

33 Pine Street, New York 5, N. Y.

Electric Motors
ELECTRO DYNAMIC WORKS
Bayonne, N. J.

Submarines
NEW LONDON SHIP AND ENGINE WORKS
Groton, Conn.

Motor Torpedo Boats
ELCO NAVAL DIVISION
Bayonne, N. J.

Copyright 1945, Electric Boat Co.

(Continued from page 88)

"Miz Daniels 's a mighty sudden lady," said the lean colored man in tones of utter despair.

Mr. Daniels nodded and wished he could have married Leonora without wedding her family as well.

They came into an enormous cavern of a bedroom and the lean colored man said, "Sodom and Gomorrah" quite clearly.

"Huh?" said Mr. Daniels in some surprise.

The lean servitor began opening bags. "These chilluns. They way they acts. An' me an elder in mah church. They calls me Uncle Sim, and why I stays heah I don' know."

He slid silently away and Mr. Daniels met his bedroom face to face. There were crossed rapiers over the mantel; a fox's mask glared at him from a corner; a huge silver cup seemed to have been won by the late Major Drew at polo. The major had all too evidently been the hell of a fellow.

With such a dashing, sporting father, it was unlikely that his progeny would care much for Mr. Daniels as a substitute, even if he was vice-president of a large publishing house. For Mr. Daniels was somewhat afraid of horses, his tennis was extremely bad, and his only desire in regard to small boats was to get out of them as quickly as possible.

He went over to the large dusty mirror to see if he could find any redeeming qualities in himself. What he saw was a rather short, apple-cheeked, dark-haired gentleman who looked like a small cherub and was undoubtedly unsuited to deal with rough, vigorous children.

The large colored woman came around the door. "Ah'm Aunt Cassie an' dinnah's ready when you are." She gave him a compassionate look. "Now, suh, don' you worry about anything."

Mr. Daniels began to worry a good deal.

Aunt Cassie went away and Mr. Daniels began to dress himself beautifully to meet his family.

He descended half an hour later to find they hadn't bothered to wait for him. There they sat about the major's really fine mahogany dining table dressed precisely as Mr. Daniels had seen them earlier.

That would be Carlotta, a darkly handsome olive-skinned girl, though it was rather reprehensible that she still wore her breeches and boots and seemed to be carving patterns on the floor with her spurs.

This would be Louise, a beauty, blonde, as pink and white as a milkmaid, displaying a great deal of skin in her rose-colored halter and shorts. And that would be David, as good-looking and dirty as ever.

"Good evening, Carlotta. Good evening, Louise. Good evening, David," said Mr. Daniels rapidly.

His family snarled, "Good evening, George," and went on eating.

Mr. Daniels moved gingerly around the large boxer dog, which bared its teeth. On his other side he observed the striped cat.

"Huba, huba, huba!"

"Shut up, Alcibiades," said Carlotta and slapped the dog.

Mr. Daniels helped himself to excellent fried chicken, and so missed the start of the savage argument between his female children.

"After all," he heard Carlotta observe, "you might do something besides mush with every boy in town."

"Just because no boy'd ever want to mush with you!" said Louise. "And let me tell you, sister dear—"

Mr. Daniels plunged manfully into the fray. "If I were a young man, I'm sure I'd like nothing better than to ah—mush with anyone as handsome as Miss Carlotta."

There was a dead and depressing silence and all his family stared at him. He had been told he had uncommon charm with women; it had been said he was simply wonderful with children. Mr. Daniels realized woefully that this wasn't so.

After dinner they retired to the living room, and Mr. Daniels stared at antlered heads while his new offspring stared at him with a cold, hard, utter dislike.

Mr. Daniels wilted, and the tiger cat suddenly leaped, purring, into his lap.

"Well, will you look at Peter!" David cried. "Gosh, Peter *never* sits on anyone's lap."

"Cats haven't any sense," said Carlotta pleasantly.

Mr. Daniels went to bed with the uncomfortable feeling that all his children hated him and that his only ally was a large cat.

NEXT morning was Sunday, gloomy and gray, and Mr. Daniels' spirits took a sharp drop when he entered the dining room.

Several Sunday papers were strewn about the floor. And on the floor reclined or sat his family with plates and coffee cups beside them.

Mr. Daniels sat down primly in his proper place at table and started to sort his horrid children out.

Carlotta had on a soiled blue shirt and overalls and a slight scent of stable surrounded her. Mr. Daniels decided she must be about seventeen.

Louise, who was eighteen at least, had encased her really remarkable figure in dark dungarees rolled up to the knees. She was drinking her coffee and reading the comics at the same time. David was still in his shorts and still quite dirty.

"Do you always breakfast on the floor?"

(Continued on page 92)

NOW! Get this $5,000.00 POSTAL LIFE INSURANCE POLICY for ONLY $4.90 a month • AT AGE 25 •

HALF THE PERMANENT RATE IN EFFECT BEGINNING FIFTH YEAR

Or buy $1,500.00 or more of this Safe, Old Line, Legal Reserve Protection for 98c per $1,000! Men or women, all ages 21 to 55 at proportionately Low Rates!

Twice as Much Protection for the Next 4 Years!

Policy Provides:
Full Payment in case of death
Cash and Loan Values
Paid-up and Extended Insurance
Life Income from Proceeds
Current Dividends
9½%
of annual premium

This policy provides about twice the protection now you'd expect your money to buy and beginning the 5th year the rate will be less than you would pay if you applied to us for an Ordinary Whole Life Policy then!

Buy Old Line, Legal Reserve Life Insurance DIRECT!

For nearly 40 years, this Old Line Company, unique among leading Old Established Life Insurance Companies, has offered Standard Life Insurance direct to the policy-holder by mail and over the counter. Substantial Americans have applied for millions of dollars of Postal Insurance. We have paid out more than $55,000,000.00 to policy-holders and their beneficiaries! More and more people are buying insurance direct!

CLIP AND MAIL COUPON NOW!

Postal Life Insurance Company
511 Fifth Ave., Dept. M, -502
New York 17, N. Y.

POSTAL HAS NO AGENTS

Mail me without obligation complete information about your low-cost Modified "4" Policy at my age.

Date of Birth..
Occupation ....
Name ....
Street ....
City ....State..............
Include P. O. District Number, if any

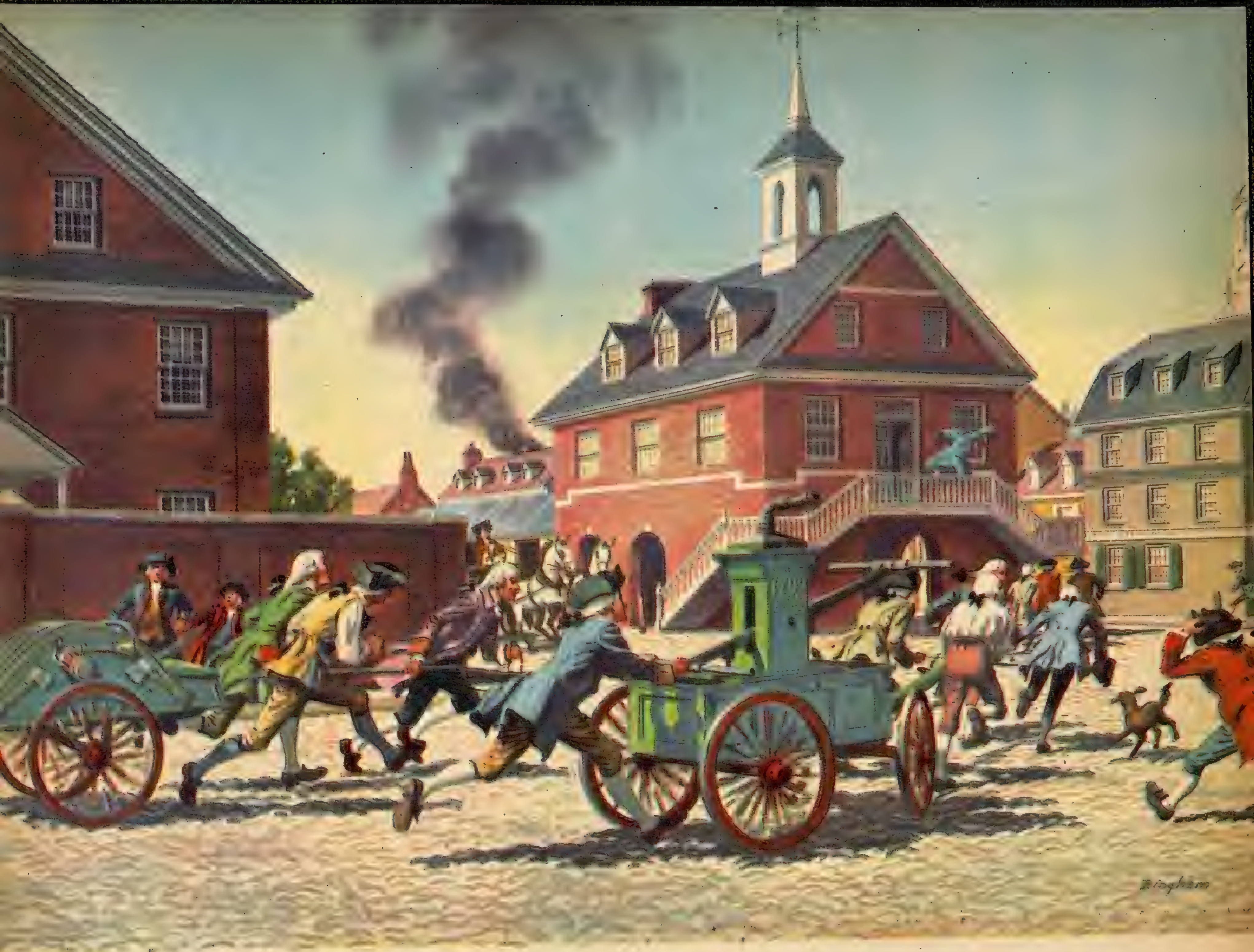
SAFE Life Insurance at LOW COST

Postal operates under the rigid New York State Insurance Laws. It owns and occupies its own 17-story building on New York's famous Fifth Avenue. It is the oldest Company in America devoted exclusively to insuring the lives of substantial men and women at low cost, by mail. We issue all Standard Policies for men and women from ages 1 to 60.

Act as Your Own Agent!

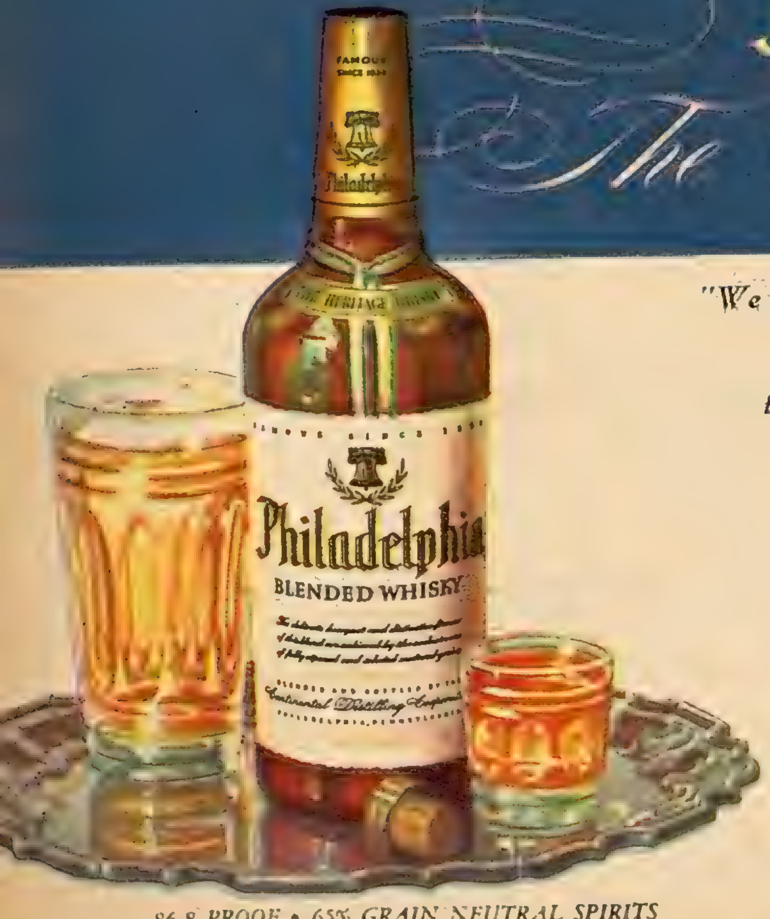
Mail the coupon for full information and rates at your age. Find out how simple and practical it is to buy Life Insurance direct! There is no obligation to buy but insurance is vital! Mail the coupon—find out why we say:—

Better Buy from POSTAL



Colonial Philadelphia volunteer fire company responding to alarm . . . based on early records.*

Philadelphia
The Heritage Whisky


FAMOUS SINCE 1894
Philadelphia
THE HERITAGE WHISKY
Philadelphia
BLENDED WHISKY
Continental Distilling Corporation

"We agreed to meet once a month and spend a social evening . . .
communicating such ideas as occurred
to us upon the subject of fires . . ."
—from Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography

Membership in Philadelphia's early fire companies was a recognized honor, both in useful service to the community, and for its social prestige. Deep-rooted, indeed, are the traditions associated with Philadelphia, proudly sustained today by Philadelphia Blend, The Heritage Whisky. Rich in flavor, superb in quality, a whisky you might justly reserve for only the most special occasions. Yet you can afford to enjoy Philadelphia regularly and often.

CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORPORATION, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA

86.8 PROOF • 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

*CONTINUING, BY POPULAR REQUEST, THE SERIES OF HISTORIC PRINTS FOR PHILADELPHIA BLEND . . . *THE HERITAGE WHISKY* . . . FAMOUS SINCE 1894

World's Most Beautiful Cordial

RED HORSE
TWIG

Five Crystallized Liqueurs

KUMMEL
CREME de MENTHE
ANISETTE
ROCK & RYE
PEPPERMINT SCHNAPPS

D. J. BIELZOFF PRODUCTS CO.
CHICAGO, U. S. A. • 60 PROOF

(Continued from page 90)

inquired Mr. Daniels with as much brightness as he could muster.

"When we want to," said Louise shortly and began to talk to Carlotta.

Mr. Daniels, snubbed, had a strong desire to spank his whole family and was sorry his daughters seemed a little too large for it.

So he stared around the dusty room instead and perceived that the late major's furniture and his silver and glass showed discrimination and taste. The only trouble was that no one seemed to look after them and even the brasses had gone green.

He felt a paw soft against his leg, and it was his friend the cat.

That dreary dismal afternoon he was extremely glad he had an important manuscript to read, for the very house seemed to resent him, his children most certainly did, and he could quite easily imagine he heard the late major's ghost chuckling to itself as it surveyed its unhappy successor.

The manuscript was quite absorbing and he was much annoyed to glance up and see David standing before him.

David's face had a different look: an alarmed look. "I can't find Peter," he said. "You haven't seen him, have you, *Georgie?*"

Mr. Daniels did not like to be called Georgie by dirty and disagreeable small boys. "No." He went back to his manuscript. When he looked up again, David was still there.

David said, "Something's happened to him."

Mr. Daniels had the swift sense that his stepson was asking for help. He put the manuscript down. "Oh, he's just gone about his own business. Cats do, you know."

David looked despairing, as if he'd known this new father of his wouldn't be any good. "But, Georgie, he isn't that kind of cat. He always follows me around. And he didn't come home to lunch. He didn't come home at all."

It was one of Mr. Daniels' weaknesses that he never could stand seeing anyone in trouble. He jumped up and rain was streaming against the window. "All right, David, we'll go look for him. Get a flashlight, will you?"

Half an hour later he was very wet and it was growing dark. But David—a quite different sort of David, was holding him tightly by the hand.

"I g-guess," David was saying, "we'll have to give up."

Mr. Daniel had to keep on because someone was depending on him. "Oh, no we won't, Davy."

He thought he heard a soft sound and he turned the flashlight to where the driveway met the main road. The big striped cat was dragging itself along with one leg limp behind it.

MR. DANIELS was quite tired that night after he had got the vet and the vet had set Peter's leg and had gone away again.

The big cat lay on a soft blanket in a basket and it licked Mr. Daniels' hand as he set it down in David's room.

David, very small in white pajamas, looked down on it.

"Will Peter be all right, Georgie? Will he really be all right?"

"Oh, yes, he'll be quite all right," said Mr. Daniels.

He was conscious of a small bony arm about his waist and of a very shy voice too.

"Good night, Georgie."

Mr. Daniels hadn't known it would be so pleasant to have a son.

The next day was different, quite different. For David was most appreciative, and even the girls seemed to have softened toward him a trifle.

After breakfast they all abruptly vanished, so Mr. Daniels decided to do two things: read the Greek Anthology to rest his nerves, and explore his new and alarming house.

He put the small book in his pocket and went gingerly up the stairs. The more vast and dusty bedrooms he saw, the more he became convinced that nobody had ever bothered to clean up anything, dust anything, or even pick up anything.

Mr. Daniels sighed at such wild disorder and climbed a winding flight of stairs to a turret room. On a window seat Carlotta was hunched up, writing in a leather-bound book.

She saw him and slapped the book shut. "Don't you dare look!"

Mr. Daniels sat down in a shabby chair. "I won't."

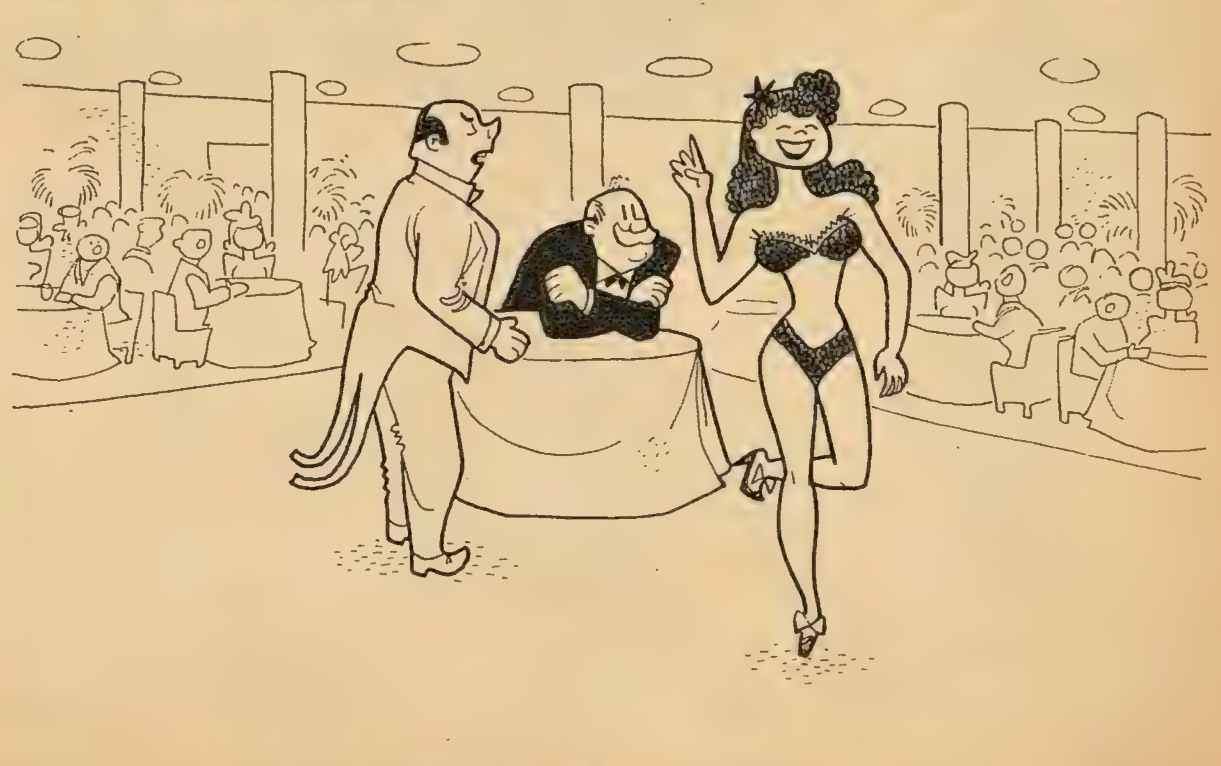
Carlotta swung her boots down to the floor and her eyes were defiant.

"It's poetry. I write poetry. Now start laughing."

He'd have to go very softly, Mr. Daniels thought, for Carlotta wasn't what she seemed.

"I don't see anything to laugh about," he

THE HOME FRONT



"Is *this* near enough, sir?"

said mildly. "Do you know this one of Callimachus'?"

He drew the book from his pocket and began to read:

> "They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
> They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
> I wept as I remembered how often you and I
> Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.
>
> "And now that thou are lying, my dear old Carian guest,
> A handful of gray ashes, long, long ago at rest,
> Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
> For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take."

The defiance drained from Carlotta's eyes. "It makes me want to cry."

"Quite all right," Mr. Daniels told her. "I always cry when I hear anyone sing Loch Lomond."

"So do I—buckets."

They sat smiling at each other as if they'd found they were friends.

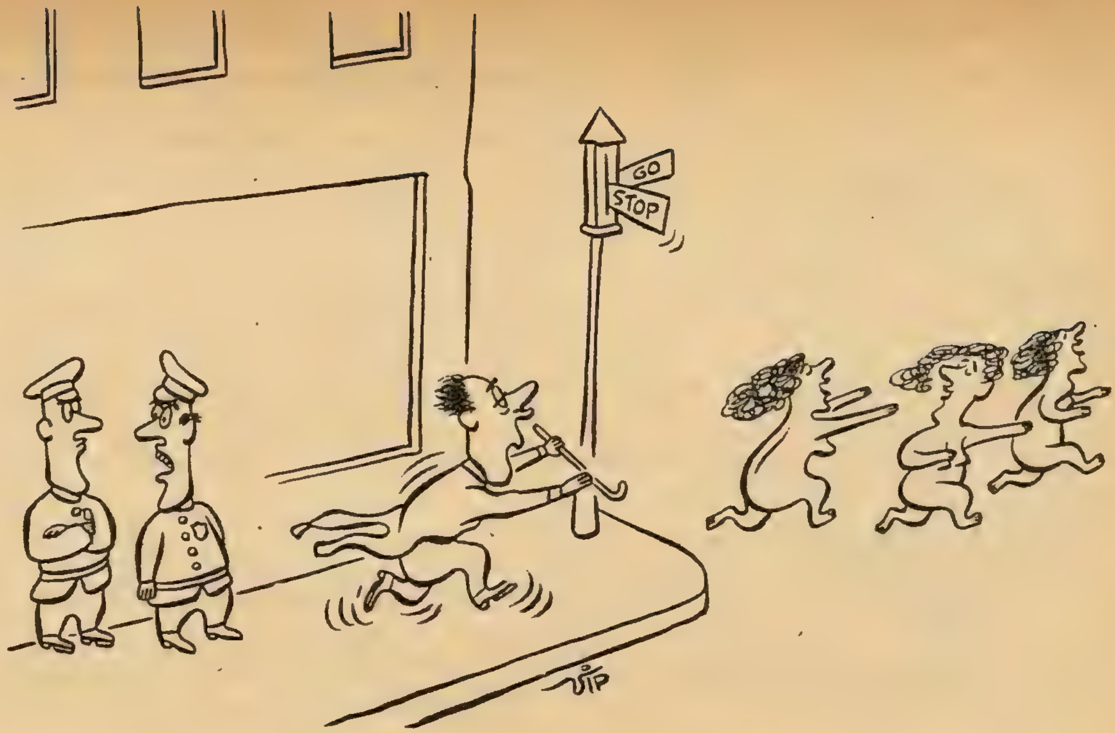
Her voice was much softer when she spoke again. "Georgie, would you do something for me?"

"Surely, unless it's something terrible."

Carlotta looked quite troubled. "I don't know whether it is or not. I'm supposed to stay at Miss Hammond's school to be finished, and I don't want to. I'd like to go up to a little college in Vermont instead—where I'll learn something."

Mr. Daniels pulled out his pipe and lit it, for he suddenly felt quite comfortable with this dark daughter of his.

"About poetry?"



"There! Right through the signal!"

"Poetry and a lot of other things. I'd major in English Lit, I think. You see, Georgie, at old Hammond's I'm just the girl who's good at games. Nobody dreams I'd ever want to learn anything, nobody ever will."

Yes, Mr. Daniels considered, they'd think you were a girl without an idea in her head. I did, myself. But he only said, "What does Leonora say?"

Carlotta put her chin in her hands. "Leo's a dear, but she always thinks everything's lovely just the way it is, and she can never see anything right under her own nose. She went to Hammond's, herself, and she loved it, so—"

"So you wish I'd talk to her?"

Carlotta nodded. "There's no reason why you should, for I've not been very nice to you."

Mr. Daniels puffed away on his pipe and admired his new daughter. "You couldn't be expected to cheer at having a strange father flung at you."

Carlotta gave him a shy smile. "You see right inside people, don't you, Georgie? Alec never did, though he was a swell father. Alec just decided we'd be a ridin', huntin', shootin' family, and he never bothered to find out whether that was what

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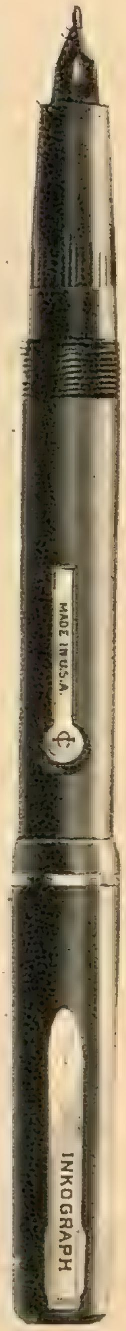

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we really wanted or not. And Leo can't see us because we're too close to her. So, because we're not quite happy, we're an awful set of little savages."

Mr. Daniels put the book back in his pocket. "Not so awful," he said.

LUNCHEON would have been a very pleasant meal if it hadn't been for Louise.

Louise said grandly, "Shan't be home to dinner. I'm going to the Deans' party."

Carlotta raised her dark head. "I don't think you'd better, Lou."

Louise became angry at once. "Oh, you don't! And why shouldn't I, sister dear?"

"Because," Carlotta said flatly, "they're too old for you and too tough."

Mr. Daniels remembered he had heard Leonora speak of the Deans with disapproval. So he hesitantly intervened. "I shouldn't go if I were you, Louise. After all, you *are* pretty young and—"

"I'm sick of being told I'm young!" Louise said and flung herself out of the room.

Mr. Daniels was much disturbed. He was even more disturbed late that afternoon when he came around the corner of the terrace to see Louise being driven rapidly away in a car that was crammed with people. They did not look like nice people to Mr. Daniels and they did look tough.

He wondered what he might have done about it and could think of nothing short of having locked Louise in her room. He wondered just what a stepfather's status was in regard to a violent rebellious daughter, and was sure he didn't know.

He still didn't know after dinner that evening when he sat in the disordered living room and watched the sudden rain stream down the long leaded windows.

He was all alone with a book on his lap, and then wasn't, for the big boxer dog had come into the room.

The dog was quite close to Mr. Daniels now. It sat down and put an apologetic paw on his knee.

"Alcibiades," said Mr. Daniels sternly, "you need a bath."

The door opened and Louise came in. Her hair was plastered to her head, her long dress was one wet ruin, her slippers were a mass of mud.

"I didn't like the party," she said.

Mr. Daniels rose in determination. He seized his erring daughter by the arm. "You come straight out to the kitchen and I'll make you a hot drink."

He had never seen a more agitated young woman nor a meeker one. She collapsed into a chair at the kitchen table. "They all got beastly drunk, Georgie."

Mr. Daniels said he wasn't surprised.

"So," Louise told him dimly, "nobody'd bring me home, so I just climbed out a window and walked and walked—"

Mr. Daniels set a cup of cocoa before her and told her to drink it down.

Louise did, and then sat looking at him. "Aren't you going to start yelling at me, Georgie?"

"Why should I?"

Louise's eyes narrowed. "Saving it to tell Leo, I suppose?"

Mr. Daniels shook his head. "Let's just forget it, shall we? You've had a tough enough time."

Louise suddenly seemed defenseless.

"Georgie," she said, and it was an appeal, "I wouldn't make such a fool of myself if I had something to do."

Mr. Daniels pulled out his pipe. "What do you want to do, Louise?"

She said softly, "I'd like to try to learn to be an actress."

Mr. Daniels' pipe began to puff. Louise's face and figure might not be her fortune, but they'd certainly help. Moreover, she sounded dead serious, as if it were something she'd thought about for a long time.

"I know a man who runs a summer theater. He might take you on as an apprentice. But you'd have to work like the devil."

Louise said surprisingly, "I don't mind work, and I might be rotten, but I'd like to try."

They were all right—really all right, these children of his, if you could only get through the hard tough core they'd built around themselves, Mr. Daniels thought.

"All right, Louise. Now get off those wet clothes and take a hot bath and go to bed. Hustle up!"

Louise rose wearily. "You know, Georgie, in the end we'll always do just what you want us to—all of us."

"Will you?" said Mr. Daniels, highly surprised. "Why?"

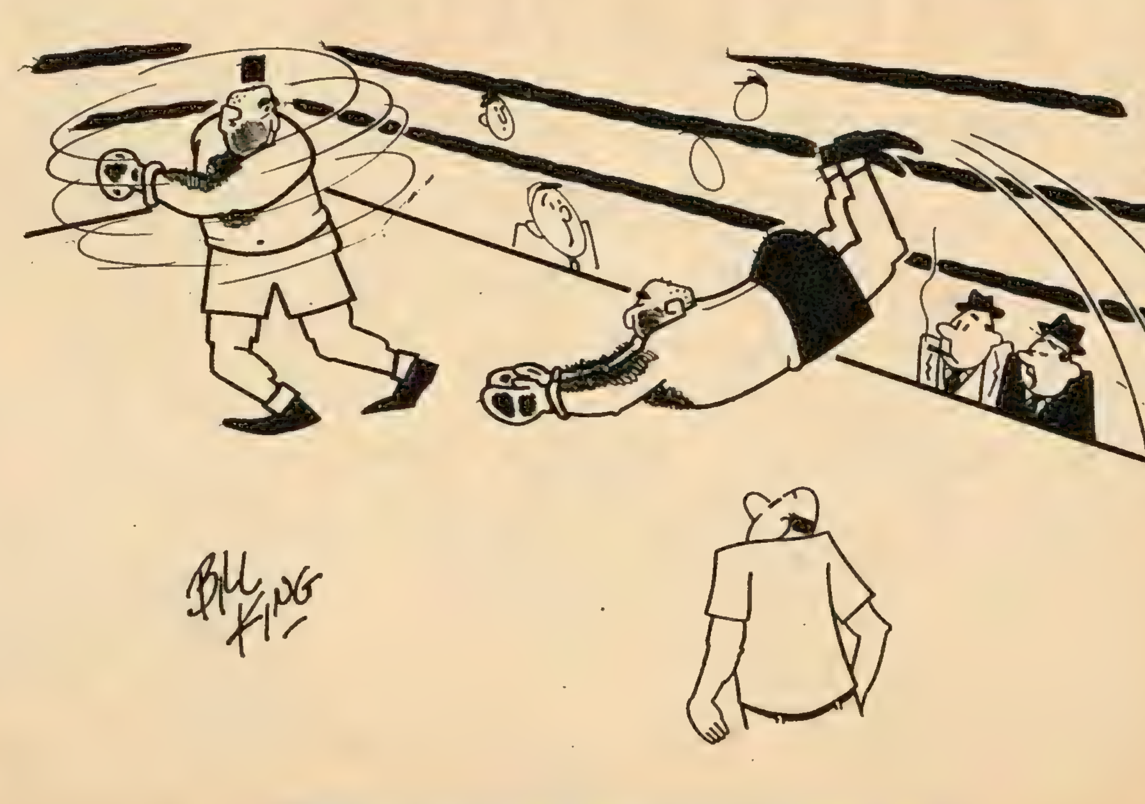
"Because you're very patient and keep calm and never yell."

She stopped by the door. "I suppose I ought to tell you that Carlotta's heading for trouble."

"How?"

"She's never had any boy friends, Georgie, and now she's fallen hard for Johnny Miles, whose family have just moved in down the road. He's very correct

(Continued on page 96)



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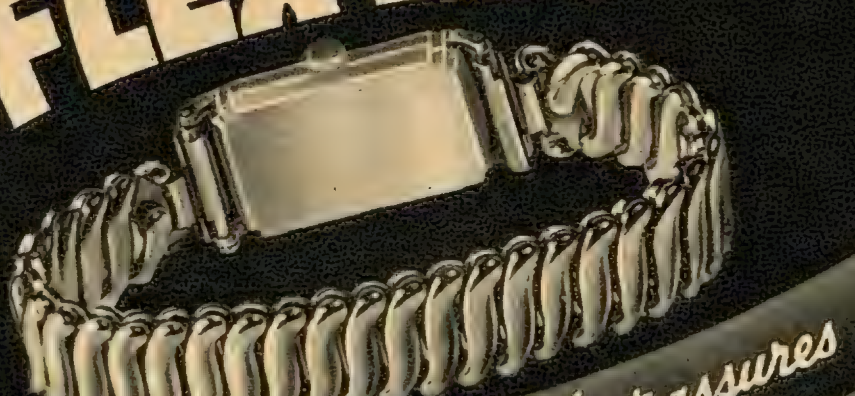

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(Continued from page 94)

and proper and we're not. So she's going to get hurt." She kicked off her sodden slippers. "Carlotta's quite sensitive."

Mr. Daniels was still rolling that around in his mind next morning when he arrived on the terrace in time to see Carlotta waving good-by to a sandy-haired young man.

He was wondering if it were the correct Mr. Miles when Carlotta, breeched and booted, charged up the steps.

"Georgie," she cried, "Johnny says our place looks like a pigpen! Does it?"

Mr. Daniels perceived that a crucial moment had arrived. "Pretty much."

Carlotta flung herself desperately down in a deck chair. "Oh, dear. I do like Johnny and he'll never stand for us. Why, Georgie, his family dress for dinner every single night, even if they're all alone."

Mr. Daniels said he'd heard of its being done.

Carlotta turned to him. "Georgie, what shall I do? Uncle Sim's not here because his church's holding a revival, and Aunt Cassie'll quit if we ask her to clean up."

Mr. Daniels calmly took off his coat. "Well, we two seem to be reasonably able-bodied. Shall we unpig the place?"

Carlotta gave him a joyous grin. "Let's. Where'll we start?"

Mr. Daniels grimly led the way down the hall. "The worst spot of all."

Carlotta quailed. "Not Little Hell?"

"Why not?" said Mr. Daniels dryly. He opened the door and things began falling out.

An hour later Louise came upon them. "Whatever are you up to?" she shrilled.

Mr. Daniels held the decoy duck in one hand and a pair of mold-greened field boots in the other. "We are cleaning the Augean stables so Carlotta can have a boy friend. Want to help?"

Louise started rolling up her sleeves. "I don't, but I will. Only, hold on a sec. I am the bearer of ill tidings."

Carlotta raised herself from hands and knees. "What new woe now, fair sister?"

"Aunt Cassie's sister's having a baby, so Aunt Cassie's lit out for days and days. Whatever are we going to do?"

Mr. Daniels stroked the decoy duck. "Oh, that's all right," he said. "I can cook."

Louise flung her arms about him. "Why, Georgie, you're wonderful!"

DEEP peace dwelt in the big house that Saturday night. Mr. Daniels, in his best dinner jacket, surveyed the scene. The major's mahogany gleamed, the glass glistened, the brasses shone. The living room was clean and neat and full of flowers.

Roses lay in a bowl on the dinner table; tall candles were lit. It was unlikely that even so correct a young man as Johnny Miles could find any fault when he shortly came to dine.

Alcibiades, actually clean, sat at Mr. Daniels' side and lovingly licked his hand.

Carlotta was dark and lovely in a dress of deep yellow; Louise was blonde and delightful in foamy green. Even David, scrubbed to a high polish, had been forced into a dark blue suit.

Mr. Daniels surveyed all his handiwork and found it good.

"Georgie," Carlotta said softly, "I can't believe it's really us."

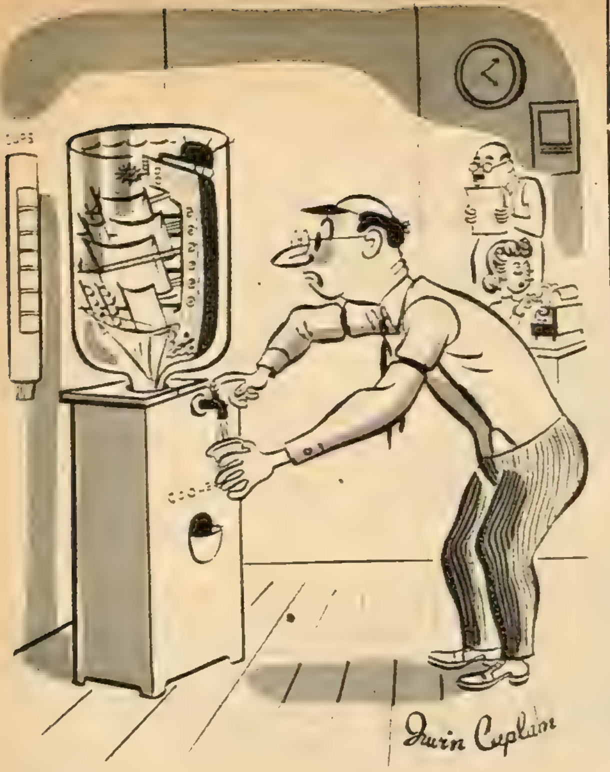
There was a tremendous racket outside. A taxi stopped; a rich voice could be heard commanding something.

The door crashed open and there was Leonora, tawny, copper-haired, more breath-takingly beautiful than ever.

She stood there for a second, taking them all in, apparently taking everything in.

She flung open her arms in a sweeping gesture. "Isn't it nice!" she cried ecstatically. "Nothing's changed at all!"

THE END



NOW YOU SEE HIM—NOW YOU DON'T

Continued from Page 27

gun to your shoulder, and once he's gone he may be very hard to find again. Occasionally he'll surface at the same place he went down, and you'll see his eyes break water. The eyes look like nothing so much as two small floating balls, and a shot about a quarter of an inch below them will usually land another frog.

If you're going to hunt a pond, a boat is a help. Ponds are usually too deep to wade, and have mud bottoms that are unpleasant to walk in. However, if you haven't a boat, you can still pick up a lot of frogs by walking along one bank and examining the other. Just as in streams, pond frogs are likely to use any adequate hiding place—under a mud bank or beneath a clump of ferns or lilies. Just look and you'll find them.

If your state laws prohibit hunting frogs with a gun, any sort of rod with a short line and a fly is good equipment. Bullfrogs are flesh eaters, and seemingly are always hungry. They'll eat anything from goslings and water rats down to the smallest gnat. When frogs sit patiently, not moving or even blinking, they're waiting for food to happen along. When a fly approaches they open their jaws, flick out a long tongue, and catch it almost swifter than the eye can follow.

Sometimes bullfrogs will go hunting on their own. A farmer who let a mother duck and her brood of ten go swimming on a pond was surprised to see one of the ducklings sink. An hour later another went, and another. Six of them had gone before the farmer discovered that bullfrogs, working from the bottom of the pond, were taking them. Oddly enough, however, a frog will eat nothing that isn't moving. A captive bullfrog was put in a box of angleworms and almost starved to death because the worms wouldn't wiggle. He feasted as soon as livelier worms were put into the box.

But the frogs' tendency to catch flies is a break for the hunter. Bullfrogs will engulf any commercial fishing fly — small ones, no larger than a No. 10, are best—as quickly as they will snap at a juicy gnat. If you haven't a fly, and can't get one, take any hook at all, tie a few small feathers to it with silk thread, and put a

(Continued on page 100)

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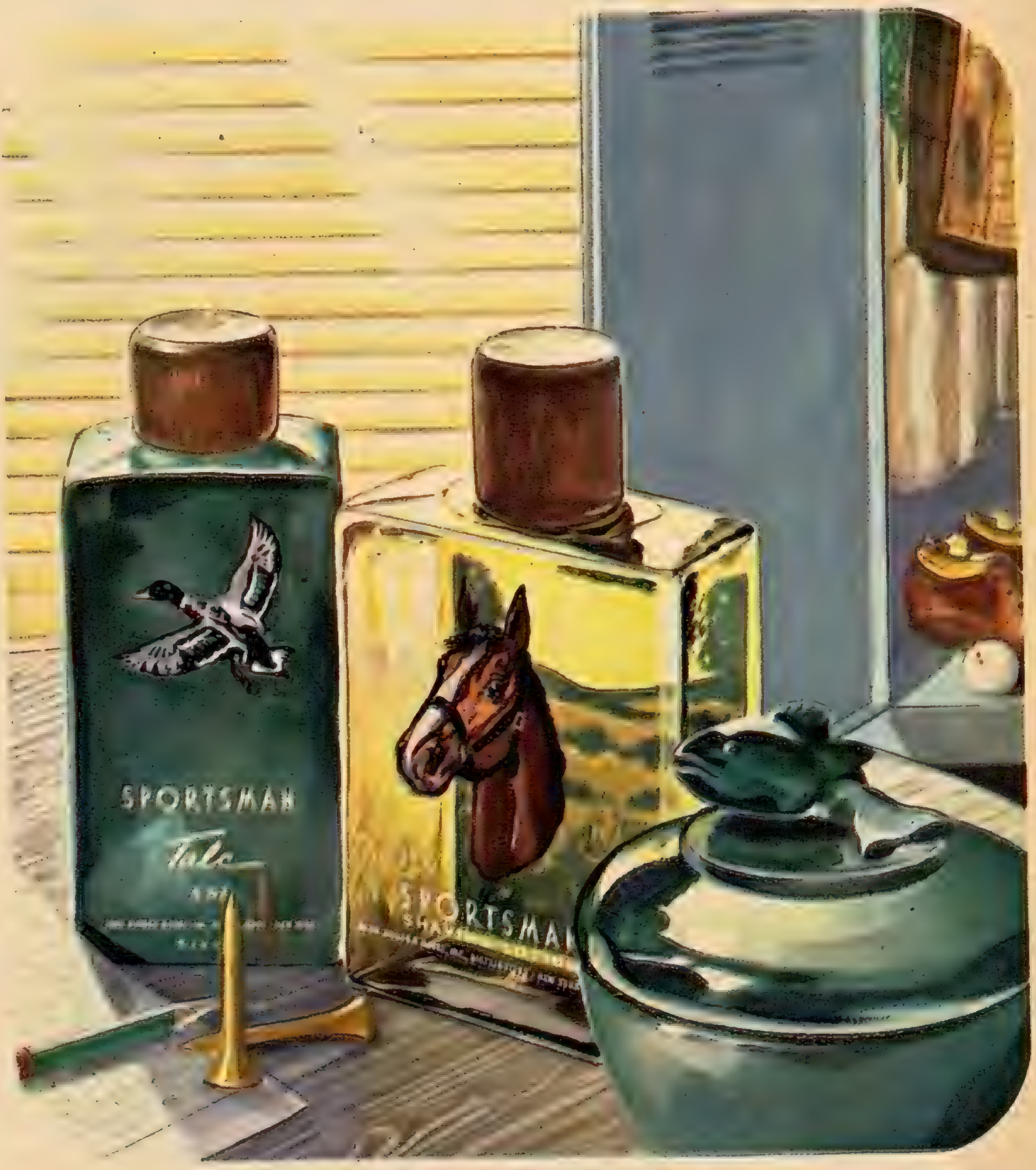

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* * * *

G. V. Martin, author of the best-selling novel, took his title from "The Song of Solomon": *"Take us the foxes, the little foxes, that spoil the vines; for our vines have tender grapes"*. We guess the author meant it to say: when you've helped a wonderful thing to grow, you've got to watch over it.

* * * *

That's why it's a great title—and a great picture! It reaches straight down to your heart—without pretense or sham.

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And it's brought touchingly to life by the finest performers it has ever been our pleasure to watch: delightful, wistful little Margaret O'Brien; granite-faced, golden-hearted Edward G. Robinson, hardboiled and hilarious little "Butch" Jenkins. What wonderful contrast of character.

* * * *

"BUTCH" JENKINS

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—Leo

LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Frake family meets in the Swine Pavilion to see Blue Boy—the champ.

STATE FAIR *(Twentieth-Century Fox)*

Dana Andrews, Jeanne Crain, Dick Haymes, Vivian Blaine, Charles Winninger, Fay Bainter

STATE FAIR is Hollywood's substitute for Oklahoma!—but without the exclamation point. Phil Stong's novel, which was interpreted so successfully by the late Will Rogers in its former screen version, and which tells the homely story of the Frake family of Iowa and their visit to the State Fair, has been "welded" to a musical score by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II of Oklahoma! fame.

The picture begins with a burst of song. The camera (and the orchestra) travel around the Frake farm so that we can meet the family—mother Melissa (Fay Bainter) putting up mincemeat to enter in the contest; father Abel (Charles Winninger) grooming his fine Hampshire boar, Blue Boy, and envisioning a blue ribbon; daughter Margy (Jeanne Crain) packing, glancing disinterestedly at a picture of her wholesome farmer fiancé and dreaming about her hero; and finally son Wayne (Dick Haymes) out in the barn practicing tossing embroidery hoops so that he can avenge a pitchman who gypped him out of eight dollars at last year's fair.

Then it's off to the fair—and the Paris Exposition was never so glamorous! On the Midway, in the Swine Pavilion, and around the trailer camp, everything is very spick and intense with Technicolor; the only thing missing is that layer of dust we all remember so well.

On the Midway, daughter, with alarming alacrity, falls in love with an engaging young newspaperman, name of Pat Gilbert (Dana Andrews).

Son Wayne fastens onto a redheaded singer (Vivian Blaine) and they gaily sing their way through the fair. Then, having learned that the sophistications of show business are not his dish of tea, he goes home with a deeper appreciation of the Girl Next Door. Blue Boy gets his ribbon, mama wins a plaque, and when it's over you're satisfied that the Frakes have squeezed every drop of enjoyment from their junior safari.

The music for this 4-H operetta is pleasant and rather bland. Occasionally, as when Margy sings "Oh, I wish I were somewhere else!" you might mutter, "Me, too." On the other hand, there's handsome melody called It's a Grand Night for Singing which will undoubtedly be heard night *and* day.

A lighthearted romance without a single clod of manure or drop of sweat to spoil the pretty picture—the only fault to find with this State Fair is that it lacks the rich regional stuff of the original story. It brings to mind that hoary gag about how Hollywood thinks that everything between Los Angeles and New York is Keokuk. Jeanne Crain is sweet and pretty, Dana Andrews' performance has a nice solid bounce, and Winninger is winning. If nostalgia is one of your favorite emotions, this is for you.

Haymes and Blaine feel a song coming on.

"Father" Crosby swings on a star with a choir of high-priced Dead End kids.

DUFFY'S TAVERN *(Paramount)* *Ed Gardner and an all-star cast*

PARAMOUNT seems to think that pictures like The Big Broadcast should never die, because they come up with a new version every so often.

The chief novelty this time is the first screen appearance (and possibly even the last) of Ed (Archie) Gardner and the troupe of dim-witted companions who have helped him make Duffy's Tavern such a lively institution on the air. For his movie debut, Gardner has a supporting cast to end *all* supporting casts—Bing Crosby, Betty Hutton, Dorothy Lamour, Paulette Goddard, Sonny Tufts, Veronica Lake, Alan Ladd, Eddie Bracken, Brian Donlevy, Barry Fitzgerald, etc. But even these high-powered stars all pushing together can't budge the plot.

It's the one about the fellow who has to raise a lot of money fast or go to the jailhouse. So (are you ahead of us?) these bighearted movie stars stage a show, and all's well. The fellow does not go to jail.

The skits are all easy to take, and several of them are downright hilarious. Notably a number in which Robert Benchley tells Bing Crosby's four sons all about their daddy's youth. Barry Fitzgerald turns up as Bing's father, and the vaudeville bit they do is good for a belly laugh.

Another high light is a satire on the choir-rehearsal scene from Going My Way, in which a group of Paramount names gather round the piano to sing Swinging on a Star with "Father" Bing.

Like all star-studded shows, Duffy's has its share of dull moments, but there's never time for them to last very long. Somewhere in the picture everyone is bound to meet up with at least one of his favorites—a star, a joke, or maybe even that plot. Whatever else you can say about Duffy's, you can't deny it's got the biggest menu in town.

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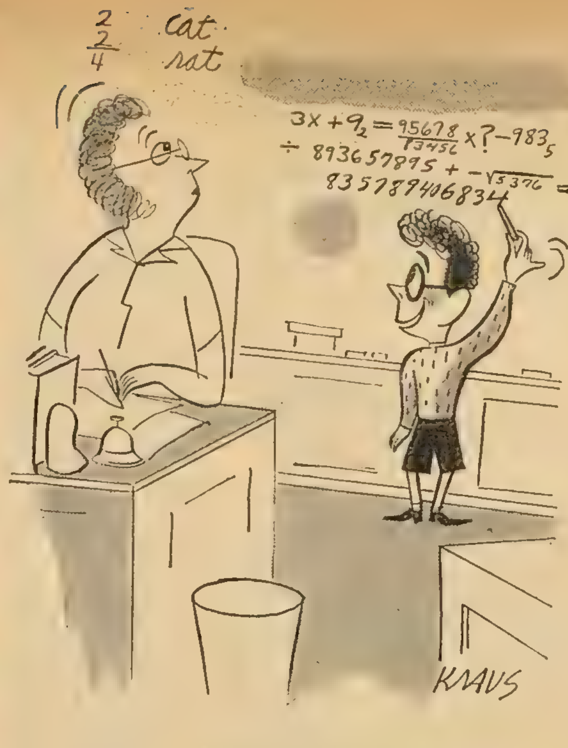

"Of course, at the moment it's still a theory!"

(Continued from page 97)

couple of drops of shellac on the thread to keep it from raveling. Of course the classic bait used by boys—and with success—is a small strip of red cloth looped over a hook.

A rod with a reel on it is best for this sort of hunting because the fly can quickly be adjusted to any desired height. But any light stick from seven to nine feet long will do. Twist a couple of wires around it, form loops in them, run your string through the loops, and hold the end in your hand. Fishline, because it's easily handled and light, is best. But any strong cord is all right. Tie your fly to the end of it, and you're ready.

Again you should prowl wherever you've heard bullfrogs bellowing. But you have to be doubly cautious and quiet because, while a gun allows you to bag a frog as far as you can see one, with a rod you must get so close that you can dangle the fly in front of it. Let the fly down until it's squarely before the frog's mouth. If he pays no attention, jerk it a few times. Once, on a small slough, I caught twenty-three in less than an hour by this method.

HUNTING frogs at night with a light and spear requires an intimate knowledge of their stamping grounds, and is rather difficult until you've mastered it. Then it becomes probably the easiest of all methods. The requirements are a light with a strong beam that can be played up and down banks where frogs are lying, a light spear, and a boat. You can do without the boat if you want to walk in the water, but stumbling around a stream or slough at night isn't exactly a picnic. In this sort of hunting you also have to know exactly what to look for. Lumps and mounds along any creek or pond bank may resemble frogs in an artificial light. There's a knack in choosing the one object that is a frog from the many that aren't. Also, it requires some skill to handle a seven-foot spear and hit the object aimed at. But if you'll go out a couple of times with an experienced frog hunter, you'll do all right.

Catching frogs with your hands is the least productive but the most boisterous and the most fun of any method. You'd better put on your bathing suit before you start, because you're going to be soaked many times before the day is over. First locate your frog, either from the bank or by wading along a creek or pond. You won't catch him in his hide-out—he'll jump before you're near enough.

If he jumps into reeds you might as well let him go because your chances of catching, or even finding, him are about one to ten. But if he goes into the water your frog catching may begin. Clear water is a big help, because you can see where he goes. Usually he'll head straight for the sand or mud bottom, or else will swim to the shelter of a near-by rock. If he goes into sand or mud, often he'll push through it a little way before he stops. But disturbed silt will rise. Watch for the end of that silt trail, then go down and grab hard right there. You'll get a handful of mud, but you'll also get a frog. If he swims to a rock, or log, grope all around it until you feel him, then grab. If he enters murky or weed-grown water, all you can do is feel around and try to find him.

HOW many frogs you may safely take and still leave enough for seed stock is for you to decide. But your state fish and game laws will set the limit, and you'll be safe in remaining within it. One summer I hunted a small creek persistently on thirty separate days, and took a number of frogs each day I hunted. But after I finished, there were still plenty of big ones left.

Bullfrogs replenish their numbers fairly well. A female will lay about 20,000 eggs in the spawning season, and after about six days these become tadpoles. They are wholly aquatic, breathing entirely through gills, and would very soon die if left on land.

Eventually the outer gills, like those of a fish, disappear and internal ones appear. These are in turn replaced by lungs, which form before the gills have quite ceased to function, and the tadpole can breathe either water or air. Very small hind legs appear, and then the front ones are thrust out of the openings that the gills occupied. The tadpole is now a small, tailed frog that rises to the surface; its lungs are developing steadily and it gulps breaths of air. By-and-by it crawls out on land, the remainder of the tail is absorbed, and we have a frog.

Some tadpoles complete this change in one season, but the complete metamorphosis of a bullfrog requires about three years. There is, of course, an enormous mortality rate among them; they are eaten by snakes, fish, birds, minks, etc. But, if only twenty of the original 20,000 eggs produce mature frogs, it's still a lot of frogs' legs. Bullfrogs are edible as soon as they've completed the transformation from tadpoles.

After you've caught and dispatched your frog, cut the hind legs off just where the abdomen ends. Skinning the legs is a simple matter if you take a little sand on your wet fingers, or grasp the legs with a fold of newspaper. Pliers are handy for starting the skin. Once you've started it, and can grasp it with your sanded fingers, it strips off as easily as a glove. Leave the skinned legs in your refrigerator or on ice for at least two days, then parboil and fry them. You'll have a dinner which, in the swankier spots, brings from three to seven dollars. The most it should cost you is fifteen cents.

THE END

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NEVER ANYWHERE

Continued from Page 37

it happened that several of the men toward the back of the room reached the door first he resented them mildly.

THE interviewer was some sort of specialist first class. Without conscious effort Rossi's mind registered that the man had been in the Navy, though not at sea, before Pearl Harbor, had been in the Atlantic and most likely Africa. No stars. Probably shore-based.

Rossi watched as the man wrote something into his papers. He tried to remember the name the interviewer had used a moment before when he introduced himself, but couldn't. His eyes went back to the unfamiliar rating badge on the interviewer's sleeve. He knew all the fleet rates as naturally as he knew the alphabet, but these new States-side designations puzzled him. He wondered who had invented them and why.

The interviewer smiled. "The C stands for Classification," he said. "Specialist, Classification. It's a new one. I don't guess you have it in the fleet."

"No, I guess it's a new one." He wanted to ask what a Specialist, Classification, did, but the fear of appearing ignorant or impolite stopped the question.

The interviewer studied his papers. "You've had some pretty rugged duty, George."

"I guess I have." Rossi felt uneasy, and he wondered a little at this man calling him George.

"I see you got your Purple Heart all right." Rossi looked surprised and the specialist smiled. "Sometimes we get guys that feel they're entitled to them, but they haven't been awarded yet," he explained. "Then we write to BuMed for them and try to get them squared away."

That was strange to Rossi. Ribbons were things you took when they gave them to you. You didn't ask for them, any more than you'd ask for praise or a compliment.

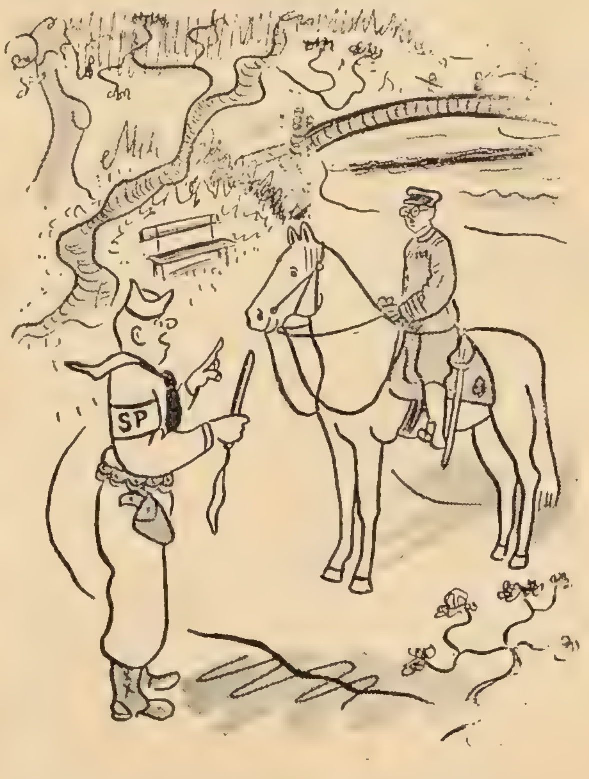
"Your last employer was the Eastern Grocery Wholesalers?" asked the interviewer, reading from Rossi's papers.

"Yes."

"Going back to that job?"

"I don't know."

"You can if you want to, you know. The law says your boss has got to give you your old job back for at least a year.



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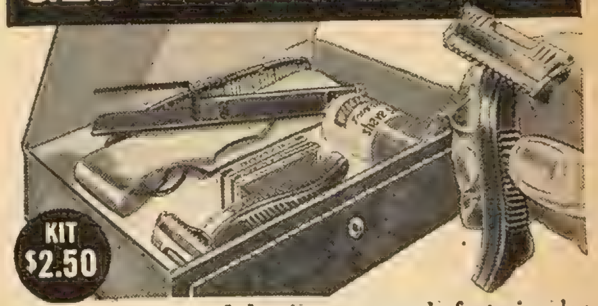

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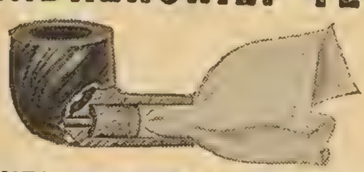

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Rossi thought of long rows of filing cabinets and the sound of typewriters. But he made no comment. He felt he would like to think about the ship now, but the interviewer was questioning him again.

"You're going to keep your government insurance, aren't you, George?"

"Yes, sir." Then he looked up quickly and flushed. It was a stupid mistake, and he felt clumsy and confused. Something about the office and the questioning and the man himself had induced in Rossi the feeling that the interviewer was an officer. For no reason he felt inferior, and it made him angry and embarrassed.

The specialist smiled. "That's all right. A lot of men get that feeling. I don't know why—I guess it's just that you're not used to having enlisted men ask all these questions in the fleet."

Rossi tried to laugh. "Yeah, I guess so."

"Nearly all the zoot-suiters do it. Of course they're straight from boot."

"What are zoot-suiters?"

"The inaptitudes. We call them zoot-suiters."

"Why?" He didn't really want to know, but the conversation seemed to lead him away from his confusion.

"They been in the Navy less than ninety days, so they aren't entitled to wear the uniform home. We take it away from them before they leave and the government gives them a twenty-five-dollar suit to get home in. We call them zoot-suiters."

"How long can I wear my uniform?"

"You're a veteran, George. You can wear it home. After that you can wear it to special ceremonies and things like that."

WHAT ceremonies? Rossi wondered. Memories of Fourth of July parades and speeches and veterans in ill-fitting uniforms brushed across his mind and he did not like them. He wondered what such things had to do with the violence he had seen on ships. He wondered how he could find a way to tell Ruth about it. He couldn't. Never anywhere.

"What about your pension, George? Has the Red Cross certified the degree of your disability?"

"I'm not disabled."

"You can't be sure, George. You were pretty bad hit."

"I don't want a pension." Rossi wished the interviewer would stop calling him George. The man had been in the Navy long enough to know that men are called by their last names. Rossi knew he was trying to be friendly, but it seemed stupid.

"I want you to give that some thought, George. A pension isn't a dole or a handout. It's something you've earned. You've got to look at it like it's something you've got a right to."

"Listen, Mac. I don't want a pension. I don't need it. I don't want it." The words were quiet and not impolite. Except that "Mac." He liked using it. It implied equality. It made up for his earlier slip.

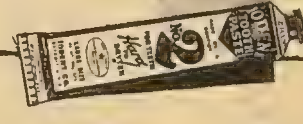
The interviewer smiled. "Well, we sure don't want to force you into anything. We're just here to help you veterans and make sure you understand everything that's coming to you."

Rossi smiled too. "Yeah, I know. I don't mean to be cruddy about it. I just don't want a pension."

"Sure." From Rossi's papers the specialist picked up a mimeographed sheet marked "Routing Slip." "Tell you what I wish you'd do, George. You take this and drop down to Room 324 and have a talk with the doctor there. Then he'll initial your slip and you bring it back here. O. K.?"

Rossi scowled. "What do I have to talk to a doctor for?"

"It's just routine. He likes to see every-



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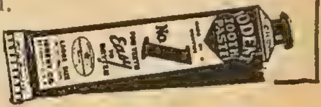

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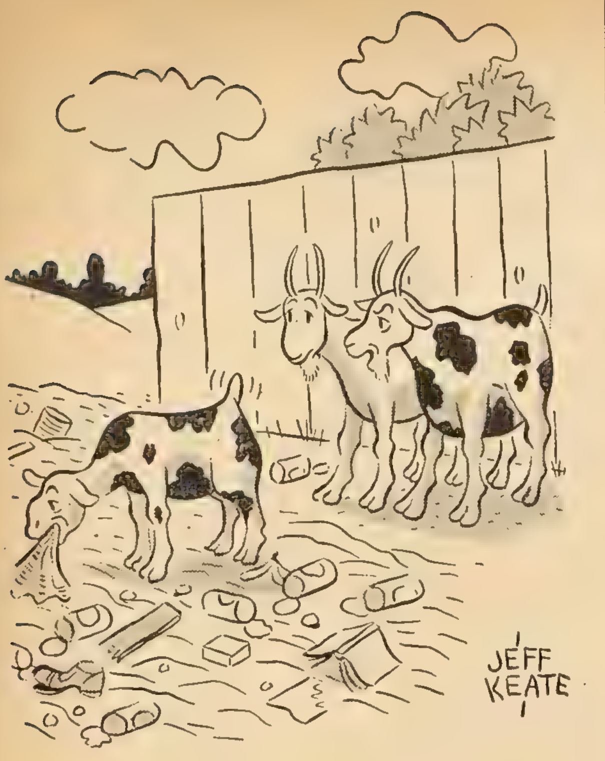

"I just can't get him to eat his spinach cans!"

body that goes through here. Especially you men that have been wounded."

THE doctor was a lieutenant commander. He'd been in the Pacific. One star.

The rooms he used as offices must formerly have made up one of the hotel's most expensive suites. Looking beyond the doctor and through the window behind him, Rossi could see the gray rain-driven Sound. He thought of the ship. Then he eased his leg slightly, but was careful at the same time not to appear slovenly or sprawling. He liked this officer.

He had known almost at once that the doctor was a psychiatrist. There were no instrument cases in the office, none of the usual disturbing surgical paraphernalia. And it was easy to talk with this man. He was big and quiet and persuasive.

Rossi answered questions for several minutes. Then they talked of ships they had been on and places they had seen in the Pacific. They talked of violent things, and Rossi felt easy, as though the two of them in that room were the only two in the world who knew.

He said, "How can we tell the others about it, sir? All the ones that haven't been there?"

"We can't, Rossi. We don't have to."

"They ought to know. My wife, Ruth—she ought to know."

The doctor asked him about Ruth. His questions became more personal, more insistent, and Rossi began to feel tense.

At length he said, "You think I've got combat fatigue, don't you, sir?"

"I don't know. I'm trying to find out."

"Well, I haven't, sir."

Rossi knew about combat fatigue. He had seen it on the ship and he respected it. After they got hit the first time he had seen men whose nerves quivered agonizingly, whose nerves jerked heads or arms or legs in a never-ending rhythm. He had seen others who refused to eat or to sleep, others who shivered eternally in a cold sweat or burned unreasonably with resentment and irritation at all men and things. He knew combat fatigue, and he knew that he had escaped it.

But the doctor was driving in on him with questions.

"Do you sleep well, Rossi?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ever dream?"

"Yes, sir, sometimes."

"What do you dream about?"

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There was a pause. Then Rossi said, "The ship usually. Sometimes about home."

"What kind of things about the ship?"

"I don't know what you mean, sir."

"Pleasant things about the ship?"

"Yes, sir, most often."

"What?"

Rossi eased his leg. "It's kind of hard to remember. Sometimes just about how she looks. Sometimes about guys I knew on her."

"Ever dream about getting hit?"

"Only twice, sir."

The room was still for a moment and Rossi's quiet words seemed to linger. Then the sailor felt that the doctor attacked again. Rossi knew this feeling was unfair, but so it seemed nevertheless.

"How's your appetite, Rossi?"

"I eat quite a lot, sir."

"Digestion all right?"

"Yes, sir."

"Do you ever vomit?"

"Only when I'm sick."

"Is that often?"

"No, sir, very seldom."

"Ever have the trots?"

"No, sir."

"Tell me, when you're in bed at night, do you ever feel depressed?"

Rossi answered slowly. "Yes, I do."

"Do you ever cry before you go to sleep?" The room was silent for a time except for the small sound of rain at the window. The doctor raised his head slightly. "Do you?"

"Yes, sir." There was anguish in Rossi's face.

"Why?" The doctor leaned forward slightly in his chair. "Why do you cry?"

"For cri'sakes, sir! Can't a guy be sorry to leave his ship without having combat fatigue? Can't a guy cry because he's seen his skipper get killed, and a lot of his friends? Can't a guy cry without being a loony?"

The doctor waited a long time before he spoke. Then he said, "Yes, Rossi, he can. I'm sure he can."

ROSSI lay on his bunk in his underwear. The room he shared with seven others had formerly been a twin with bath. The Navy had fitted it with double-deck bunks and changed its name to "compartment."

The talk of his mates as they got into their beds was outside of Rossi and far away. But he wasn't thinking of any particular thing. His brain was quiet and still.

Over the tinny loud-speaker in the corridor came the sound of tattoo, blown by a remote bugler. In the head someone turned off the shower.

Gently, Ruth slipped into his mind. At this moment she, too, was probably getting ready for bed. The thought of it warmed him and he dwelt on it and smiled. Then his mind was back with the ship, where they often listened to Tokyo Rose at tattoo time. In her softest voice she would tell them she was getting ready for bed, just as were their girls or wives back home. Then she would describe each step and each garment as she slipped it off, and the men would lie in their bunks and listen gravely, each with his own thoughts. Rossi's were always of Ruth, so infinitely far away. And he wondered why it wasn't different now, with Ruth so near.

He shifted slightly in his bunk as a naked man came out of the shower. The man was flabby and not young, and he held a towel in front of him with one hand as he crossed to his pajamas.

"This damn cement floor is cold," said the flabby man, walking on tiptoe. "I wish I knew why the Navy always has to take up all the rugs and paint everything battleship gray." Rossi wondered why the man had opinions on something he knew so little about.

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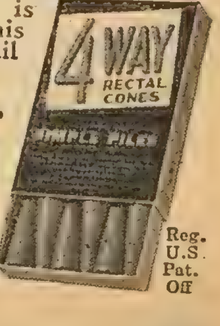

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off

"What are you beefing about?" said another. "You'll be out the day after tomorrow."

Rossi had paid scarcely any attention to his companions since the morning meeting in the auditorium. Now he closed his eyes so he wouldn't have to look at them. Zoot-suiters. He was growing fond of the term and he turned it over in his mind. It made these men seem like an entirely different species.

From a lower bunk a boy they called Gus was talking. Rossi, his eyes still closed, didn't know which one he was but from his voice and accent he imagined him to be thickset and loutish.

"They won't tell me why I'm gettin' out. I think it's because I got a police record."

"You got a police record?"

"Sure. I got two police records. Twice."

The conversation spread through the room. "Nice people they got in the Navy."

Gus took this good-naturedly. "Sure," he said. "But I don't think that's why they're lettin' me out."

A bugle was sounding taps. It was pleasant, as always, to Rossi, even over the metallic loud-speaker. But his lips tightened as the men continued their talk.

"What are you beefing for? They're giving you a hundred bucks' mustering-out. That's more than you ever had in your life."

"I'm not beefing," said Gus cheerfully, "I got a good job to go back to. Milk checker. The man's doing it himself now. He can't get nobody else since I left." For a moment the only sound in the room was that of the bugle. The notes were simple and sweet, and Rossi relaxed. Then, for no particular reason, the fellow continued: "My sister, she's got rheumatism and she can't work. And my old lady's got cancers."

"What you got a police record for?"

Gus laughed suggestively. "Wouldn't you like to know?" Then he laughed some more.

The mate of the deck appeared at the door.

"Knock it off, you guys. Lights out."

One of the men addressed the mate from his bunk. "You turn it off, will you, Jack?" The mate did so and moved off.

DARKNESS brought silence. The men did not say good night to one another. Rossi lay on his back. He opened his eyes and saw nothing. He heard the heavy breathing of a man near him, but he did not listen. Instead, he thought of Ruth. She must be in bed now, thinking of him. "Was it bad, honey? When you—got hurt?"

He wondered if he'd end up taking the pension. He supposed so. He guessed that's what veterans did. And then the doctor's words twisted through his mind. "We can't tell them, Rossi. We don't have to." Never anywhere.

He remembered Gus laughing, and the flabby man who held the towel in front of himself.

Geez, he thought, what a lousy way to leave the Navy.

THE END

* * *

Father Divine, the noted Negro revivalist, was approached by a delinquent member of his flock. "I don't feel so good this mornin' after last night's carousin', Father," he whined. "In fact, I think I'm gonna die. Tell me, Father, when I get up there in heaven, how am I s'posed to get my shirt over my wings"

"The way you've been acting here on earth lately," Father Divine intoned somberly, "You better try figuring out how you're going to fit you hat over your horns."

* * *

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OCT. 13, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
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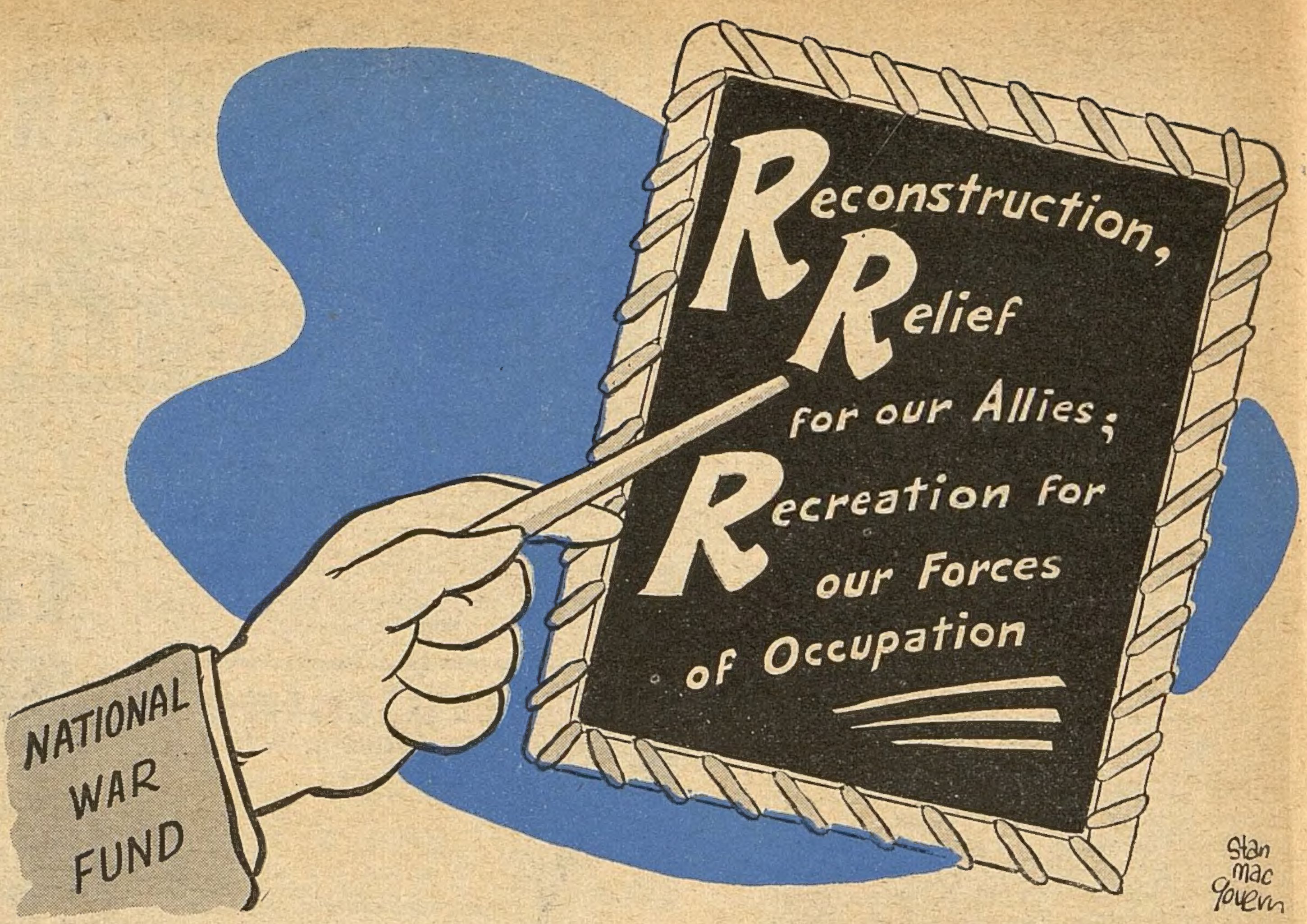


THE LAST APPEAL

TO us folks at home the war is over. Shortages of some luxuries and conveniences still linger, but otherwise we are once again in the piping days of peace. None of our shortages was ever very burdensome anyway. But for millions of Americans the war still goes on and will continue until they, too, are home once more and able to enjoy the manifold blessings available to those of us on civilian status.

In a sense, for those still in uniform the hardest part of the war is just beginning. Now the thrill of action and movement is gone. There remains routine, boredom, and a feeling of uselessness enhanced by the anxiety to get back and resume civilian life. Through the months while men wait shipment home this feeling grows.

The war continues also for millions of people who are our allies. It will continue for them until homes have been rebuilt, children restored to health, clothing, possessions, and physical well-being re-established on some livable basis. It will be a long time yet before the war is over for many of those who did the fighting and for the civilians who felt its worst impact. Until that time we at home have no right to muster ourselves out or count our duty done.

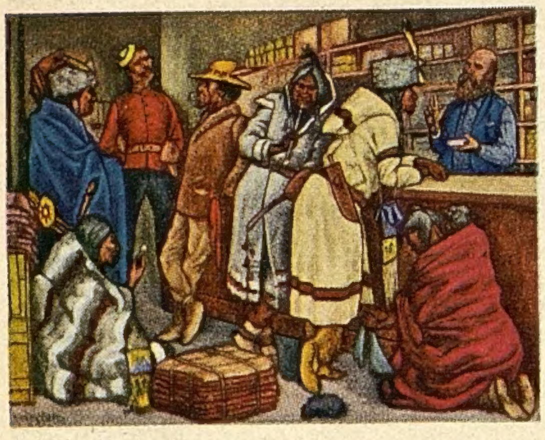
This month the National War Fund is conducting its third, last, and most important appeal for support to carry through its work. Organized under the sponsorship of the late President Roosevelt, the National War Fund is a federation of the leading war-relief agencies with the exception of the Red Cross. Its job is to bring some measure of relaxation and entertainment to our armed forces through the medium of the USO; to the men of the merchant marine through the United Seamen's Service; and, through twenty other organizations, to provide the necessities of life to prisoners of war, displaced persons, and the people of our allies who have been the victims of war's horror. The organizations participating in the National War Fund make no individual appeals themselves. Instead of each seeking support on its own, they all band together in one appeal which covers a multitude of needs and services, all vital to the welfare of our own people and those of our allies. This year $115,000,000 is sought to carry on the activities financed by the National War Fund until January 1, 1947, at which time the various administrations themselves will be liquidated.

The success of this drive for funds means life, health, and well-being to millions all over the world. To help bind up the wounds of war is our duty and one that no American who is proud of his country and its position in the world will want to shirk. Now, for the last time, the National War Fund asks your help. Before we, the citizens of America, can rate honorable discharge from the responsibilities of this war, we must put this fund across.

Paul Hunter

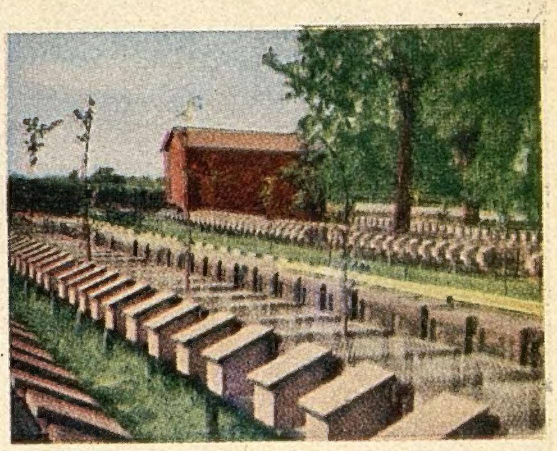
Liberty
... FOR ALL

There's new magic in mink!



1840 FURS CAME from the wilds, mostly from trap lines in Canada. Free-roaming animals of the cold country furnished fine pelts; beaver for hats being a staple in trade in this decade just before Corby's whiskey appeared in Canada.

1912 THE PACIFIC nations saved the Bering Sea seal herds from extinction by signing a treaty in this 54th year of Corby's fame in Canada. Dark furs . . . seal, fox and mink with rare light pelts dyed . . . were fashion's greatest luxuries.



1933 FUR RANCHES dotted the country . . . breeders met success with fox, mink and other pen-raised animals. As the name Corby's reached its 75th year in Canada, something new was added . . . specialized breeding for rare colors.

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